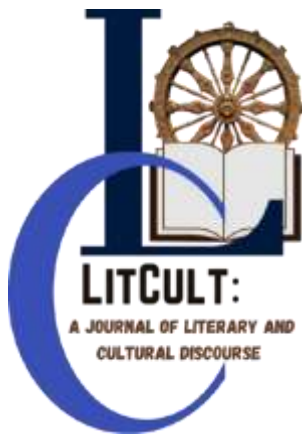




Two Poems on Death's Knock

by

Allen David Simon

(Poetry)

Allen David Simon

Independent Researcher and Poet

Email: allendavidsimon2003@gmail.com

A Father to his Son

Come,
 hear me son, sing this song,
 though, not for very long.

Oh!
But it was my father who gave this song to me.
 This bold and bright,
 this cold and crying.

 This long and endless song for free...

Live by
 Keeping God in your heart quietly,
 and men around you in the walk.
 You should talk as if you're crying in the rain,
 You should talk as if you may not talk again.

Do what you must. Aside what I may cast;
Do what you think you should
Unpaid for, I did all I could.

Don't force your dreams for my art,
perhaps, I may have liked some another time.
But, no matter what –

 You shall praise and adore your God,
 when He shows himself to you.

When dying,
 Much of your deeds are lost.

Memories saved up though.
Much vulgarity established.
Much beauty evolved lo!

When you have lived my years,
Such, all such, as you see now,
Will do, will not do.
Our universe is a simple paradox.
Simply a paradox,
and paradoxically simple though.

You see what isn't there,
You hear what is mute,
You will love what doesn't exist,
and hate for all you care.

Yet it is His paradox.
unreal, virtual, and obscure.
Till the inaudible,
the invisible,
the nonexistent,
becomes a part of life
and shapes you and me.

— with these words my father left.

Not dying, I dare Death

These silent nights that pass,

I speak much,
yet beat quiet.
I am let alone,
even if surrounded.
I speak words more,
but wonder less.
See more,
and feel little.
Show more,
and live less.
Ask more,
but alas, seek nothing.
I was begotten,
but now, am I forsaken?

He withered.

He wailed.

As the best thing the smartest men did
was to buy and sell every soul for gold.

All chirpings,
 blooming flowers,
and the warmth of the sun
seemed to confined to the window frames.
It was not the clouds that rained,

but the rains that damped the within.
When men become alien to their own lands
the world widens it mountains,

seas,
or sands.

When you live like a stranger
in a house you raised
and your ward but spill disgrace.
Pride that my father gave up,
Made him the most silent warrior, worth of praise
for he lived a life that stood but in his place.

When neither blood
 nor gene matters to you anyway...
You're a star in the cosmos –
 far, far off from every way.

When you give away all
and feel no labor at loss,
you have reached your home,
there, hoist your Cross.

There's an echoing silence in the graves
that sounds like peace.
For long enough this land attracted me
and now its green grass calls me home.
Here, the wisest men have softly laid
quietly grieving amongst themselves.

It won't take much now, nor long either
once I stroll boldly in and squat to lie,
forgetting all the raw deals of the market side.

I was born, lived enough, must learn to die.

I'm looking for a place to lie down straight.
Yes! I'm looking for a place to die unafraid.

For my father taught me one thing straight,
and said he, with true faith –

For if you are happy,
you are surely insane.
For sanity,
Comes only to the dead.

Come Death, I am not afraid.
Come, I will be happy, not dead.