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Died at Noon

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Died at Noon

BY FRANK REID

Died at noon. A proper time to die,
With all the afternoon stretched out before him
And all the morn complete.

The sun rides high in the heavens.
There is time to mourn and time to make arrangements
Before night and death's counterfeit cry halt.

To die before ending is to die unsatisfied,
But how sweeter far than the full knowledge
Of bitter lees of loss, or the tasteless victory

In satiation there is not merely enough, but all.
In not venturing, there is nothing for remembrance.
Somewhere between lies Aristotle's golden noon.

So let me also die at noon, after foundation.
Others may build where I have laid the plan,
And I be lain to rest within my restless grave.