

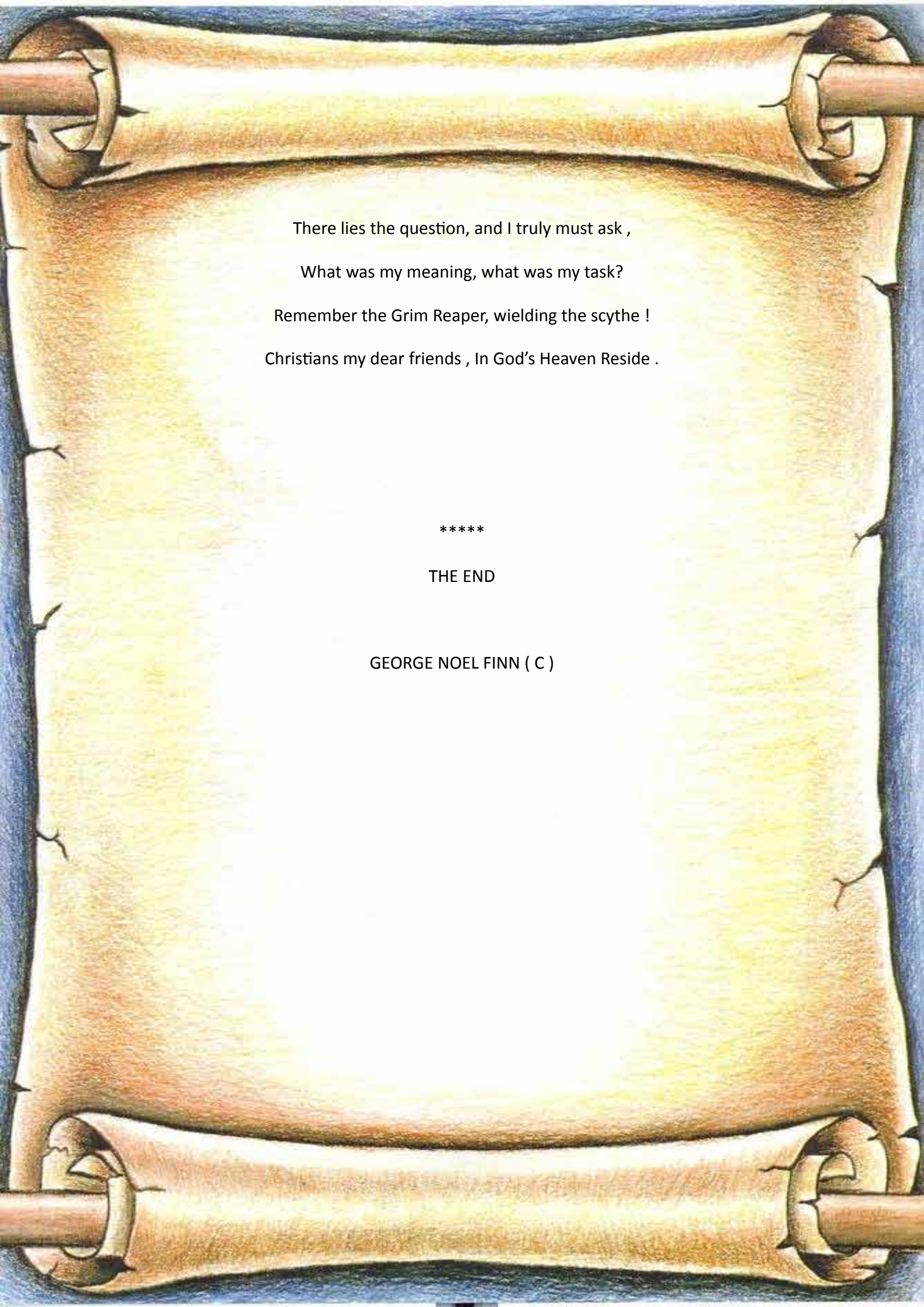
Reflections

I looked in the window ,it reflected the light,
What I saw next was a wonderful pure sight,
The Mirror Image of two Crucifixes so bright,
What was I seeing , could it be right ?

I only wear one cross, on my humble old neck,
But life is a journey, and Oh! what the heck !
Could this be Jesus, giving me the Beck ?
Is it time for me, to take the final life trek ?

I know as I gazed, at the golden pure sight,
I felt really comfortable, in the heat of the night,
I hope Me and Jesus, are really so Tight,
That when I meet him, I will finally take Flight !

The Flight will be George , The Angel Made good,
A life lived and learned, as only George could,
But will my poetry remain, on Earth understood ?
Or left like dry rot, on some rotten old wood !

A scroll of parchment is unrolled, showing text. The scroll is held by wooden rods at the top and bottom, with metal clasps. The parchment is yellowed and has some cracks. The text is centered and reads:

There lies the question, and I truly must ask ,
What was my meaning, what was my task?
Remember the Grim Reaper, wielding the scythe !
Christians my dear friends , In God's Heaven Reside .

THE END

GEORGE NOEL FINN (C)