

Receive Death As The River Stone

by Tyler Berg

Death.

That which lays all men equal in the eyes of the earth.

There is one for each of us, a unique snowflake of demise tailor made for every organism that persists in this convoluted game of life.

No sanctuary can bar it's entry

No serums or tinctures can stay its hand

No power on this beautiful world can live free of its reach.

There is only the thin filament of fire that is our life which separates our birth from death.

Cherish it.

Ignore the painful presence of my heavy handed cliches and cherish it.

Take every second allowed and wring every iota of joy from it.

Let the passage of time crash over you like an expectant stone amidst a tempest river.

Rejoice in each triumph as if you'd won everything there is to win.

Please I beg you.

Beseech you.

Don't die without joy.

Know it every moment it alights upon your soul.

Receive the world unto yourself and never release it until death raps upon your door and politely asks to have it back.

Then the two of you may then walk off together, heading towards something new.

Unabashed and unafraid.

As the life you lived will never be another's.

It is and will always be, only your own.

