

Nothing in the Dark

Oh life is such a fragile pretty thing.
Man comes to terms with this in life sometime,
but this weighs heavy on man's conscious mind.
So fear of death has burdened all my thoughts,
for I have met death, seen his cold still eyes.
He takes a form unnoticed, seen by none,
aside from I. I knew from then to hide.
If death was real, I could not die unless,
found. Running, skulking, hide from hidden fright.
Was surely not ideal, but was a life,
I thought. I saw one day it was not life,
for dying not is not the same as that.
When old and wrinkled, peace found me at last,
from dark I greeted death as one old friend.

— *Anderson Grooms*