

Something of Death

By Thomas Whitson

I thought of death
Yester'noon
For the tide was right
And the phase of the moon
Was so the sea would wash
 a body from the shore

I've wondered before
Of murder and such.
But hard thought?
Never given it much
For the act would be for naught
When time was found no more

I've devised many ways
Of sending someone reeling
But I've never understood
What exactly is the feeling
That would drive someone to kill
Surely life's not such a bore?

But since that calm yet dreadful night
I can see it much more clearly
For God has called the name
Of the one whom I held dearly
And didn't tell His servants
To spare the blood and gore

Would I murder now?
I have no time for replies
For the sun has dipped quite low
And I must say my goodbyes
But remember 'fore you sleep
In your nice warm cozy bed
To always lock your doors
Or you might just lose your head