

## DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

It never was the enemy supposed  
nor is it sinister or strange. The act  
could not go on without it. Plays are closed  
by saturation, change, the emptied fact,  
not death. This is an honest partnership,  
this ancient inviolate contract that  
makes the drama work, that gives us grip  
and drive. Imagine how wearying flat  
our plots, our rote lines ad infinitum,  
dailiness of now, foreverness of here,  
a strung out status quo of tedium.  
The wise Director gives no sonneteer  
a part so long he mouths a shibboleth  
instead of song. The scene is saved by death!

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.  
Frontiers still beckon (ours are up and down)  
but scripts may fail before the printer inks them.  
Matter returns to the elemental wheel;  
we must do the same for nothing's wasted.  
Energy rewinds on the cosmic reel  
as basic thread for stars being basted.  
Beginnings must terminate some other phase;  
endings are stages where cyclic portieres raise.