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The Execution of Life

When it’s over as it’s ending,

It comes and goes like death,

A passing out of sight by turns Much heard in single breath.

1 feel the juvenation Of a he within the breast,

The choice of time to trouble life But not as I had guessed.

I know of no return now,

And no way out returning;

Under skies of newer gods, my friend. The campfires are not burning.

I’ve learned my steps judiciously Self-measured in self-doubt,

With angels pounding back the tides And seasons getting out.

There is a leaf of kindness That turning, wishes trees,

A passion for its falling And broken at the knees.

I’ve wondered, is there time yet And where am I to see Beyond my own required life Without which there is me.