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[Death, why should I fear you?]

Death, why should I fear you?
Are you not here working with me?
Am I not touching you with my eyes; haven't
you said that you know nothing, that you are empty
inattentive and meek? Don't you enjoy
everything with me: glory, solitude,
love, right down to your marrow?
Death, are you not bearing,
right beside me, life?
Don't I take you from place to place
like a blind man's guide? Don't you utter
with your unresisting lips whatever I
want you to say? Don't you endure
the kindness with which I bind you?
What will you see? What will you say? Where will you go
without me? Will I not be
Death, your death, that you, Death,
must love and indulge and fear?