

A BRIGHTER SUN

When all alone, I meditate,
On what, or why it's hard to state.
On life—ah yes! Sometimes I do,
And then again—on “death”—do you?

The setting sun ignites my plight,
Because it hides away the light
And leaves me lonely in the gloom,
To contemplate man's certain doom.

The thought of death does not bring fear,
And endless life would bring no cheer.
I merely wonder, if while on earth,
To mankind, can I prove of worth?

Before eternity takes me,
My fondest hope is but to see,
And know that something I have done,
Has made for some—a brighter sun.

John Wooden

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