# Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note - Poem by Amiri Baraka

Lately, I've become accustomed to the way  
The ground opens up and envelopes me  
Each time I go out to walk the dog.  
Or the broad edged silly music the wind  
Makes when I run for a bus...  
  
Things have come to that.  
  
And now, each night I count the stars.  
And each night I get the same number.  
And when they will not come to be counted,  
I count the holes they leave.  
  
Nobody sings anymore.  
  
And then last night I tiptoed up  
To my daughter's room and heard her  
Talking to someone, and when I opened  
The door, there was no one there...  
Only she on her knees, peeking into  
  
Her own clasped hands