Elegy to a Poet Not Quite Dead

A voice in life’s song
Off-key.
Plinking, strident, sharped into difference.
The right note,
But the wrong key.

Words of beauty
To lead a way.
The wrong language, meaningless jibber
To closed ears.
A rainbow at night.

Warm spring rain
Caressing an ever-frozen earth
Belittled and cursed until gone
And all that remains is new life—for others.

He is there.
That stone pale and cold
Is not his marker
But crimson leaves;
That dance,
Chanting with the wind upon his grave.
He is not dead.
They whisper his words,
Eternal Truth.
A rustling message for no one that listens.

Elegy to a poet not quite dead,
but never alive.