

Disclaimer

Death old friend,
We've met before.
I see no hostility
in that dour face.
Your bony beckoning hand
Signs to me a brotherhood.

But I'll remain a while,
If you'll allow—
For roads and tasks
And words not written down.
I need not have them all,
But some are dear.

Gladly then I'll go with you
And feel the cool enfolding
Of your robes, your gentle dark
And your soft anodyne for pain.

—John Sterling Harris