

## In Reverie

*Great men think of death, but why  
Should dying eyes search out the sky  
For one reprieve or frantic hope that death  
Will by some miracle delay its time  
And grant a stay of life and breath?*

*For who in life has not known agony,  
That no perfection here on earth is found?  
On the grave has perfect peace of mind,  
The origin and home of all mankind.*

*What is to die? An end to earthly ways  
Of hope, despair or temporary thought.  
Existence in itself is fraught  
With this defeat.*

*Nothing is permanent, assured or still complete  
In its entirety but death --  
The one unchanging and unconquered quest  
Of all that is, or is to be.*

*Death is the one assured and cancelled lease  
On life . . . . the only sure and lasting peace.*