

Death Impressions

A face with no expression.
Incredibly quiet.
Ambient still.
Less than sleeping.
Cold, worn-out shell.
Content missing.
People whispering.
Loss whimpering.
My sister.
My dogs.
Parents.
Friends.
Leaves and petals drifting to ground.
Quiet or Stormy, an in-between place.
Place is earthly.
Beyond earthly, place has no need.
Only awareness matters.

Inspired by a photo Patricia Charpentier experiencing the giant Sequoia trees in Northern California, I decided I'd rather write about those trees than this week's prompt of death. They are truly an amazing site. I read about how humans named the giant trees - I'm including this [link](#) from the U.S. National Park Service.

I recently listened to some discussion about the idea of reincarnation. Rather than a final ending, could it be that our soul energy transforms into something else unknown?

With the help of the Internet of Everything, I read Redwoods have lived longer than most things on earth but there are others too. Mostly plants living thousands of years. Among them the Bristlecone Pines, colonies of cloned Aspen trees, white sea sponges, and a species of parsley. Rachel Sussman has photographed some of these wonders in her book, *The Oldest Living Things in the World*. Fascinating to ponder. I question to no one - What significance occurred in their lifetime? What future? What will be their demise?