

Rest In Peace

closer to life's end
than to its brash beginning
I watch world's demise

at an odd remove
as if from a mountaintop
through rose-colored lens

aaah, but you young ones
and those zillions yet to live
my heart bleeds, helpless

what will beset you?
what torment will you endure?
what fate will snare you?

meanwhile, life is good
I've lived in charmed time and place
I'm resting in peace

Photo: The haikuist overlooking Yosemite Valley from Columbia Rock, 2015

