Missing?

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A poem that i wrote fairly quickly, but with alot of thought. (sort of religious, leans on Christianity)

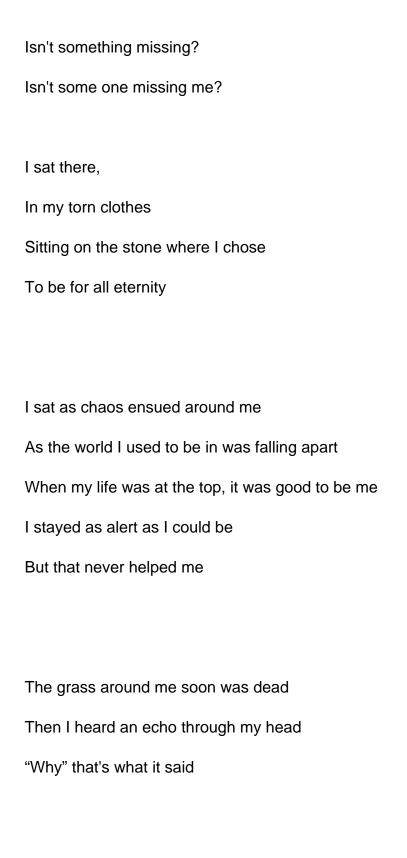
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Chapter 1 - Missing?

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1 - Missing?



Why, is the question many would ask
As they are dieing or regretting their past
No one can blame them really
For we've all done something bad, it's kind of silly
Tears then caressed my face
But I could not feel them because of my situation, time, and place
The black branches of a near by tree
Where etching and coming closer to me
I paid no attention as I was thinking
Isn't something missing?
Isn't some one missing me?
Don't ask me why!
I did not choose to die
It came to me as a horrible past
The pain, the thoughts, they echoed so fast
I reached for my head

I knew I was dead
But something, someone touched me with a hand
It was something I couldn't understand
I looked up to find he was with me
I smiled with joy "How could I forget thee?"
That's what I said as I was thrown into his arms
People, and the dead
Where etching and coming closer to me that's when I said;
"There's now nothing missing,
And someone was missing me"
I knew he was calling
By now I was bawling
I remembered the day we met
It was something I couldn't forget
I asked him and he chose me

He then looked at me "Come with me, follow me, and be with me, for all eternity."

That's what he said at that moment in time

He was with me

He called me mine

He told me that everything was fine

Nothing was missing,

Jesus, was missing me