

The Folly of a Man's Quest to fool Death

The folly of a man's quest to fool Death,
'Tis strengthened by a weak assumption
That boxes opened will never be left
Taint'd with scents of aconite potion
And Angel's trumpet, (oh cruel tune of sleep!),
Death is naught but the dreaded deed of life,
Self-proclaimed Scythian in time of reap,
When happiness is ripe, when pain is rife.
A man who nay wields better than Chronos,
With alloy'd axe doth a fool become; he
Quickly makes time's speed slow and speed time's foe,
The same axe doth the raggèd shrub set free.
The prick that hath thy noxious life killed
Is naught but thy life, raw and undistilled.