



## **Fear of Death**

There is no greater fear than death,  
To be rend from the arms and hearts  
Of those for whom we draw our breath.

Lest you wrest the crown from Macbeth  
For to don ephemeral parts;  
There is no greater fear than death.

Still fear and love in equal breadth  
Will reap a whirlwind by fits and starts  
Of those for whom we draw our breath.

And though fear would fain find such depth  
With friends lain in pain set apart  
There is no greater fear than death.

Perhaps the pain contains the pith  
When the love, light, and life departs  
From those for whom we draw our breath

One must sup from the cup of Lethe.  
And this, my dear, upends the cart  
There is no greater fear than death  
Of those for whom we draw our breath.

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