

Marching Time

Funerals and gravestones
Remind us of life's brevity.
Each day we proceed
Toward the end,
Marching in line.
Forward.
Yet each minute with each hour, nay,
Each second within each minute
Something is rich with
The wonder of life,
It's mystery and our spirit.

Let us pluck from our moments
They are limited
All we are able to do
before the end.
Let us be of mind
Sharp in wit,
Aware of all life, all sense
And all wonder.

It is found in pain and sorrow
In tone and hue
In dream and revelation
This is our task
This is our essential crusade.