

DIE

Reveling in false light
Of fleeting fame,
A flickering flame,
Suddenly bright,
Yet soon to be extinguished and die.

Don't be afraid of that word – die.
All things do, you know.
Not all marry.
Or bear children.
Get a good education
Or have a satisfying occupation.
But all things die.

You would think
With a thing so commonplace
We could discuss it
Accept it
Embrace it
Without the emotional baggage
Which so often attenuates it,
Relegates it,
Isolates it
To a back-lot dumping ground of the mind.

I, personally, am comforted in the thought.
I've had successes, sure.
And failures galore.
And a whole lot in between –
 In fact, most of my life
 Has been lived in this “in-between” ...
And I am satisfied with that.
Happy because of that.
Content ... yes, that's the word I grapple for ...
 the end-state I seek
 the world I wish to inhabit
 not one of stasis, no,
 but one of no false lights,
 be they of beauty, meanness or might

I will die.
One day, I will die.