Toilet paper roll

Today I thought
for the first time in my life
that I would like to die.

It wasn't the usual intrusive thought.
I did not stop at a crossroad and wondered
"I could just take a step and get ran over".
Nor I looked at some balcony and imagined
taking the last leap.
No, today
I simply thought I would like to die.

I was standing in a bathroom,
a toilet-roll in my right hand.
In the process of cleaning myself,
I got devoured
by an overwhelming sense of futility.
The rough paper was scratching my ass,
my mind was suddenly looking
at the spectacle of my life
with the same enthusiasm we reserve
for the cleaning products section in a supermarket.
It felt like a special moment of truth.
I *do not* really like
the perspective of still being alive tomorrow.
And the day after as well. And months, years.
I really felt it – the best solution is the obvious one:
to die.

I did not smile at the thought.

Can one smile in front of such thought?
It does not seem right.

It was so clear.
This was no self-destructive random fragment of
my human imagination.
It was just the mere evaluation
of my current standing in existence.
I have done things, great -
the perspective of doing more things, not so great.
I did not feel any desire to end my life.
I felt only the desire for my life to end.

Quite a remarkable experience
to have in a public toilet.
Might even be a fine epitaph:
“He died, and he was happy to do so.
Found out about this in a university bathroom,
while wiping his ass.”