

Song of the Knell

Funeral

World of pain,
Aflame with sadness.
Shrouded with ails
Unspeakable 'lest my mouth spills.

The beckoning of flowers bent
With the weight of sorrow.
Of stones with names
I never knew, yet feel..
I dance with them
And hear their soft whisp

Cursed be thy name and all thine deeds.
Oh how we yearn for the life you seek to spill.
Thou art truly black,
And the dead writhe
'neath the earth on which you trod.

No throne is mine among the Dead.
With shame entombed in restless graves.
A tearless sermon, and
Their silent tongues fell limp.

But mute curses sting deep.
... deep into the soil,
And travels yon the gates
Where they may linger
Like unwanted children.
Growing as tumours
In wombs of stone
Under weeping willows.

No peace then in death
Or life alike.
So be it...
But all are dead,
And only the knell sings.
Hymns of grief
Resounding in ancient churchyards.

Sweet is that serenade
To eyes in bloom with sadness.