

Two are the ways that take you there.  
The first is to lie down, to let it happen  
Let time decide when teeth will bite  
The meat that is left when the Mother's worms  
Gather to feast. A fateful choice  
Is the second way; a sacred road,  
Offering grace growing from fate's roots  
From the twisted threads twined by your doom  
Spurning your future, spitting your life  
From ruthless mouths. A road upwards  
Lit by silver-white swan's wing-feathers.  
The first of the ways, the worm's road  
Do not overlook; nature tells us  
The worm becomes bird; the bird a roast;  
The roast human; but how and when  
Are not the deeps of death's meaning:  
It's asking why – and the answer marks  
The cause you chose; and the choice frees you,  
Soaring on wings to the song of the swan,  
Her trumpet song, a triumph loud  
For the risen soul, resounding again  
Fanfares of glory over the feasting chomps  
Of the first way. Finally you come  
To the summer land, everlasting realm  
Watered by streams from the winter snows  
Of the guardian heights. Here there is rest,  
For all souls, until the end of days