

The Dying

I was in Chickamauga,
I was at the Bastille, in Danang, Constantinople.
I stormed the beaches of Normandy on that gray June morning.
I've crashed against the rocks of the Aegean,
Been swept through time on the ocean floor.

I've died.
I've died over, and over again.
This dying, it brings me no closer
To the One I love than bragging.
What is this that I die for?

Instead, I am cast down into earth, as dust, as ash.
My spirit lost in time, through time.
Dying, truly dying to You, is a slow process.
It keeps me busy in my pursuit.

The sweetest death,
Leaves me naked at Your feet,
Held within Your arms,
Against Your breast.
Your hair, a feather across my cheek.
I pray for this death.

| Brett M. Wilbur