THE GREATEST GIFT

You talk of Death not being proud,
But Death is proud
Death is solitude and forever,
Death is that void which spans space and time,
Death is the everlasting gift to man's eternal soul.

Gary Janovsky

ALEPH

What mount bears me hence—
Valley mist in the moonlight,
shadows rise again.

Brian Johnson

the end

the desperation built by
years
and centuries of
want
and desire.
someday this concrete earth
will be weighted down—
too heavy
to revolve and
continue existence.
someday there will no longer
be a future.
the spark of human life
man
will die and crumble into
dust—
all will be gone.
Even
Hope.

Nancy Slider