

What to wear?

Death rises, stretches,
Opens his wardrobe.
What to wear today?
Traditional black,
Or colors more chic?

Scythe on his shoulders,
In white hooded robe,
Death knocks politely,
Ever so politely,
No rush. No hurry.

On a windy day,
In pale pinks and blues,
Death, like a playmate,
Puts away the toys.
Leaves, but not alone.

A mother pleads,
“Take me instead.”
Death tightens his grip
On the child of youth,
Leaving an empty void.

Drums roll! Trumpets blare!
The battle is joined!
On a red mount, Death
Charges both armies,
Harvesting heroes.

Death drops a tear,
Mother and Grandfather
Say their goodbyes,
Heartbeat visible
‘Neath a cotton sheet.

“Buckle your seatbelts
I’m your flight steward.
Your captain today
Is Mortality.
Window seat or aisle?”