

The Dying

by helen *Thursday, Nov 8 2018, 7:46am*

international / poetry / post

i have brought sweet wine from Egypt,
honey wheat and nuts so u may never thirst
or hunger in the afterlife tho we know it continues

but what is fitting for a poet's death, not ritual offerings --
i loved you dearly, and so i bring my tears of joy, laughter, pain
and sorrow, my heart has refined my tears which u now need
to quench ur fires

i have brought the morning sun and midnight moon,
which u captured in verse,
i shall set these on ur left and right
and in the middle a pillar of white marble that reaches to the centre
of the galaxy where existence slices what it requires

they cry for u now when no tears of regret are necessary,
u have triumphed my sweet prince, warrior poet and king --
with ever so much to give, u gave it all away freely
so what u had in abundance would never be exhausted
u knew that in the giving abundance is assured

u died while encoding another poem
it waits now for another to complete or have u left it unfinished
as a spell to pull u back to earth, tho u longed to return
to ur muse

ur generals drink a final toast to u and break their glasses on ur
coffin
i pour my red wine and sweetened wheat in ur open grave and
watch as the wine
flows over ur coffin, its redness highlighted by shards of glass

little did they know u, how was it that one could kill without thought
and yet be so sensitive as to reduce ur wives to tears with ur love
songs?
but i know and would keep my pledge not to reveal ur secrets

ur hand could wield a sword and inscribe with stylus with equal
dexterity,
how rare a warrior poet that could reduce hardened hearts to tears
and elevate
souls to paradise while still in body

but it has come to an end as all things born must die
and so now i offer my blood as a libation to the Gods
and dutifully join u in paradise

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