

## Death

I am as yet untouched by Death,  
Have lost no dear ones close to me,  
And yet it seems I know him well,  
This grey presence reminding what is to be.

He seems to walk beside me ever,  
No matter where I have to go,  
As if he waits to take me by surprise,  
Or snatch from me the loved ones of my life.

This is neurotic, I am told, this fear of Death,  
Yet how to reconcile the dark, the loneliness  
Which lie in wait, when the sun shall cease  
To shine, the heart to beat?

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