

Death Come Knocking

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This is a poem about a man confused by his own death.

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As I stare out of my window, peering across the rain drenched fields, not a spot of sun in the sky, just the heavy rain drops that batter against my window pane. Do I ever question life, yes I am sure that is what most men ponder, but there death is most certain, but why sit and wonder. If death is for certain, then why save the spoken words of recompense for a time which may not allow you the place and the chance?

As I turned my head the to right, I saw a most uncommon site amidst the pouring rain. A short fatted man wearing a three piece suit, staring straight at me with lowly eyes and a slightly evil scare . I blinked for a moment to take a second look, as I refocused through the rain drenched window to find he was no longer there.

A few moment later I hear a knock at my door, I was shore to find this fatted man drenched in rain standing outside my door.

But much to my surprise as I opened up the door, the man was nowhere to be found, not a track, not a score. â This is odd â , I said to myself, that is for sure. But wait, what is this lying on the floor? It appears to be a box wrapped in velvet velour. It has a bow, burgundy in color and writing so peculiar, eerie, and hard to swallow with an envelope attached that read, â I knocked upon your doorâ , and in smaller letter it stated, â This package is time restricted, please handle it with careâ .

â This is so out of the ordinaryâ , I said to myself. Things like this donâ t happen everyday but this particularly rainy day in May.

I sat on the edge of my old hard wood chair, just staring at the box, wondering what the contents inside may fare. I drawl the bow ribbon to unseal the case, I lay the letter aside that has taken my mind to a questioning place. I open the lid to reveal the contents, and I have a shrill feeling to find only another letter in there. This letter titled the same as the first, â I knocked upon your doorâ , this box Im feeling has turned into a curse.

I opened the letter, and I shall read the letter as it is read;

Death Come Knocking

You have waited your whole life pondering this moment, that what the sunshine wouldn't bring, the rain drops can't wash away. But you never understood this rainy day in May, that the cancer you've carried for past five years would take your life away. So now you can sleep in peace knowing what come what may, for you shall ponder no more, for your time of recompense has been washed away. For you've waited too long to beseech the faith, that would have drawn you to heaven instead of death's evil grave, because when death comes knocking, don't just walk away.

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