

Hill

by ryall *Thursday, May 30 2019, 12:19pm*

international / poetry / post

the common plains,
lowlands are no place
for heroes to die
everyone dies on the plains
flat and even, devoid of distinction,
cemeteries are never located on hills

ask urself why heroes die solitary
on hills overlooking common ground --
they earn their place above the rest
whether by execution or choice
having scaled and overcome
the challenges of life they are raised in death
on hills that separate and elevate

a crooked tree ageless,
prevailed upon by the elements
grows on my hill overlooking the sea,
cities and plains --
sitting under it is as comfortable
as a womb before birth,
plains people sometimes gather but never dare to ascend,
they know their place and limitations

the branches of my tree are grooved
from hanging ropes dispensing death
over years, too many to count
and if I die on top of my hill by rope,
nail or both
know that I have been released into paradise
leaving my flesh garment
behind as a sign/al for others
to read and ponder
whether they are
dead in life or alive in death