

Ode to the Ones Who Came Before

Alana Clark

I once visited an old library
And of many histories read.
Resistance, romance, secrets to bury—
What was once alive is now dead.
They were the ones who came before.

I once journeyed to an aged Christian church;
The angled altar's softly glow
Had compelled my soul to see, feel, think, search
For life's untold eternal flow.
They were the ones who came before.

I once traveled to a past battlefield
Where warriors once fought and fell.
In death, courage was their weapon to wield—
Endless chimes those legends' last yell.
They were the ones who came before.

I once trekked to a hidden ancient tomb
Filled with treasures from times long past.
But the gold and stones in this time-worn room
Shined cold; this life will never last.
They were the ones who came before.

I once lived among men a good long life
Before I became Death's chosen—
Now I walk the earth in this afterlife,
And am glad in time I'm frozen.
I am the one who came before.

