

Death never was the enemy we thought,
Nor is it sinister or strange. Our acts
Could not go on without it, this pivot tip
That makes the drama work. Our closing is brought
About by saturation, emptied facts,
Not death. It gives us earthly drive and grip,
This old inviolate contract to equip
Us with an exit that repels but attracts,
Spares us rote lines, dull plots, our staling breath.
Foreverness of now and here impacts.
The wise Director leaves no player caught
On stage so long he mouths a shibboleth
Instead of song. The scene is saved by death,
Resumed by understudies we have taught.

But death is just a word we mortals use,
All entities don't regard the same.
No design is new— man, beast or other thing.
Time curves away, form alters to diffuse
Its atoms, rebuilds, takes another name.
Matter returns to an elemental spring;
We must do the same, completing the ring.
Energy recycles, fuels cosmic flame
As basic thread for stars being basted.
Each role we learn supports the total frame;
Evolving stages offer different views.
Nothing we master is lost or wasted;
We're part of vast collages being pasted.
Endings are openings where each one renews.

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.