

Funeral Despair

to Kevin

by Nathan W. Harter

Immense cathedral...

Your mortar trembles first, then quakes;
Inspiring windows, stained and web-woven
Across the colored dreams of Love's heaven,
Are shattered and splintered - prisms on the ground;
Unseen, the master-carved arches break;
Strong pillars crack and crumble;
Raining dust, the heads of gargoyles, unbound,
From lofty perches tumble.

Destroyed cathedral...

Cold, marble shrines to saints long dead
Are cleft from base to bearded countenance.
Beloved tapestry, unreal romance,
Lies rent and buried in the cataclysm.
Even God's altar topples from the Head!
Fall'n candles start a fire;
Billowed smoke and rising dust - Abysm.
As fiercely storms the pyre.

Decayed cathedral...

Cool embers glow in shaded rifts:
Gray, massive fragments lie in gothic foil
For roaches, worms, and vermin to despoil;
Upheaved from loamy bowels - the catacombs.
My sundered sanctuary naught uplifts,
But suffers passion's stings.
Yet Phoenix, rising from his ashen womb,
Unfolds his mighty wings!