

## 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

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