

## WHEN LIFE COMES TO AN END

When Life comes to an end, when all seasons are spent,  
When death comes and claims its right to say to me “This is the End!”  
I want to step through that door, full of curiosity, wondering  
What is it going to be like, that unknown realm of obscurity?

I will then look upon the past, as no more than an idea – a fleeting span,  
That started some yesterday and raced through years concealed.  
When it’s all over, I want to say – Yes, that was Me!

I have gazed around with ‘amazement’, searching for answers.  
I lived, I breathed, I felt and touched and I followed many a dream!  
I don’t need to wonder if I made my existence  
Something particular, something unreal or something notable...  
I don’t aim to leave ashamed or frightened, imploring ‘one more day’!  
To rectify some worthless deed!  
I don’t choose to end up simply having visited this terrain and failed.

I want to leave – having stained it with my struggles, a palette of varied hues,  
I shared, simply or expansively, wildly or silently, with payments and dues,  
Life’s complexities and triumphs hand in hand  
As I did exist - from birth till now! And, it was ‘Grand’!!

Pages brushed elusively with music, tears and mirth  
I hungered for the unknown, and sought what touched my soul,  
And proudly leave it spectacular, for having lived and loved upon this earth!

Ruth van Gramberg