**When It's Time To Go**

*1993*

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 bell's said 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 perception's spore,

I fall upon my sword.

I 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 bereft

of any solitary notice by another being

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.

Toward 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

toward that unrelenting shore

toward 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 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 and yet so poor.

To peace. To rest

Lie down at last,

with our old friend death

Quiet. Calm. Silent. Blessed.

No longer swept

down this stream of life.

Cold and still.

Free from strife.

Escape this VEIL / VALE ??? of pain so rife

with agony of the ceaseless

mind.

Join that endless train sublime.

That endless cycle we call mankind.