

Yearning for Immortality

Our deepest fear is to be forgotten, tossed into a hollow pit.
Our deepest fear is that our name will be erased as if we had never lived.

Do we stand precariously at the edge of a shadowless life that casts no reflection; are we no longer seen or heard, condemned to invisibility, inaudibility, anonymity?

Our yearning for immortality is no conceit. We have long covered the vanity mirrors of our home.
Our yearning is to recall those sacred moments worth remembering.

Immortality we cannot achieve with the testimony of others: my family, my friends.
Without the memory of others, what are we but ciphers, shrouded in dust and ashes.

Faith consoles posthumously. Even after death we are not alone.
Something remains beyond the grave, something endures.
The poet proclaimed our expectation: "Soon, soon, we shall know if we have learned to accept that the stars do not go out when we die."

After death, something remains that is not extinguishable. The stars remain to brighten the steps of those who walk in their light.
We are not the last upon this earth, nor the first. We are part of that secret link which binds forever the three tenses of existence.

In mortality and in immortality, we need each other.

