

*fearlessness*

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USA

In the fabled face of death  
Ever blowing heroic breath  
Champions of terror management  
    strut across the stage  
    speak of Invictus  
        masters of fate and captains of soul  
        saviors of humanity and God

As if death had a human face  
As if deniers had a stalwart place  
An Olympia at which to vie  
A Valhalla at which to die.

As if there was a meaning of death  
As if there was more than the last breath  
A soul superordinated to arise and meet God  
A baby reincarnated to return and cry aloud.

Yet, fearless abiders take neither flight nor fight.  
What is confirmed, neither denied nor affirmed.  
They do their best, with miles to go before they rest.  
As they always knew, death is neither old nor new.

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