

## One Last Pitch

A biological time-bomb I am not. I never yearned for a baby, not for an instant. Now, past midlife and fruitless still, I've only one regret: no legacy.

Children might have carried forth my selfish genes, and hand-delivered to the future the relics of my monumental ambition. Now it's too, too late. On life's downhill slope, the meter chugs along at eight-to-the-bar, and steadily gaining.

What's ahead? Probate, intestate. Advancing in years yet still deedless, I am the end of my line, a.k.a. dead . . . end.

In the past, whenever life's paths parted, I took the *other* one, the unending Mobius Road that returns onto itself, bypassing the patent office. I built no landmark, no bridge, no pipeline. I leave no pyramidal tomb, no bequest, no mortal maker's mark. No *pinxit* - I painted it. No *scripsit*- I wrote it. No *veni vidi vici-it*. No inventions. No discoveries. No equity.

So witness my restless farewell, here, in this rime of an ancient marketer. For alas, that is what I am and all I am, and on the marketers' treadmill I trot ever so light-footedly, nameless purveyor of dreams, producer of nothing, traveling nowhere. In my death rattle resides a sales pitch.

How enviable is the termite whose monumental mound (remembered by elephants as a scratching-post) lasts centuries! I will leave neither a Stonehenge nor a fire-ring; not even a dusty footprint as a memento of my passage. No impression will I make; unlike the toddler-trailing ancestor who set her feet in antediluvian African mud, and