

Poem: Death

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No one knows of its arrival, whether late or soon.
No one knows when one will meet his fateful doom.

Life, seemingly hasty, is bustling on,
leaving the past forever to be gone,

Ah, with peacefulness as life proceeds,
we forget the bitter fact indeed,

that we are mortals, guests of today,
tomorrow, who knows, die- we may.

And when death strikes like a bolt from the blue,
It proves its solemn mightiness to be true,

and then we all plunge into darkness and grief,
fall at death's feet like a dead dry leaf,

Death engulfs near and dear ones into its deep, dark trove,
destroying lives as if cutting down trees from a grove.

Impossible, it is, to fight against death,
even if you would take the aid of immense power and wealth,

This moment we live, as of today, yes,
But what would happen tomorrow? Can we guess?

Hard to digest, yet one thing is for sure,
For this cruel thing called death, there is no cure.
