

## KING OF KINGS

They bathed me carefully  
They anointed my body  
But not without silent tears  
or sad thoughts.  
Why do they think that this is the  
end of my glorious era?

I saw their tears of sadness bombarding  
the highly decorated tombstone  
Gaily coloured wreaths of all shapes and sizes  
meticulously placed around roses in full bloom  
strewn on the ground

Dead I am certainly not  
I have ascended into Heaven, to the King of Kings.  
My life is now eternal  
In a valley shadowed by eternal love.

**Lloyd Mark Conway**