

UNHEEDED ADVICE

Phillip A. Ellis

“Our life is short, and sorrow forms our lot
upon this place we call the planet Earth;
and from the very day of our form’s birth,
our flesh is slave to death, despair and rot.

“By merest chance indeed our forms are born
into the world, by chance and not by plan;
despite the tales we’re told by maid or man,
by chance we came into this world forlorn.

“And from that day we die, although we grow
to adulthood. For who knows when we die,
and underneath the soil our bodies lie
the while uncouneted years above us flow.

“No pill can cure our death, restore to life
the ones who’ve left this vale of tears and woe,
for where they’ve gone, we all will surely go
and never face again all worldly strife.

“And when we die, our form returns to dust;
our mind dissolves alike the roiling smoke.
Our life is just a jest, a morbid joke
upon our hopes, our loves, and body’s lust.

“Our name will die forgotten, lost to time
except for few whose fame will somehow last,
remind us how today becomes the past
lost to all reason, lost to sense and time.

“Our time is short, and soon will pass away
alike a cloud that’s blown by a swift breeze,
so, when one’s form the hands of death will seize,
fear not your final breath, your final day.

“No soul’s returned to break the final veil,
for, when we die, to nothingness we fall;
there is no judgment day, no trumpet call
to lead the faithful through the final vale.

“So face your death that looms ahead with joy,

and know that death is but a great release
and all our worldly cares will straightway cease,
so put aside your fears, your kumbaloi.

“So face each day you live with heart serene,
defy despair that seeks to whelm your life,
and face each crisis dark and looming strife
with apatheia’s grace, not rage nor spleen.”

So spake the ghost unto the suckling child,
who heard not, sleeping countenance so mild.

“Unheeded Advice” © 2007 by Phillip A. Ellis

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