

Death

In the end comes the end of a man,
Who has been a ceaseless engine of action,
Whose brow has envisioned a billion visions,
Whose mind has reasoned a billion thoughts,
Which switch off at death as if all the stars in the heavens have extinguished.

Man's thousand-mile journey comes to an end.,
In a blazing transformation,
A miraculous blend of action and thought turns to a bundle of flesh,
The corporeal component of life stands without a spark,
The magic has evaporated forever.

Death is a state of matter,
Whose energy is forever conserved,
Matter changes forms but never disappears.
Man may live after death through his works,
Death is a punctuation mark in a long description.

Beyond our human form,
Our flesh and bones disintegrate back into elementary particles,
Changing one agglomeration to another.
Universe is our only religion.

Human flesh and human ideas
Are parallel lines,
Which must coexist but remain separate,
Influencing each other.
This seemingly incomprehensible relationship
Has remained a dagger in the heart of science, religion, and philosophy.

Immortality is not nature's way,
But a fantasy in human mind,
Its power has beckoned many a soul
To transcend the material barrier,
In search of timelessness.

The shadow of death,
Like the transparent sheet of time hanging over us,
Surrounds us through life.
Its fear triggers a thousand shields to survive,
Its certainty is the ultimate relief to some.

Standing on earth, man has pierced deep in universe,
To find connection with it,
Man's immortal work is ideas,
Which nature may not perish.

Human life is a dizzying splendor of possibilities,
Perhaps the supreme act of nature,
Death does end it in physical form,
But does not diminish its conceptual immortality,
Its grandeur passes from generation to generation.