

Friendly death

Bold John Donne told you many years ago
To forfeit arrogance and take your place
With humbleness and cease to play grim foe
To joy and laughter, light and gentle grace.
As I glimpse the shadow of your presence
I vow to welcome you if you visit,
Ready to greet you without reticence
And to hold your hand beyond the limit.
In the mean time, may I love more wildly,
Dare to state my truth, never heeding cost,
Sing my heart's desire with passion loudly,
Accounting no-one evil, no soul lost.
Dear death, you are not dreadful or mighty
Be it in grief or pain, teach us how to be.

Poetry by Brian Thorne

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