

We Chose Us

In time a day will come,
Or an hour or a moment,
When we know life's journey ends,
Together or in turn.

It may be me, or it may be you,
Or at once, if fortune's good,
Slipping into the infinite void,
Savoring our last embrace.

Your finest gift will be
That you chose me.
My finest act will be
That I chose you.

As we draw that final breath,
Aged loving eyes locked in cosmic bond,
Our final and finest joy will be
That we chose us.

- by Dan, for Susan, for us, 4/13/2019

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