

## **The Dead Poet**

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You have now  
Into that endless drift  
Set sail  
Without your words  
Surprising you by your own  
Poetic silence.  
Maybe they will finally  
Bury  
Your poetic justice  
Underneath the wheels  
Of that crude wagon  
Parked beside that sorry rubble  
Blurry  
Behind belittled bodies  
Burning  
Indelibly in your shining poetry.  
What can you say, poet?  
Can your absence  
Behind a veil of respectful retirement,

Like the blind anointing of nostalgia,  
Firmly ennoble the enervated you for history?  
You knew that prince,  
Who mirrored you  
With his own creaking rabble.  
O! He too was literary, and just how!  
Did you from him  
Map your own pauses-  
After all, you were only 23?  
What would you say, poet?