

Death from Life: Life from Death

Idly down the tremulous path,
Bordered by white magnolia,
Drifting shadows gently mask,
The face flushed in melancholia.

The swath of death has passed by,
Siphoning away the life force,
Leaving in its wake tearful eyes,
And a solemn, gentle remorse.

The questions are posed,
There must be a reason,
Why the book is closed,
In so early a season.
Life to death,
Abruptly intervening,
Taking away breathe,
And, seemingly, meaning.

Why a cycle of life continuous,
Why all the suffering and strain,
It seems just engulfing and ominous,
Life beginning and ending in pain.

And one look at the albino complexion,
Tells a story of fractured blithesomeness,
Of those lives left in suspension,
In the casting veil of mournfulness.

Let those who are left do the mourning,
While the subject of fate passes on,
To a new life that is only just dawning,
With an exuberance of spirit by the ton.

Why doubt there exists mansions anticipated,
In dimensions beyond our comprehension,

Heed then a life already foretasted,
Life beckoning from death, no vacillation.

Let each then contemplate their own ends,
Whether it be death from life, or life death,
And search for the lessons that life sends,
Drinking deep from the Cup-Bearer until last breathe.

So mourn ye not for the departed,
Where sought was the radiant shore,
Mourn rather for life yet started,
And venerate the Cup-Bearer with awe.

Graham Nicholson