

HAMLET: *Holding a skull in his hands, staring into its vacant eyes*

I hold death in my hands, the simplicity, the coldness, the logic.
For when a being has died, that is it.
Their skin rots away, and their bones are left a while longer.
Like a snail that has left its shell behind, a faint memory
That haunts the souls of the living, who are left with grief
Not the happy memories, but the absence of them.
This is how we honour the dead, by weeping their loss,
But it is not their loss at all; they are rid of the burden of their bodies,
To roam free, in eternal bliss.
We are stuck by the perils that pull us down, the gravity of burden.
Death is cold, for a man is stripped of all that gives him warmth,
Death is plain, for a man has nothing to make him full,
Death is simple, for a man's complexities lay elsewhere.
Death is freedom, liberation, and completion.
And I covet those who have been freed already.

But if death is freedom, what might life be?
Surely life is the opposite of death
If death be freedom then life be oppression,
We are oppressed by sin and sinners alike,
For in G-d's image we were made,
Though corrupted by the woman's temptation,
We have no innocence, so we are punished,
We have no integrity, so our lies strangle our existence,
We have no intelligence, so we cannot co-exist without consequence.
Life is a purgatory; we wait for remission of our punishment.
But what makes life even more perilous,
Is that we are blissfully unaware of the nature of our being,
We think we are special, the marked out chosen ones,
But we are not.
My atheism may be the death of me, but so be it,
For death is freedom, so my oppressors will rid me of my shackles,
And I will die, nothing more, nothing less.
The death of all those whom I cared, has led me to the truth,
Religion is a lie, G-d does not exist, and Heaven is merely a wife's tale
Oh, the condemnation I might face from these simple words,
Yet it is what I believe, and I shan't renounce it, for there is no purpose.
But this knowledge haunts me more than the death of my loved ones,
Because I realise that they are gone, as I will be gone just as those around me will.
There is no second chance, no eternal life, and if there was, what of it?
I would be with all those who have plagued me for all eternity.
'The righteous themselves will possess the earth,
And they will reside forever upon it.'
Who am I to say that I am righteous?
But who am I to say that I am wrong?