

# POEM OF THE WEEK

## DEATH, DYING AND AN ACTIVE IMAGINATION

Death is a state of being  
No, you might exclaim  
Death is a state of non-being  
The two I suggest are the same thing

Dead is the final full-stop  
In our sentence called "life"  
The sentence structure is the same  
For each of us, regardless of wealth

Health and (dare I suggest it) Wisdom  
It begins with I as we wail our disapproval  
And discontent with being shoved into this world  
It doesn't take too long before we become aware

Of the ticking clock counting the seconds, minutes  
and hours of our existence. "Death" and "dying"  
In the least abstract. "Death" is a noun. "Dying"  
Is a gerund (a verb form that functions as a noun)

"To die" is a verb. Dead can be either a noun or an adjective  
To be dead is a definitive action, with no time to worry  
About nouns or adjectives  
How very fascinating

Regardless of how we use (or abuse)  
The words of death and dying  
They say a lot about us individually  
And how we choose to live our lives

If you believe that the life we live  
Is a time frame between birth and death  
I would dispute such. There are nine months  
In the womb, becoming the bawling mess

We emerge as. The terms "life" and "death"  
Are equally powerful when used as a metaphor  
or being applied to the actual event  
The recognition of my vitality could be a value judgement

Of your being willing to recognise me as an individual

"I'm dying" comes in two forms.  
The first is a product of an overactive imagination  
And an overreaction; the second is a brutal truth.

The clock's ticking.

What are you going to do with the life  
you have left? Rage against the gods, the stupid  
fate, and misfortune, and say "I ain't dead, yet."  
and live life to the fullest and create memories

We are not dead until we're dead  
It's pretty simple to say  
We're alive until the last breath  
The last "I love you" and "goodbye"

Goodbye.  
I love you

Leslie D. Bush  
© 10 October 2023