

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.

