

## IN ETERNITY

What manner of men are we to say  
That everywhere else there is no one?  
That no one else lives our today  
In life.

That no other race is made like us,  
In war or peace of existence other.  
Who says they want to be like us  
In any way?

And yet sometimes they may resemble  
The fuss and bother here on Earth;  
With bugle and charging horse a symbol  
In war.

And yet, their life may be the noblest  
When all have finished the wars just so  
These may build a mighty obelisk  
In peace

Even as they differ, as differ they must,  
Men from infinity always have gone  
From ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
In death.

