

Beyond Requiem

When life's bustling fever is finally over,
And you are no longer the restless young rover,
will you serenely sup awhile,
By brimful brook and rustic stile?

Maybe in glow of misty light dawning,
Glimpsing coolness of dewdrops fresh morning,
Then dull dusk's dimming smokey hearth firelight,
Father Time's teary, streaming-eyed starlight.

The warrior retreats to his last resting place
Leaving iron-spiked head of bone crushing mace
Whilst gentle minstrel once picking lute strings
now bid farewell to poet's gold wings.

Where does it all end, pray answer me Sir,
Is it heaven or reincarnation,
Or is life but just a passing blur;
Death a curtain-drawn, futile cessation.

David Woolger July 2012