**Soul, Sojourn and Souvenirs**

*Close to my heart I hold,*

*The Box*

*Of Souvenirs from my walk with Life.*

*When tired, I look in*

*Overwhelming, heads in*

*Something crosses, box has something similar*

*Happy or bliss, pocket in without a miss*

*Sad, it knows what soothes me*

*Dark, memories within flicker like a jar of fireflies*

*I walked holding life with a gloved hand.*

*Just then,*

*Life slightly stumbled*

*Throwing a storm on which I tumbled*

*The box fell down*

*My box fell down*

*Fluttering, cluttering, flickering, and shattering*

*Hope, love, loss, grief, joy, rage and more*

*Throwing away glimpses of my life lore*

*I chase*

*I lose*

*I panic*

*I pant*

*I rant*

*I chant*

*I collapse*

*I can’t*

*Then*

*I looked up*

*It was Death*

*What do I do now ?*

*Death gave me a tight slap*

*and said*

*Live..*