

Goodbye

Mike Posner

Hello? If you're listening to this, that means that I'm dead
Make sure that they don't retrieve the body. That wouldn't mean anything to me anyways
I was ready to take that thing off

You're gonna listen to the album I was working on. It's not done, but in some ways it's perfect
This is the last one

I always felt trapped in some ways, bound by the laws of physics, gravity, and the whole bunch
My imagination never was trapped. My imagination was a loose cannon

What I'm really trying to say is, I hope that my life has been a flash of transcendence
I hope my existence, my story, and my art have ripped a hole in your sludgy slog through mundanity

Exposing a light that some might call God. I hope that my life has loosened the laces on the tight shoe of your personal melodrama
I do

I hope my life, my art, which is kind of the same thing, have reminded you that in some weird way. It's all going perfectly right here and right now

I hope my life has reminded you that nothing matters, in a good way
You're alive, and in that respect you're playing with house money. So go do whatever you want

What is the correct way to live, and what are the most important things in a life?
I've spent my days pursuing these questions, or their answers rather, in both action and study

I've walked across America and read the Gita. I climbed Everest and spent weeks in isolation, legs crossed, and eyes closed

The meaning of my first name, Michael, is who is God. Question mark. It's a question. Thus, I am a question, not an answer. I repeat for emphasis. I am a question

A macro question. Who is God? Has spurred many subsidiary questions over the years
Like what happens when you stop pursuing money and the attention of others as a goal?
What happens when you get off the hamster wheel of hedonism? What happens when you tiptoe to the edges of society?

Maybe even dip a toe into the unknown. Capital T, capital U, while still having enough balance to report back what you're seeing
What happens then? What happens when you dare to define what greatness is for yourself and launch wholeheartedly into that?
What happens when you become your own hero?

I am these questions, and my life is their answer- was their answer. Because I'm dead now
And please don't be sad about this. I created a ridiculous life for myself

The death of my dad and some of my friends reminded me that I was going to have a death one day
And I chose to live in a way that was splendiferous, amazing, silly, peacocky, at times dangerous, and I would argue- beautiful

The story I wanted to write with my life involved risking an early death. That was my conscious and lucid decision
So don't ever say that my death was a shame, or too early, or he had so much more to give, or any of that awful pity bullshit

Don't use my death as a means to get other people to feel sorry for you

That's the opposite of what my life stood for

I died the way I chose to live
Splendiferous, amazing, silly, peacocky, at times dangerous, and I would still argue beautiful

You too will die the way you live
And you too, whether you are conscious of it or not; are choosing the way you live
Choose carefully

I love you