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I Saw Death Walking Down the Street

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I Saw Death Walking Down the Street

I saw Death walking down the street,
and I cried out to him,
But he continued on.
I ran and caught up with him,
And we walked hand in hand
down the street of chaos.
I kicked the gargage cans out of the way,
And stumbled over the trash and tin cans,
But we kept on.
Fire raged all around us,
And buildings tumbled down.
The wind blew against us,
But I kept pace.
The snow was deep and cold,
But we trudged slowly onward.
Not a word did he speak,
And I was content.
We climbed the hill
And watched the filthy gutters fill.
The sun beat down upon us,
But I kept pace with him.
He moved more slowly now,
so I too slowed my walk.
He seemed to hesitate
As we reached the top
I reached out my hand,
but he flung it back.
We neared the end of the street,
And he stopped.
He turned and pointed,
And I looked back.
floods of joy overcame me,
And I realized what I had seen.
There was beauty in that mess,
And I turned to tell him so,
But he was gone.

Edward Tayloe Wise
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