

Cruel Nature – Cruel Life

By John Behan

A baby boy was born, and entered this life,
His parents showed the boy of at his christening,
Everybody was delighted to see him,
A new addition to an extended family.
Four years passed,
The baby's father wearily went to feed him,
When he took the child into his arms,
He found the child lifeless, and cold.
In a frenzy of rising panic,
He called his wife.
Together they brought the child to the doctor,
The doctor broke the news as gently as she could,
I'm afraid your little baby is with the angels in heaven.

Everyone mourned for the little child, and felt his loss,
Most of all his Mother and Father.
And yet for the magnitude of pain,
The world still rotated on its axis,
Day passed into night, life went on.

Not far away, a man travelled in his car,
Happy in his lot, life bade well for him.
Although out in his car,
A mobile phone kept him in touch with the office.
Ready to finish one day,
Looking forward to going home to relax,
His phone rang,
A request was made for one more journey.
He took directions, then speeded on his way.
As his foot closed on the pedal,
He felt a surge of power as the car leapt forward.

On the way down a narrow road, he passed out a car,
Then another one, and another one,
A feeling of power washed over him, he felt invincible.
With this machine under him, he could do anything.
Suddenly he spotted a tail back of four cars,
Stuck behind a large lorry.
He thought to himself, why don't they pass out?
I'll be here all day, and time is moving on.
Impatient he made a snap decision,
I'll pass them all out,

So pressing his foot firmly on the pedal,
He moved into the outside lane.
The thrill and challenge were exhilarating,
As he shot by the cars, he reveled in the shocked faces,
He noticed the look of shock on the lorry driver's face.
As he went to pass him out to.
Then the last mortal thought was of horror.
In front coming directly at him, filling his view,
Was another lorry,
He knew there was nowhere to go,
A feeling of helpless overwhelmed him,
He knew he was going to die.

The pain was so intense, the noise so loud,
Then a strange quite, calmness descended.
He looked around at the scene as if in a dream.
A flattened car, his car,
Lorry driver siting in shock,
A woman vomited at the side of the road.
Other people milling about, screams shouts,
And the blood spread everywhere.
Like a bucket of red paint had been thrown.
The man called out,
I'm ok everyone I'm here, I'm all right,
But no one took any notice.
He felt himself floating gently upwards.
And then he looked into his car,
And could not believe that it is himself he sees.
Is that really me?

He sees a man reaching into the wrecked car,
Touch the broken body gently,
Morbid on lookers, ambulance, police,
He notices that the traffic is held up.
A long and getting longer pile of traffic waits.
He can see puzzlement, impatience etched on faces.
His time is up, so much left undone.

Then he senses beside him a presence,
He turns and there is a small intense light,
As he looks closer he sees a small child.
Don't worry I am your guide, I'm here to bring you home.
No more pain at least for you anymore.
Before we go let me show you something.
Silently the man and child enter a room,
Beneath them a man and woman cry,

Beside them a cherished photograph of a child.
Unseen to them a light shines so bright.
The child takes the man's hand gently,
It's time to go, don't be afraid.
Like you I'm gone, we've already died,
And day passes into night.

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