

WHICH WAY?

A poem about a man walking through a cemetery reading ephtaphs on the tomb stones.
One read as follows:

“Friend, pause as you pass by
As you now are, so once was I
As I now am, you soon will be
And so prepare to follow me.”

The one reading the poem thought for a while, then took out a tool and added his own rhyme to it. It read:

“To follow you I’m not content
Until I know which way you went!”