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Grave of the Fifth Dimension

Don R. Willis

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Grave of the Fifth Dimension
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On a hill lies a gravestone
embellished with no name.
The oversight happened years ago;
there is no one to blame.
The toll of the elements
on this stone is rather slight
Considering the wind and rain
that assaulted it day and night.
It has withstood the hunter's boot
as a prop to watch the river flow,
And in his wandering,
perhaps, he was pondering,
"Who lay six feet below?"

And if you should happen on this lonely spot
your thoughts might turn to Why...
if eternity is forever,
time can truly fly?
And your own mortality might
loom heavy in your mind.
Doomed by the curse of Pandora's box
to go forward always blind.
So live your life, worried not by fate
the grim reaper find you where he will,
For time evolves into ages,
ignorance becomes the legacy of sages,
And tempus fugit be the epitaph
of that gravestone on a hill.