



## *The Dying of An Unbeliever*

Life is a transient journey, swift flowing day by day  
As daily shadows cloud my thoughts of now and yesterday.  
The passing of this thing called time, that I cannot prevent,  
Reminds me ofttimes daily, my days will soon be spent.

The moments pass so swiftly, like clouds across the sky,  
My birth it was my morning, tis now my even tide.  
The body it has weakened, the steps are ever slow,  
And I must lean upon a stick, wherever I may go.

I hear the hush soft whispers, the nightshades fleeing come  
For death is coming swiftly, I may not see the dawn.  
Tonight I saw my last sunset, I had my last dessert,  
And now I wait, just weakly wait, quite conscious and alert.

I have recalled the days now past, they are as but a dream,  
The long gone days of youthfulness, delightful summers scene,  
But as I lie within these walls, stark emptiness inside,  
Helplessly I wait, it's coming soon, I close my eyes and die.

Oh what lies on the other side, my breath is shallow now,  
Shall I be as a little dog, with no eternal side,  
Or is my soul immortal, then what's beyond this pale,  
A little plot on yonder hill, and flowers upon my grave?

This body lies in earth's cold womb, encased in wooden shroud,  
Six foot of dirt will cover me, is there nought else beside?  
I've entered in that portal wide, alone so all alone,  
And now I lie in mother earth, so cold beneath the stone.

It has inscribed my human name, the date when I was born,  
There also is the date I died, a dash, and life was gone.  
For that is how my life has been, a dash from birth to grave,  
But now in life I wonder deep, from what have I been saved?

The darkness of eternal Hell, the thought of meeting God,  
No advocate, no priestly rites, no matter what I thought.  
Heaven or Hell, the die is cast, the books are opened wide,  
I hear the awful judgment call, You never were my child.

*Rowan Jennings*