“Fear of the Future,” John Koethe, 1945

In the end one simply withdraws
From others and time, one’s own time,
Becoming an imaginary Everyman
Inhabiting a few rooms, personifying
The urge to tend one’s garden,

A character of no strong attachments
Who made nothing happen, and to whom
Nothing ever actually happened—a fictitious
Man whose life was over from the start,
Like a diary or a daybook whose poems
And stories told the same story over
And over again, or no story. The pictures
And paintings hang crooked on the walls,

The limbs beneath the sheets are frail and cold
And morning is an exercise in memory
Of a long failure, and of the years

Mirrored in the face of the immaculate
Child who can’t believe he’s old.

Imagination is part of your knowledge. Imagination comes from what you fear.

Someone, which is you, or your imagination driven by fear is something that is not realistic because it is from your imagination.

When people are born, you are destined to die. It’s human nature to grow weaker as you grow old and eventually die. People are not living, they are dying.

Something that comes from your environment, the fear will effect you.

When you sleep, you may have nightmares that will haunt your sleep during the night.

In the morning when you wake up, you will think about the nightmare that you had last night horrified again when you wake up.

If you can’t accept your present, then you won’t be able to accept your future self. The child can’t believe he is old because he fears of becoming old and doesn’t want to accept.

Perfectly neat, tidy