Tombstones

by rhea vill jill - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, Feb 28 2017, 1:00am* 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

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2536.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-709.html