deathtime

as my american history teacher discusses the closing of the frontier and the downside of farming life

the reality of his dreary, tired voice starts to unravel as my thoughts start waltzing off the dance floor of reality and into the flower-sprinkled fields of my imagination

my eyes drift from the scribble-painted white board and onto the single word that is imprinted upon the back of every chair in the classroom

"LIFETIME"

I suppose it is simply the brand of a hundred other office items but it makes me wonder

we say "lifetime," but where is this concept of "deathtime"? why must life have a time limit?

why must there be a clock wound that is, every moment, inching towards the alarm that is destined to sound for every soul?

why must there be an end point to life, a finish line, a last breath, while death is free to dance into infinity?

why must life be bound by the chains of time? why must "lifetime" be included in every dictionary and biography, yet "deathtime" is nonexistent?

why do we not live in a world in which one might say, "well, in my deathtime..."

why must these two rivals

dance in a game of tug-of-war in which death is forever destined to win? why must life be the one to let go of the rope?

why must life be cut short? why cannot death be the one to come to an end?

as I climb out of my box of thoughts and take a sip of my vanilla spice mocha, I sorrowfully glance at every soul sitting in their chairs of LIFETIME knowing that one day the alarm will sound they will let go of the rope and infinite death will say hello

when the teacher at last moves on from the topic of sod and pitchforks to the topic of economic development-which I scornfully doubt will be any more intriguing than the topic abandoned--I conclude that "lifetime" is included in the dictionary and "deathtime" is not because:

if death were to have a limit, and life be infinite, life would be infinitely less valuable. it is the things that have limits that are of value.