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D E A T H

Death is an enigmatic ambiguity filled with mystifications to abstrused to decipher.

Death is the only game a person cannot win.

Death is what every living thing must eventually experience.

Death is something which at first we try to ignore, then we fear, then we question, expect, and eventually look forward to.

Death is the one perplexing mystery we haven't any information-derived knowledge about beyond the grave.

Death can happen at any moment, time or day. It doesn't need or give notices.

But is death really the all end, or is it only the end of one life-existence, and the beginning of or into another?

I sit here under the decree of death, with so many unfulfilled dreams and desires. So many inexperienced experiences, places and things unseen, so many questions unanswered, and things undone, and I can't help but to wonder why such a fate has fallen upon me. Why has such an unworthy and innocent soul been made to suffer this fate? What reason and purpose does it serve? It's all so incomprehensible to me.

Do we take anything of this existence (knowledge, wisdom, memories...etc.) into the next existence?

There are so many things I presently cannot do, yet, of those which I can, I pray for such opportunities, to live and do before my time to experience death abdicates my physical existence.

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