

Death

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Some said it's the end.
But most reached in the middle,
Some got finished when it began.
A still- born!

Passing away,
Sounds like an oxymoron,
Destined by 'the' pure moron
Killed those innocents,
Spared those cowards-
with more life and more power.

It is cruel when it snatches someone,
It is pleasant to escape from the ruthless hands.
It would be bitter if it hadn't visited you on sick-bed,
It is sweet to pass as way in the routine sleep.

Death
can be cruel, might be sweet,
may be scary, could be beautiful.
However, death is inevitable.