

sorrowful purpose

in the dead of the night
beneath Venus and the stars,
laid my heart on dusty ground:
beating, still- yet, cold.
my right hand traced the earth
on which I stood,
following an invisible dance.
my left hand grasped
what the body grasped not,
caressing the scars
of days within years imprinted on my body.
i ask God that He
bury me next to the empress,
whose skull is adorned

in gold and silver-
whose ribs are lined
with linen and velvet-
whose robes are made
of charm and ambition-

so that i may
rest my head upon her bosom,
and long for the day i may
kiss her.

in the dead of night,
beneath the swaying of trees
and the shudder of sky,
i remember my
grandfather's tenet,
stitched in his chest:

“all that I am,
i hold in my hand.
all i long to be,
my eyes may never see.
setting forth goals
is like chasing waves on shores.
even so, i follow these lights-
for if your belief is lost on me,

then this path i tread with spite.”