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Joe lived his life the best he could,
The one way he knew how.
He loved his wife, as he knew she would,
And always tried to live in the now.

But life escaped at an alarming rate.
Jack was surprised at each passing year,
The rapidly approaching truth of fate,
A truth bringing nothing but fear.

John wondered about his life before he passed:
Would his loved ones remember him fast?
Would his spirit remain, or the wisdom he'd amassed?
Or just turn to dust and fade with the past?

Everyone assumes but nobody knows:
Like a shadow which fades but never goes,
Your actions, beliefs, friends and feats survive,
Long after you're alive.