

WHEN DEATH IS ALL AROUND

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When death is all around
not even breath can be assumed.
Hyper-conscious. Present. Aware.
It's what you've been aiming for all along.
Yet the privilege shared by
witnessing others' passing
falls flat upon weary ears
like a stone on the sunken earth.
Whether it's "wrapped in the cradle of His bosom"
or "a dot of light in the sky's sphere,"
there is no comfort in words of comfort.
Because lately it's been friends
and friends of friends,
and mothers and lovers and brothers and sons,
wives and husbands
and old acquaintances.
No, not even breath can be assumed,
nor the sunrise,
nor lilac's bloom,
nor pangs of hunger,
nor sated desires,
nor sacred moments.
For in another's absence
beckon those final empty seconds,
when all we hold dear
will be loosed into the ether
of God's hollow embrace.