

## Cenotaph

*(sic itur ad astra\*)*

*Death must be, for all flesh was clay  
Ages before it saw the light of day  
Or lived in one identity  
of thought and artistry  
of brush or pen.  
Such is the way to immortality.*

*Talents, intellect, all the works  
of men  
Have one vast goal to know.  
The immortal soul,  
Impatient in its shell of clay,  
Finds swift release in death;  
Turns heaven's key  
In that last dying breath  
And knows all truths beyond the human ken.*



From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,  
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\* Note: thus one goes to the stars : such is the way to immortality (per Wikipedia)