

The Ground that Holds the Coffin

Alana Clark

The ground that holds the coffin silent sound,
Untouched by the living and sky above,
The hallowed dirt where all men are sure-bound,
The place we often visit Old Lost Love.
The resting place of all our race is set—
None can change who enters death's realm, save fate.
Men cling to life like shadow to light, yet
Life's light soon fades; we are forced to death's gate.
But there is hope; death is a start, not end.
Man's fear of the pine-box is learned, trained, taught,
For that small wood bed from where we ascend.
Hold to hope, to The Next your life has wrought.
Hearts die, not souls. The ground that holds you fast
Shall not release you until Time has passed.

