

The Reapers Last Remarks

Death again for life again,
A ferocious fair trade.
I am angry with The Reaper
For the last remarks He made:

“You were nothing, but pretended
You were separate and real.
So your life has been upended
And you don’t like how you feel.”

I was willing. “No,” he stops me,
“Willing never pleads its case.
Put your efforts in accepting
You are neither time nor space.”

“You are stars without a meaning.
You are shining, not the sun.
Did you think you were so special
As to rupture what is One?”

Now I see it’s not me seeing.
Now I hear, not with my ears.
All the endless things I wanted
Were the substance of my fears.