

# Death

By Robin Lipinski

There is no honor in demise, nor is there surprise.  
Born to die is the norm while for some to die is to be born.  
This is reality yet there is more,  
Hidden,  
Deep,  
To see.

Insect fluttering into a web, consumed to the shell and then to dust,  
So too are we.  
Though we bluster and boast about eternal youth,  
You and I both know it to be a fantasy.

Some believe in a Higher Being while others just know dirt,  
But let me ask you brother,  
Which one is it to be?

Funeral homes or funeral pyres,  
Viking burial upon a burning ship,  
While natives hang their dead from trees.  
In the end, it is all the same for corporeal flesh,  
Or is it?  
Can you see?

Traditions and customs handed through the centuries for humans,  
Not beasts.  
Why?  
Is it normal or is it done for money, or maybe, memories?

Something insidious is happening, right under your nose,  
And if you look hard,  
You will see.

A wedge,  
A knife,  
A paring of life,  
Soon, there will be no dignity.

It started with the unborn, abortion they call it,  
Then with elderly cast away,  
But it is with the dead that it really has started.

Burial is so blasé, replaced with ashes flushed down a toilet,  
Maybe a protein base for the future to eat.  
All around us in death, there is change.

Even now, in Europe, the dead are evicted from their grave,  
If they're living relatives cannot pay.  
And if we do such things to the dead,  
What do you think the future will do to you,  
To me?

The End