

Mausoleum

Kenneth Lundquist, Jr.

Based in marble and teak,
Airless and bleak,
A lone candle stands weak,
Visitors and all that are meek-
A boatman, a mission to seek.
Sharing this deadened facility round,
Soundless and shapeful and near to the ground,
Its confines a rotting corpse bound,
A soul in rapture found.
A necropolis of emotion surrounds me.
I stand beside regret and frailty,
I stare back at madness and reality.
To be raised before time, eternity-
Wares the soul at every facet.
Social events beckon the presence,
Lost among the sobs and screams,
A prince buried fatherless, drenched in his mother's tears.
An era shaped in life, dead in life for the remaining years.