

# **A Tribute To Life and Death**

**By PoeticallyTwistedlyInsane**

Submitted: November 15, 2006

Updated: November 15, 2006

*It started out as a suicide story, and turned into something about life and death, that may change the lives of people who read it. It's fairly short, but worth it, please tell me if it helps you, or influences you.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/PoeticallyTwistedlyInsane/40924/A-Tribute-To-Life-and-Death>

**Chapter 1 - Living in Death, Dying in Life**

**2**

# 1 - Living in Death, Dying in Life

There is an infinite number of ways to die... So many causes...age...homicide...suicide....its suicide I desire....suicide from this existence...in a way everyone is old, homicidal, or suicidal. You can wait to die, make other people die, or receive the instant gratification of a quiet grave. I don't want to commit suicide in the way you think. I don't want to drag a razor across my wrists, or tie a rope around my neck. I don't want to shoot myself with a gun, or stab my heart. I don't want to drown, or burn in a raging fire...not the way you think. I don't even truly want to die. I want release. I want to touch the sky, and cradle life within my arms. I want to come into the arms of my Lord, and look upon the world, in all its pain, in all its glory. I want to become a part of the ceaseless beauty that is so well-hidden in the cruelty of the world. To have my spirit integrate with the air, flow with the water, grow with the earth, and rage with the fire. I want to die, not by another's hand, not even by my own. I desire to live my life, in all that I can. To live a life full of the riches of love, and the joy of family. I could never be the one to drag a blade across my body, set my body aflame, or dive into water, with no way of breathing. I want to live fully, and have the chance to change the world. To sacrifice myself for my beliefs, and my love. I do not desire to be an idol, or a revered figure. I would perhaps, be proud to die as a true martyr. I just hope to hold people in my arms, knowing that I have touched their minds, hearts, and their very souls. Death is a glory from the tribulations, and a bestowal for the goodness of life. It is the final fate that faith can enact. I do not wish to depart the world; I wish to enter it in a different form. Not reincarnation, for that would be continuing a life given by breathing. The life breath of my body will last as it can, and once expended, I hope never to breathe again. I want to be a part of the world, as a spirit. To guide, and to protect, and to love. I refuse to die, pitiable, tired, and eager. The perfect death exists in knowing death, accepting it, and receiving it with the youth of heart, and innocence that was yours when you had been a child. To come into death, not an old human, but a young soul, fresh, and willing to exist as part of a new world. When someone I love, or have come to cherish dies, I cannot lie. I would mourn as though a piece of my soul had been taken with them, to wherever their death awaited. Yet, too, if I knew that they had led good lives, I would rejoice at their fortune, and know that they are blessed. If they had led a poor life, I would pity them, and pray for them, and know that mercy is being dispensed to them to let them be born anew. If their lives were joyless, than let death be the joy they were denied in life, that they may be forever knowing. When I die, I hope that people remember me, and look back on me fondly, and I would appreciate if they cried on my behalf. Crying for attention or for self-pity is sad, and lowly state, however, crying for need, for love, for grieving, is a comfort, and a saddening. I would not have people cry for me often, but at my funeral I would be caring of it, and if perhaps, people would look back occasionally, and cry in remembrance, I would be able to lie peaceful and content in death, as none have ever before. I would never want people to grieve constantly though, it would make me feel bad, too have caused them such pain and grief. While I would long to comfort them, I would take more pride in seeing my loved ones strong, and courageous. Being saddened, but keeping hold of the memories we've shared, and needing no more pity, or caring than that. To watch my loved ones, thoughtful, and persevering, would allow my spirit to know it is not needed. If I thought that my loved ones would be grieving, or hard of life because of my death, I fair believe I might never die, nor my spirit rest. While I do not wish to cause pain, I do not long for immortality. Death can be cruel, and take those who have not even drank their first drink, nor slept their first sleep, or cried their first tears. Never lived to love, or experience the glory and pain around them. It is then that memory is important. That you live for them, keeping their memories alive and thriving, as you live and prosper. One cry at my funeral, and perhaps an occasional cry every few

years, prayers and flowers upon my grave once a year, and I would be forever and eternally grateful, and know that I m blessed. Death should not be feared, there is so much in this life to be feared, it is pointless to fear the inevitable. Nor, is it right to seek death. Were you meant for death, it would undoubtedly come, but to take your own life, is a selfish act. Dwelling on death steals your life, and your soul withers. It cannot be said not to wish to die sometimes, but to take your life, and to long for it with such passion that you cannot live is a waste. If there is a trial in your life that makes it not worth living, you must overcome it. No matter what it takes, humans are endowed with a sense of right and wrong. While you must yourself, in truth decide your belief, you can still accomplish. People right now are dying, dying because they think that there is no way, because they have let wrong become such a shadow on their lives, that they can no longer see the light of the sun. There are people dying because other people have abandoned their sense of justice, and feel that they have the right to take life. Some are dying, because some people feel that justice gives them the right to end a life. You must fight with all your heart to hold onto life. To do what you can to provide for yourself, and those you care for. I would be furious if I died by another's hand, I would want vengeance, and feel fury that my death came purposelessly. Yet, to dwell on it punishes you further, by keeping your spirit from rest, and perhaps becoming so wrathful as to harm others around you. The very same people as you had been, undeserving of the death. Those who commit such crimes will find, no matter what religion, or lack thereof, that death will be vengeance absolute. No matter when it comes. However, I would die myself a thousand times eternally, before allowing myself to cause my death for anything less than sacrifice. To make an excuse of being worthless, or feeling unloved, is a childish and selfish way out, undeserving of pity. It doesn't matter if you believe, it there will always be someone, dead, alive, or otherwise who cares, and wants you to continue living. Taking your life, is cowardly, and a sin in every light. Even the religious fanataticals, who believe that sacrifice and glory comes in killing one's self, or taking another's life s, have no excuse. Death is death, murder is murder, and suicide is suicide. If you trip and fall, it does not matter why you fell, or how, it is merely the fact you have fallen that counts. Saying that you tripped on an unforeseen obstacle does not ease the pain, nor heal the wound. Likewise, you cannot excuse a death for what it is, because it happened a certain way, or for a certain reason. The only suicide worth committing is one that saves, that heals, and creates. If it is a choice between your death, and loved ones, it is then that a sacrifice, a suicide, is viable. Otherwise, you will have lived for nothing, and died, without accomplishing anything. Death is a life, outside of breath, and beating hearts. Outside of sight, and sense, it is an existence. Free, and unknown, vast, and unending. You need not search for it, as it will come in time. You should not bring it to you, for you will ruin all that your life had been working for. To live is easy. To die is simple. However, to live truly, to live without regret, and to be resolute, that takes strength. A strength and courage that comes from the very depths of the soul, in its boldest aspects. It goes beyond love, beyond immortality, beyond forever, and into an eternal pillar of purity. Live your life, that you may die in peace, knowing you have loved, knowing you are loved, and have fulfilled some measure of goodness, and purpose in the world. I choose to live, and to do so as well as I can. I will not seek death, or bring it to me, but I will embrace it when it comes. Hopefully, it will be at a time that I can truly be content, and happy. I choose life, and I choose death. I choose to embrace the light, and cradle the dark. A fulfilled life is my suicide. Death is my reward. One that is deserved only through strength, and love, and living to all that you can. Life is death, and death is life, and so, I embrace both, as unafraid as I can be, faithful, and proud to know of the beauty of courage, and bravery in the measures of the goodness of the heart and soul. This is what it means to live, and what it will mean, to receive death.