

# Waiting at the Bedside

By Andrea J. Hargrove

*Published November 1, 2020*

I'm something like a ferryman,  
Though not the way the Greeks describe.  
I can't be made to tarry, and  
I'll never change course on a bribe.

Your fare's already paid for you;  
Your destination lies ahead.  
You shake, but how I wish you knew  
There's no need now to lie in dread.

I draw you from your mortal shell,  
My hand upon your fevered brow.  
You had two choices. You chose well,  
And so the pain is over now.

Another person waits with you,  
Your fingers gently intertwined,  
Not knowing that you've passed unto  
The very fate you'd both maligned.

It's my turn now to take your hand  
And part you for a few short years.  
You'll meet soon in another land –  
The last of all your new frontiers.

I'll bear you swiftly, straight and true  
Upon a river pure and vast,  
But you won't know what you pass through  
Because the dead all travel fast.

Your final mortal thoughts have been  
Exhaled upon your fragile breath.  
Your new thoughts and new life begin;  
Alas, you never will meet Death.