

In this poem death is the speaker, and while some of the sentiments are true of every human, yet it has a particular slant to those who are unsaved.

Where Will I Be When Death Comes Calling

Through me you pass, beyond this vale of tears
I halt the onward passing of your years
And open to your eyes another world
In which you have eternally been hurled.

I have no feeling for the sorrows sore
Devoid of sympathy I now, approach the door
My stone cold hand now lies across your head
As grief be-stricken ones, behold you shallow breath.

At last I finalize your gasping breath
Alone you enter that black door called "death"
There's no "Return" for those who enter here
No wailing cry will reach your chilling ear.

So solemnly they cover every trace
Deny the stark grey pallor of your stony face
They try in vain to make you as you were
But can't escape that closed eye icy stare.

You lips will never speak again on earth
And gone forever are your joys and mirth
For to this earth, you are but history
But in my grasp, you live eternally.

*Rowan Jennings
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