

DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

I

But death is just a word we mortals use,
Other entities don't regard the same.
Time curves away, form alters to diffuse
Its atoms, rebuilds, takes another name.
No part is new— man, beast nor any noun.
All deeds are old before the doer thinks them.
We still have frontiers (ours are up and down)
But scripts may fail before the printer inks them.
Matter returns to elemental wheels;
We must do the same for nothing's wasted.
Our energies rewind on cosmic reels
As basic thread for stars to be basted.
 Beginnings terminate some other phase;
 Ends are stages where cyclic portieres raise.

II

Death never was the enemy supposed
Nor is it sinister or strange. Our acts
Could not go on without it. Runs are closed
By saturation, change, the emptied facts,
Not death. In silent worldly partnership
The ancient contract makes the drama work,
Whets our dialogue, underscores the grip
To play a lead instead of ticket clerk.
But rote plot and static ad libitum,
The daily now, foreverness of here,
Compose an overture to tedium.
The wise Director lets no sonneteer
 Remain so long he mouths a shibboleth
 Instead of song. The scene is saved by death.

III

Transition is a better term. Our scenes
Will turn with different combinations, keys,
Where new dimensions number more than genes
And other sensors tell us more than these.
Forget acquired reflex to veinous chill
And stumbling lungs. Time spirals into space
Where death and birth are one within life's mill.
Eternity is humans' choicest place.
Dying deserves better press; vent the hate
On sickness, affliction, the pained and poxed
Ignoble ways we sidle to the gate,
Disfigured, unclaimed, quickly packed and boxed,
 By evil scheme, old age or careless youth.
 But don't fear death— perfection transcends truth.