

Philosophical Elegy

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Death? Death.

Laments, like the stag,

Mount the attention like a scab,

Picked prematurely by a day.

Wondrous and fleeting away,

Life, like the wound, cankers and bleeds.

Yet we feel the need to sow our seeds,

And sustain this viscous cycle of emotions.

Terse gears and oceans,

Of Time and such,

Give thus too much,

Latitude to pontificate the possibilities,

Of treasonistic actions defining present realities.

Life is but this open wound, this unhealed gash,

Enduring fires burning our existence to ash.

Birth to death and moon to tide,

Each they willfully sit, side by side-

Festering, gushing, putrid, and charred;

Pathetic earth-bound souls forever marred.

Deceased- vital functions at full cessation,

Now begins the decomposition,

Homicide, suicide, disease, or predation,

Ritual disposal follows the obduction,

Detritus the eventuality of physical reality.

A tenet of the imagination is mortality-

A promenade of deception,

Rhetoric, irreverence.

A star-chamber smothering the soul with limit.

The whirl of a malevolent hermit!

A wyvern, under the wrath of Hell,

Carries the ardor horns to cast the spell,

Of eternal damnation- skepticism.

Thus deliver unto yourselves this ism:

A poet's wisdom doth extended,

Take to heart, for all said is intended-

Death takes that which it needs,

To fulfill the requests of his pleads.

We wrought familiar decisions,

And bare the incisions,

To the fabric of our future.

Nay have we a desire to suture;

Destiny merely fills the void-

Or so I have been told.

Live by this until you are old,

For when Death calls for you,

It will be a time for renew!