

# MY AWAITING REQUIEM IN AWAKENING NIGHT

by Bona Rae Villarta (January 2008)

Death, where everyone lives on  
Is where the people who die spend  
Some time in its surroundings  
And where they will assess when  
They were good or bad  
When they were still alive  
But not all of them could be assigned -  
What would happen to the ones in the middle?

They fight for themselves  
On where to land a spot somewhere  
In heaven or hell  
Somehow, they got lost for words  
Like they were still alive  
Is it just me? Or are they really like that?

Whatever their motives be  
They finally get sent to  
Their own choosing  
Now, when after death would that happen?  
With many in the world, how are they assigned  
With spots filling up  
And they have no expiration dates  
How come they've finally made it?

'Course, there's someone for this challenge  
Whoever he or she is, it's up to them  
To see who will meet their criteria  
It's up to them to see if they will admit us all to the sky above  
I gather 'round to see all the innocent  
Looking upon us  
And, let them tell us that life is just a temporary affair.