



THE LAST NAME



I sat in silence

And thought of this name

Though so much sought

Yet mysterious all the same

The reapers are few am told

Though many are already out

The work is a hundredfold

More are needed to help out.

Many are the names

That have gone on before

Adding to the count

Just more and more





*Sealing their testimonies*

*Some with their blood*

*Others escaping judgment*

*By riding on the flood.*

*Ever the more*

*I stopped and wondered*

*"Could the countdown*

*be over?" I pondered*

*Could this last name*

*Still out there be?*

*If not so*

*Could this be you or me?*



@poetrymonday