

AND IN THE END—

And so it's done, this thing called life,
No more of care, no more of strife,
Each atom worked, and did its best,
To move me on, and stand the test,
Of living's challenges and dares,
And bore the most that each one bears,
Atoms all, their work now done,
Arrange themselves for other fun,
And in their elemental way deride,
The way I failed to stem the tide,
Of my growing, aging, and demise,
The truth now out, there is no prize,

Shall I move on, or now just stop?
From life to death, the shortest hop,
What lies ahead now, no one knows,
I'll follow where the current goes,
I do not think the spirits there,
Nor GOD OF ALL in hidden lair,
Have power else than living mind,
Now dead and gone, I'm most unkind,
Expunge their threat, it died its death,
With my expiring final breath,
And give me peace I never found,
Preserving me from raucus sound,

In life, the masses sang the praise,
Of time eternal; halcyon days,
Which came to one upon the end,
And GOD himself, would with them spend,
Aeons and aeons and aeons more,
GOD roared to charlatans galore,
But never spoke to likes of me,
Perhaps, because I came to be,
A man who loves a lucid thought,
Myths and tales consist of naught,
I put that nonsense on the shelf,
I answer to a higher god - myself,

And all the demons of the darks,
Must take their case to other courts,
And leave me peace most unperturbed,
I rest myself and will not be disturbed.

John Boenke
Copyright February 1995, 2026
All right reserved

