

The Dichotomy of Mortality

By Oliver Scallon

If when I breath
(Through my being)
The last breath meant for me
What will remain for my eyes to see
Through frosted glass and blurred memories.

Wherefore shall I wet loved eyes,
Hark their cries from gold cloud skies
What will I leave in their lives of me?
But echoed feelings and distant reveries

Why must we leave a print so, faint.
Tethered with strings which were sewn by Fate.
Like a leopard that stalks in the dead of night
Gliding blackly in vast Twilight.

We are to the universe – The blink of an eye
Whose iris sees past the facets of time.
A complex anomaly in a never-ending sky,
With dreams too large and hopes too high.

To be HUMAN is to peer into eventual demise.
Beating heart, childlike eyes.
To ask the right questions, and understand
That when out runs the sand, we must offer our
Hand in infinite unfathomable matrimony.



Autism
Acceptance
Week 2023