

Transition is a better term. Our scenes
Will change dimensions, turn with different keys
And combinations, be perceived by other
Sensors. Those dimensions number more than genes!
The ones we know will be passé, and of these,
Who understands the fourth? Time is mother
Of birth, death is the sire, space the brother.
Death deserves far better press: veinous freeze
And stumbling lungs are not reacts of truth.
The revulsion we feel is for disease
And wounds and all ignoble painful means
By which we meet, unready and uncouth,
In evil scheme, old age or careless youth.
Fear no death itself— perfection supervenes.