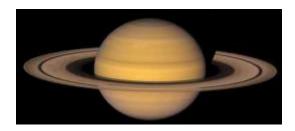
Saturn

by rayn *Saturday, May 1 2010, 12:05pm* international / poetry / post



hand me another weight old man i can barely support myself as is.

would you once again extract more than i have to give?

your judgements are harsh the price you exact is harsher still merciless, reaper

i have nothing left to give

i have poured out my soul to whores, vixens and angels; they have used it as a curiosity, an object of amusement then discarded it as refuse.

i am vacant

my heart, warm and beating has been torn from my chest and fed to the hounds of hell; tell me reaper, what could you take to satisfy your accounts?

my last penny is for your ferryman would you exact that fare and rob me of my rest eternal?

a difficult decision for a reaper, no doubt.

careful lest you inadvertently create an immortal to forever torment you.

how then would you balance your books?

my life is no trifling matter or a book keepers calculation i have reams of anguish, pain and bliss to verify my claim.

i challenge you to balance the wild extremes the joys, sorrows, troughs and peaks with your dry accounts, old man.

you may defeat your reason for being.

you see, you are not as fearsome and terrible as you imagine.

my last penny has thwarted your intentions; a decade or more my reward.

no doubt we will meet again when least expected.

you have learnt never to confront me directly again.

do not forget me.

remember me when i am weary and unable to resist.

http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1961.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-71.html