

In Memory of Bob Younger
 by Nate A. Lindell #303724 P.O. Box 9900 Boscobel, WI 53805

Don't weep for me
 As I slip into this final sleep.
 For, while awake,
 I chased my dreams
 On fast and furious feet!
 Fearing not to take
 Money others worked hard to make
 And, with it, fund my short journey.
 I was 'customed t' life's bitter taste
 So cherished more the rare stolen bits of sweet,
 'Til fate forced me to cease my feast.

Now, my few pleasures and many aches,
 Like everything, eventually, they dis-
 Appear into the same abyss
 Into which I now sink.

But, don't weep for me
 Though I fall.
 Weep for those
 Who've never lived at all!