

## Poems read at Robin's grave by Pilar Papageorge

### A Soul's Soliloquy

Today the journey is ended,  
I have worked out the mandates of fate;  
Naked, alone, undefended, I knock at the uttermost gate.  
Behind is life and its longing, its trial, its trouble, its sorrow;  
Beyond is the infinite morning of a day without a tomorrow.

Go back to dust and decay, body grown weary and old;  
You are worthless to me from today- No longer my soul can you hold.  
I lay you down gladly forever for a life that is better than this;  
I go where partings ne'er sever you into oblivion's abyss.

Lo, the gate swings wide at my knocking, across endless reaches I see  
Lost friends with laughter come flocking to give a glad welcome to me.  
Farewell, the maze has been threaded, this is the ending of strife;  
Say not that death should be dreaded- 'Tis but the beginning of life'.

- Wenonah Stevens Abbott

### There is No Death

There is a plan far greater than the plan you know;  
There is a landscape broader than the one you see.  
There is a haven where storm-tossed souls may go  
You call it death- we, immortality.

You call it death-this seeming endless sleep;  
We call it birth- the soul at last set free.  
'Tis hampered not by time or space' you weep.

Why weep at death? 'Tis immortality'.

Farewell, dear voyageur- 'twill not be long'.

Your work is done- now peace rest with thee.

Your kindly thoughts and deeds- they will live on.

This is not death- 'Tis immortality'.

Farewell, dear voyageur- the river winds and turns;

The cadence of your song wafts near to me,

And now you know the thing that all men learn;

There is no death- there's immortality.

- Anonymous