Time to Go

1992

Why must every day be cast

at end with thoughts so low?

Every hope be dashed.

Each morning light

give way to gloom and woe?

Must it always be for me

the mournful bell's sad toll?

Must every breath be bated?

Every joy sated?

All my moments had?

Each thought blacker,

darker till at last

filled with pand and melancholy

full of heartache from the cure,

fleeing from perceptions' spore,

I fall upon my sword.

If so, will anyone but me be there?

Will any other person care?

Will any other fellow being see or even know?

And does it matter more or less

if some other's sweet caress

has touched me, helped me, or fereft

of any solitary notice by another being

I just quietly sigh and simle

then softly turn and go?

From time immortal those like me

have felt like this and only guesssed.

Have set their poor tattered sails.

Have ventured out for one more step.

Towards that fateful final breath

of life we call existence til;l

one leaves this relam of fragile shells

like this frail yet faithful vessel

which ha served this pilgrim well.

Drafting past out kindred souls

barely seen in the shifting fog

towards that unrelenting shore

towards that nameless faceless ÊÊÊ

of those who go before

that multitude who join like all

that destiny so sure

so near and yet so far.

To cast outselves upon its rocks

to join at last that fate that mocks

each ray of hope. That sleep that stalks

our every waking moment. TAlks

to our very being. Walks

beside us as we cope

with what each sun yields from time's store.

So rich andy yet so poor.

To peace. To rest.

Lie down at last,

withour old friend death.

Quiet. Calm. Silent. Blesssed.

No longer swept

down this stream of life.

Cold and still.

Free from strife.

Escape this veil of pain so rife

with agony of the ceaseless mind.

Join that endless train sublime.

That endless cycle we call mankind.

To go. Let go. Join again

with what I am and was. Befriend

once more what lies at the start, no end

but simply one more now or then.

To cease to cry.

Cast out the ache.

Feel no more pain.

No storm. No rain.

with calmness take

the journey past the door

by which we entered

to this world

and which we find ajar

again to pass eyond

this room we've loved so far.

But now has turned to a living tomb.

A cage of oredom fraught with gloom

which holds naught save the endless doom.

The unrelenting horror

of days filled with nothing else

than that from days before.

To live. We die. We must.

Embarce the cycle.

Do it. Trust

the future. Past. What comes and goes.

Spread your wings and soar.

To this world say no more.

everyway tohateddarkertill atswithpain,heartachebereftsmile,only guessedtillrealmsDrafting past our .SourselvesTalksandwith ourBlessedbeyondboredomEmbrace

fleeing from perception's gloom and woe.

Every joy sated.

from the cotowards that nameless faceless roll