

Extremis

I lately laid me down with Death
O dark was he and tender,
And hard it was to struggle back
From quiet and surrender.

The earth is such a strident place
So furious with trying
It sometimes seems an easy thing
To stumble into dying.

© Mona McTavish Gould

This poem is covered by a Creative Commons Canada Attribution No-Derivatives Licence. It may be shared freely, but please quote accurately and acknowledge the author each time the poem is used.