

“GRATITUDE”

What name do you want to be called, Death?
Soul, like dancing seashells against seashells,
seeking her animator, answers, “Gratitude!”
All there is to be is shaken.
All I’ve become I owe to others. Death
you will have to get into line, I’ll
be there when its time and so will soul
and the others who came as visitors,
stayed as guest, and chanted songs of home.
We’ll go as one, and of those one, soul,
intrepid traveler that she is, will story
our love and give Death a chance to answer
life back with equal love of “gratitude.”