

Prepared To Die

By Robin Lipinski

Today, Fred was buried, or at least what remained of him.
Never to see him jump or chase again, only a memory which fades with age.
The poor old dog met his bear.
Hopefully the pain was short, by the looks of it, it was.
It is sad to see the bear tried to get the best of him, and even though he's dead,
Fred won.

His new bed is a meadow, his shade a large spruce tree, music by the grey jays will sing to him
replaced with stars to cover his sleep.

Fred is dead, yet the story is still alive including you.

How will you act when you face your bear?
Will you kill yourself?
Will you try and run away, or
Shout,
Debate,
Cry,
Bargain,
Maybe get yourself to a hospital?

Fred walked the path, as he was free.
Sniffing the ground, unafraid, while many of you think you'll escape.
The bear, he knows this, as many others do too.

The bear was killed today; I heard the neighbor shout after the fading sound of his rifle let the
world know man also has his part.
Is it justice?
Am I glad"
Fred was my friend, yet so too is the bear.
Two parts of me are torn, as all that has happened the past years were needed so to learn.

Fred has changed, he has changed my heart.
I will always see him now, as he will be the fireweed flower growing, swaying in the wind, while
in the distance I will hear the growling of the bear as he too comes for me.

You and I cannot escape it, no matter how hard we try.
Sure, live in denial, yet death knows our actions well.
Death comes in many forms, one of which will find you.
Death can come at any moment, even dressed as a bear.

When the bear comes for you, will you be like Fred and be happy until the end?
Or will you live a life for nothing, dreading, unprepared.

The End