

# MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



## LIFE'S MEASURE

In youth our eyes looked forward,  
We wished upon a star.  
We dreamt of where we'd go,  
We planned to go so far!

As each day was then added,  
As experience piled up,  
We assumed life's additions -  
That life would fill our cup.

We celebrated birthdays,  
Adding candles every year.  
We grew in respectful stature,  
No thought of loss appeared.

As career peaked or faltered,  
As love slipped through our hands,  
As our walk grew unsteady,  
We questioned life's commands.

Shaken by lost parents,  
And aunts and uncles, too,  
Classmates even passed -  
What now are we to do?

Once we assumed life's promise,  
And made busy with our plans,  
Now questions takes the center stage,  
As we steady our own hands.

We ask what is life's purpose?  
Is "getting" the central thing?  
Now that much has been completed,  
For whom do those bells ring?

# **MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH**

They ring for all life's travelers,  
All visitors to earth.  
We learn the sure and hard way  
What life is really worth.

More than what's accomplished,  
Surely not of power or purse,  
Life's only lasting measure -  
Did we bless - or the reverse?

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