

Death
by
YahZion EL

This poem is about a subject that's part of life. Not discuss by many whom live life like their rolling dice.

It's about something that people sometimes call a mistake. Not to ever wonder that we all must face this fate.

Once you are gone, you'll never come back. You'll be missed, maybe forgotten, meant to go or long over due to leave the physical realm. But never to return is a natural fact.

Some of us are welcoming it, some of us cannot mention the word. That is why in this poem you'll never see or hear the fatal word.

Most of us fear it, some of us will have to face it. It's inevitable that you will in your life taste it.

It is a divine fact, A life changing episode which you are on a daily moment under attack.

Each waking moment someones life is being fatally subdue. It may be you, me or someone else, however you cannot override this fatal rule.

You are always being threaten by this throughout your lives. In an instance you could be gone and never realize.

Life is so precious as oppose to its dark outcome. Hold your head up high always for there is honor and it cannot be outdone.

Try to avoid it may bring you closer to its door. To accept it, causes you to be more stronger than before.

Whether in sickness or health, it does not matter at all. No one is exempt, neither the rich or poor from this physical fall.

One thing it does do for self; if you survive it. It will make you humble in your heart & respectful of its power intent.

You cannot play with this action or be a fool. It does not care who you are, here today and gone tomorrow is what it will do.

To respect it does not mean to give in to it. The ultimate freedom in life is it.