

A NOBLE DEATH

While aging drains my strength of mind,
Exertions leave me short of breath.
Recalling fruit, I clasp the rind;
Reviewing life, I ponder death.

I'm not by morbid dreaming caught
Nor tortured on the rack of fear.
I'm merely sobered by the thought
That life's *Last Battle* might be near.

If so, I want to face the thing
With words a dying centaur sent
To brace the final Narnian king,
As on to certain doom he went:

“Remember, sire, all worlds must end—
It's clear our own's about to die—
Yet noble death's a treasure, friend,
That no man is too poor to buy.”

To finish well my dwindling days
With faith fast focused on the fight,
Heart grateful, lips still lifting praise:
That's how I hope to take my flight.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/24/2016*