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