

Sonnet:

To William and his Noble Friend

David Paul Allen

To singly trek this mortal pilgrimage,
To watch one's life-flame flicker all alone,
To die without an heir for Earth's next age
Is but surrender to oblivion.
So mate we then to propagate this "I,"
The consciousness which holds essential thought
Whose transferred germ assures you will not die
Though flesh, infirm, and bones return to naught.
When fears of death assail the aging mind,
A child provides the mirror of that youth
Which, faded, fades the more and canst but find
A recompense in hope, eternal truth.

But poorly sees this "self" which would live more
When all one is is what has passed before.

