

DEATH'S RELEASE

The man asked, 'what are we here for?'
Reveal the logic behind the folklore,
Protract the debate, sensor corruption,
Hide our skeletons, dismiss division,
Pass by deception and bend the rule,
Behold the gemstone for life can be cruel.

Tread wisdom's path, heavy with petals,
Seek answers from behind the walls,
Wish upon a star; reach high for the sky,
Push forward and onwards from where you lie,
Collect your thoughts; revere your soul,
Open the door and hear the bell toll.

Meet thy challenge, don't surrender your guard,
Material things, you may disregard,
Step closer to the mirror and welcome a glance,
Replace aggression for a positive stance,
Life's great offer, view like a timepiece,
For knowledge comes with death's release.

Author's note:

The title for this poem and final line is taken *Quicksand* by David Bowie.

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