

Heaven for the climate

You'd go to Heaven for the climate but to Hell for company
you'll sacrifice some comfort for conviviality; consider
well with whom you'd want to while away Eternity
You'd go to Heaven for the climate but you'd go to hell to find good company.

Well as his days get shorter and a man begins to muse
on where he's liable to end up once all his days are used
The leafy glades of Paradise would seem to have allure
notwithstanding infestation by the terminally pure.

And if all that's left's bereft of scintillating company
that would make forever seem like an eternity
and if Hell's rather warmish and the air's a little close,
you'd want distracting conversation while you toast.

There's be Nietzsche there to greet ya, still insisting God is dead
to all the demons sent with orders to torment him
and over there his friend Voltaire, who says if that's the case
it is therefore necessary to invent him.

When he said Faith is being convinced that what you don't believe is true,
Mark Twain ensured that Heaven's blessings passed him by
John Lennon, damned again, and thinking twice about his view,
that to imagine there is no such place, is easy if you try.

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