## Secular Requiem

1.

From a single point, in suspended time, to a chaos of expanding energy, to matter condensing into stars and galaxies with planets, to life on one (at least), to me.

Like all the stars and galaxies that went before I am no more, for my dust has always been their dust.

2.

I stopped to sit, alone, in the forest,
and therefore I was.
You are here to remember,
and therefore I am still.
The future stands transformed by our presence,
and therefore I will be.

3. Measure my life by the number I have touched.

Measure my life by the depth with which I have touched a few.

Measure my life by the wildflowers on a mountain, by the explosion of a volcano, by the scent of a thunderstorm.

Measure my life by the colors of the sky.

## 4.

To those injured indifferently I offer an apology.

To those injured with intent I admit it does not seem so important now.

To those I cared for and who cared in return (or did not)
I offer thanks and ask for your forgiveness too.

## 5.

I am like the soldier who died bravely.

I am like the soldier who was shot running away.

I am like the queen, neck sliced by the guillotine,

or the peasant who collapsed behind his ox and plow.

I am like the rich man who left only false friends in his wake.

I am like the lover who passed away surrounded by her beloved.

I am like the old woman who died in her sleep,

or the child, stillborn.

I am like the young girl strangled by a serial killer.

I am like the miner who succumbed to blackened lung.

I am like the serial killer who died in his sleep.

or the hermit in his cave

whose remains lie undiscovered still.

I am like the deer, slain for meat

the buffalo, for sport

the leopard warming someone's marble floor

the mayfly after its day to mate.

I am like all who are, thus, alike,

and will be, forever.

6.

Celebrate a life

which brings us joy.

Celebrate a life

which brings us pain so we may measure our joy.

Celebrate a life

offering moments

to embrace the heavens.

Commemorate a death,

which returns us to the earth,

nurturing space

for the new life that will replace us.

Steve Bloom

June, 2003