

# **Don't Wait - A Poem About Living Regret Free And About Honoring People Now, Not At Their Funerals**

When I am dead, forget me friend,  
For I shall never know  
If o'er my cold and lifeless form  
your bitter tears do flow.  
That, eloquent with praise, you voice  
the debt you owe the dead,  
Or with fine phrases speak of love  
oh, speak them now instead.

What saints we are when we lie dead  
but what's the use to me  
of flowers heaped upon my grave  
for other eyes to see?  
When living, one sweet word of praise  
by some kind brother said,  
Is worth a thousand epitaphs  
so, speak them now instead.

— *author unknown*

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