

III

When all transition is complete, our sets
will alter, locks will turn with different keys.
The bad press Death attracts-- ("The spinal freeze,"
a sample of the glib contempt the hero gets
costumed in hokey hood, a scythe, our debts
all listed in a book called "Final Wheeze")
is hateful slander. Unversed writers please
to heap his role with bile, implying threats
of worse reviews in major magazines.
In truth, our outraged angst is for disease,
ignoble wounds and pain. Whatever means
by which we meet, unready or uncouth,
the star is Death. Old age or cheated youth--
accept your part. Perfection supervenes.

IV

Retiring from the earthly stage at last
We change and put on makeup so unique
No actor could have worn it in the past,
Nor bowed and raised so radiant a cheek.
Each player's voice resolves a major chord
With which to sing dimensions never heard.
Each tongue transmits the music of the Lord,
Each swelling passage amplifies His Word.
I will not mourn my exit toward the wings
Or sadden over lines left unexpressed.
Soon I will have a part in greater things,
Assume my true identity twice blessed:
 Beginnings are endings of this life's disguise;
 Endings are pauses while new curtains rise.