

Poem

death come to us all
I have heard your voice
somewhere in my past
the beautiful songs of seduction
you sing in my head
I do not fear you
with your glazed over eyes
I am not crazy about you
death comes to us all
but....

you will not just drag me
down to hell with you
I will match you song for song
drawing strength from old
paintings of boats & lighthouses
I have until tomorrow
it's a long way to midnight
all the clocks have stopped
somewhere in an old dream
death will be waiting for you
singing my own battle hymn

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