

the ONE experiencing so much Death

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A mother wails over the crumpled body of her daughter
Blood flows from her cracked head
the trauma of falling out of the window [from the 5th floor]
Spectators surround her but no-one comforts
the agony of that moment *she is left to bear alone*
After what must feel to her like an eternity
the paramedics arrive
and almost immediately
pronounce her beloved daughter
“Dead”
The piercing screams from the mother
echo around

A wife kisses her husband goodbye and both drive to work
separately
It was *just a normal day*
The phone rings with news of the accident
She rushes to the scene but it's already too late
He had a massive heart attack [whilst driving]
It was instant
no chance of recovery
Death for him
and life for this wife
will never be the same again

A boy kisses his girlfriend passionately
and promises to return soon

Just a quick trip to the supermarket
some essential food [and a much-needed condom]
The minutes tick by as she waits
for the familiar sound of his returning footsteps
but instead
she hears another sound
sirens
Not just one
but many
She dresses and leaves the apartment
Rushing to the supermarket
a horror faces her
the place it once stood is now a heap of twisted metal
Panic immediately floods every part of her
The minutes turn into hours
she waits
Dead bodies are brought from this tragic scene
still she waits
Then the dreaded moment that she feared
but hoped would not come
“It’s him”
A final image that will haunt her forever

A brother talks to his sister
who moments before was in a coma
[the last stages of a brain tumour]
The gift of a little more time
to say their goodbyes
to cry
[it’s the one being left behind who has the tears]
There’s some laughter and honesty

one final moment of reality
between the two so close
Then a quiet slipping away
The final breath taken
and all that's left is a brother
sat with a now empty corpse
the spirit of life gone forever
All is eerily silent

A much-loved dad
dead
but still alive
Dementia makes him dead in his mind
unable to recognise us
unable to recognise me
I face the hurt again every day
that he's gone
never to return
but I'm unable to grieve and move on
as he's still here
A loved one
my loved one
the shadow of who they once were
Physically the same
but an emptiness in their eyes
that haunts my waking moments
[and my sleeping ones]
Although this must sound heartless
I SO MUCH WISH that death would come
to finally bring a release
not for him

[he seems quite happy and at peace]
but for me
I need freedom from this daily torment
Oh death
please come quickly

Preparations for the new arrival
Joy in the home and an air of expectancy
Then the drops of blood
Panic
as the red flood soon appears
unstoppable
With no warning at all
hope turns to despair
joy turns to mourning
life turns to death

She was old
Mother
Grandmother
Great-grandmother
We thought she'd be gone years ago
but somehow
she held on
It feels that she's been with us forever
a permanent piece of the furniture of our lives
When the day finally came
it was a shock
[even though we'd been expecting it]
We had so long to say our goodbyes
but somehow pretended that it

death
wasn't going to happen
We never got to honestly say the things we
wanted to
needed to
and now it's too late
She's gone for ever
Died of old age

Different stories
different people
different ages
different genders
but all with one thing in common
[the thing that all humanity has in common]
For all our differences
this simple fact unites us
we all die
pass away
kick the bucket
are no more
go to a better place
[if there really is a better place
which surely depends what you believe in]
Heaven or paradise for all or just the chosen few?
Re-incarnated as something else?
Nothing but an empty void?
Then again
maybe after death
it simply doesn't matter what you believed would happen
because there is just a reality

a truth
that's going to take place whether you believe it or not
[now there's a scary thought]
I once heard of a man who had a great life plan
He'd live for himself with no thought of any god
but in case god was real
just before his death he would get right with his maker
Good theory
place bets on both options
The only problem is that no-one knows when they will die
[I wonder what happened to that man?]

As I end my reflection on this cheerful subject
[that we really don't like to face but affects us all]

I have one more thing to say
so please forgive my rant
Why is it that we wait until a person is dead
before we say nice things about them?
At a funeral or memorial or in an obituary
you say what you really want to say

BUT
THEY
CANNOT
HEAR
YOU
BECAUSE
THEY
ARE
DEAD

So here is my plea
from one still living

to all humanity
Say what you want to say NOW
while you have the chance
Make peace with each other NOW
while you have the chance
And if you think there's even the smallest possibility
that god exists
then make peace also with him
Because
like it or not
sooner or later
whoever you are
wherever you are
death
will
come
to
you