

No, I say—

(amusedly at first, fondly tickled at the thought, then  
impatiently, somewhat, and after perhaps even  
disdainfully, after all, how long have you known me?)

I cannot, in fact, tell you when you will die<sup>1</sup>.

Nor, I continue—

(playfully, to classmates at first, and then  
coyly, to friends, and presently frequently  
sternly, to family)

can I tell you which auto insurance policy will let you benefit<sup>2</sup> at the cost of your insurer<sup>3</sup>.

I know not, I stress—

(dismayed, and yet  
amused, lightly, but ever  
full of long-suffering)

the direction of the next hurricane<sup>4</sup> or the side-effects of the next pandemic wave<sup>5</sup>.

I do not envy those who can and do, I tell you now—

(respect, yes,  
appreciate, esteem,  
admire)

but my work is not directly for death, or disaster, or disease—

rather, it is for life.

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<sup>1</sup> at least, not whilst acting within the standards stipulated by the precepts in the Code of Professional Conduct

<sup>2</sup> as one ought to choose as benefitting one's risk tolerance and with the full knowledge that the rates have been filed with the relevant state's department of insurance and in accordance with all applicable ASOPs

<sup>3</sup> the answer of which, incidentally, depending on my current role and employer, may violate at minimum precepts 7, 9, 10, and 11

<sup>4</sup> as I do not work in meteorology

<sup>5</sup> or epidemiology