

Pondering Death

by Southern_Witch_69

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One One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Sometimes I wonder how it could be
if Death decided to come looking for me.
Would he give me a chance to say goodbye,
or would my breath rush out in one ragged sigh?
I hate that dying is seen as just another part of things.
Frightening, it is, to think of what our future brings.
Loved ones before me were brave enough to meet this,
and I cannot stop feeling regret and continuing to miss.
I wonder if I will have as much courage as they
when the clocks stops ticking on my death day?
Perhaps I shouldn't think these thoughts anymore,
else the stress might bring Death to visit at my door.
~~Sunshine on October 28, 2006 at 9:57PM~~