

Time to Go Home

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Death is an
end to
physical life
and a return
to spirit. A
return home.

Manifesting movements
Of the wretched poor,
The shuffling somnambulist trods on.
No cot on which to slumber
No place to lie a weary head.
No time to linger.
He plods on instead.
Soon he shall rest, be assured.
The secret of life's closure is upon him.
The time is near,
...Time to go home.

Absent is the song in his heart.
Though, OH! it used to sing.
Songs of life, and love, and joy and spring.

Many eons ago.
Absent is the sparkle in the eye.
The twinkle and shine of life's appeal.
That, too, disappeared.
Many eons ago.
The rewards all forgotten,
When desperation comes near.
...Time to go home.

Look! A tiny boy
Shuffles beside him.
Another desolate wanderer.
A companion on the lonely road.
The broken man, the wandering ruffian.
Life's trials they battled,
With vigilance and valor.
That, too, comes to an end.
The duet of doom dances by.
The dance of death once more renewed.
Slowly they wander



Onto the street of death.
Their fate is near,
Their time has come.
 ...Time to die!
 ...Time to die.

They pause at the crossroads
Assessing their decision.
The way becomes clear,
They know what to do.
It is time to go home.
Together they walk on to destiny.
In the absence of fear
It is possible to advance,
That's true.
But not beyond this pathway.
 ...Time to go home.

The specter does beckon.
Behold him there!
Curling a bony finger

Waving his scythe of doom.
Thanatos urges them forward.
They join him now.
He leads them to the closure
Of life's great adventure.
He leads them to that promise
In the land of the dead.
...Time to go home.

Death passes here,
Riding his pale mount.
Collecting passengers
From life's dying fount.
The travelers, two,
Write their last chapters,
Epilogue and all.
They close the tired pages
Of life's record book.
The time is now.
...Time to go home.



With sad farewells,
Transition occurs.
Where once was happiness
Many eons ago,
Lie empty shells of forgotten woes.
Where once there was mayhem,
Stillness and Silence abound.
When it's time to go home,
Their bodies lie prone
Their souls are taken.
 ...Time to go home.

Where do they go?
Where do they roam?
Mortal flesh shall never know.
That door, once entered,
Forever closes.
The closure awaits
Each one of us all.
We know not where



We know not when,
Still it awaits!
That is the sad silence.
That is the final secret
That is the glory!
...Whose time is it next
to go home?

