
To Be Immortal

Karen Witting

To watch each season go,
and come, and go again.
To suffer each day the pain of death
and yet to never die.
To blink in spring
and open your eyes to winter;
each instant seeming so short
and all instants so long together.
To see the Great Bear lumber steadily by
a hundred times a hundred times
and to know that you will out-travel him.

Like Tithonus watching perfect Dawn
ride out each morning, fiery, strong;
you mark companions who come, and go,
but do not come again,
for who could stay Forever?
And who could say forever, and mean it?