Epitaphs:

**For an Atheist**

Never backed down, you kept up the fight,

Always were witty, cunning and right,

Don’t care what they say,

You conquered the day,

Yet you’ll never find peace in the night.

**For a Believer**

You’ve finally made it, the end of great strife,

You’ve fought for ideas and loved them alife,

But now that you’re dead,

What runs through your head,

When you realize you’ve only wasted a life.

**For a Hedonist**

You’ve traded great fame for lowly leisure,

Hard work and respect for palpable pleasure,

You’ve had a great time,

Your life was sublime,

But no one will know for there’s nothing to measure.

**For a Giver**

You gave to the needy and gave to the poor,

To help out humanity is what you swore,

And depleted of all,

You stood true to your call,

Looked death in the eyes and gave something once more.

**For a Philosopher**

You’ve lived out your life inside of your head,

Spinning conjectures as thin as a thread,

And all was for naught,

You see what you’ve got,

The questions dissolve the moment you’re dead.

Who was correct: Bacon or Diderot,

Tacitus, Gibbon or Jean Jacques Rousseau,

Was it Marx and Martial,

Or Voltaire and Vergil,

Lucky for you it is now time to know.

**For a Scientist**

Studying books and tinkering with tools,

Congrats! You’ve mastered the galaxy’s rules,

You’re the brightest around,

For you’ve nothing not found,

But you’re lodged in the earth with all of the fools.

**For a Lover**

A noble quest for love, wax to the soul’s flame,

A longing to belong, for someone to know your name,

But your perfectly compatible,

And desirably infallible,

Leaves one half too malleable, and the other sunk in shame.

**For an Imaginer**

Your mind from adventure was shook,

You read about lands and longed to look,

At dragons and treasure,

At people and pleasure,

But forever kept your nose in a book.

**For a Traveler**

From Florentine necropolis to gold encrusted dome,

On Earth there was no whereabout to which you would not roam,

Under cool night air,

Under hot day’s blare,

You embarked upon adventure for lack of any home.

**For a Martyr**

Who’s so foolish as to martyr,

To gamble away a biotic barter,

For who’s to be sure,

That your cause will endure,

I think staying would’ve been smarter.

**For a Parent**

Forget about fame, forget about ecstasy,

You knew in your mind you needed a legacy,

Born from your being,

Your soul you’re freeing,

Although in the end they’ll meet the same destiny.

**For an Epitapher**

You’ve inscripted upon death and studied it’s ways,

Critiqued every corner of the meaningful maze,

But after your run,

Take a look what you’ve done,

Diluted poor purpose to a bittersome haze.