

Gripping at the clutches of my wounded youth.

It tears me back and forth.

My soul treading lightly

In the valley of death

And the precipice of heaven.

Who knew death was so kind.

To peacefully carry my weary soul

Home. To heights before unreachable.

Unattainable by man alone.

Birds stand as guides and sentinels

Chittering their soft chirps.

Their music a melody

To my weary ears.

I believed I loved life,

But now I wonder,

Is the next life greater?

Death drops my weary body.

I tumble down the freshly trodden path.

Men are tugging at me.

Wrenching me back to life.

My shirt is ripped,

Torn asunder as I limply gag.

I am alive,

But wonder what was ahead

On the path of death.

I look over and see

Black.

A bag too little to be needed.

I cry and reach for the bag.

I picture him being carried up

The same path,

Of birds and wonderful melodies.

I know he found what was there,

A little farther than I traveled.

I must wait to know,

But in my heart I already do.