**WHEN IT’S TIME TO GO**

From where does all the emptiness,

The desperation flow?

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 bells sad toll?

Must every breath be bated?

Every joy sated.

All my moments hated.

Each thought blacker,

Darker till at last

Filled with pain and melancholy,

Full of heartache from the core,

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 others sweet caress

Has touched me, helped me, or bereft

Of any solitary notice by another belong

I just quietly sigh and smile,

Then softly turn and go?

From time immortal those like me

Have felt like this and only guessed.

Have set their poor tattered sails.

Have ventured out for one more step.

Towards that fateful final breath

Of life we call existence till

One leaves this realm of fragile shells

Like this frail yet faithful vessel

Which has served this pilgrim well

Drifting past our kindred souls

Barely seen in the shifting fog.

Towards that unrelenting shore.

Towards that nameless faceless roll

Of those who go before.

That multitude who join like all

That destiny so sure.

So near and yet so far.

To cast ourselves upon its rocks.

To join at last that fate tjat 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 times store.

So rich and yet so poor.

To peach. To rest.

Lie down at last,

With our old friend death.

Quiet. Calm. Silent. Blessed.

No longer swept

Down this dream 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 beyond

This room we’ve loved so far.

But now has turned to a living tomb.

A cage of boredom 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.

Embrace the cycle.

Do it. Trust

The future. Past. What comes and goes.

Spread your wings and soar.

To this world say no more.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 09/26/1992*

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