

Elessa High

Elegy to a Poet Not Quite Dead

A voice in life's song
Off-key.
Plinking, strident, sharpened 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.