

Tombstones

by rhea *Tuesday, Feb 14 2017, 8:50am*

international / poetry / post

they stand peering out to sea
blind eyes of chiseled marble
etched in marble heads
containing marble brains
unable to think

tombstones of the dead
for the dead

the vast moving sea rolls
mocking these dead sentinels
lifelessly watching

all manner of desperate messages
written in marble, for whom?
for memories, loss and the desperate,
fantastic beliefs of the living

no poetry, though one would expect a rhyme or verse
i have inspected them all including the graves of two
notable Australian poets -
odd that these graves bear no verse
but poetry expresses life
and it is sure these poets were buried by philistines

the cemetery occupies acres of prime land
yet it houses remnants only,
inversions of priority occupy these acres
populated by the dead by the sea

in an inverted world the living defer to the dead
though billions of dollars go begging
which seals the fate of the cemetery
some time in the future

avarice pursues material wealth
but is a person increased by such wealth?
never, as we all know

and so the living make their dead plans
which result in more death

dark grey clouds crack and light rips the sky,
a storm approaches from the east
from a star-spangled land across the ocean
infatuated by death and destruction
which it spreads around the globe
though always pursuing wealth, pursuing death

at night the moonlight casts an eerie glow
on white weeping tombstones, which appear
to move; a cold wind sobs as it passes over the graves
but it cries for the living crowded around
the perimeter of the necropolis

soon the rising sun will banish
the gloom, the first light of dawn already diluting
the darkness
revealing the separation of
sea-sky, life-death, dream-reality,
futility and hope

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2536.html>