

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*
