

## Sisyphus

O desperate death, blame not  
the children of Jihad:  
old scimitar-wielders they'll  
holler onto Allah

—nevermore.

O meaningless death, laugh neither  
At Huguenots who praying  
stepped into martyrdom convinced  
their pyres were the Pearly Gates  
nor even at the billion Asian peasants  
who dutifully feed pagodas  
rice flower petals incense

—ashes to you.

Sneer not, O death absurd  
at gifted poets who die young  
their viscerae become a nest of maggots  
their golden hearts untarnished  
while bloody tyrants rule on and on  
no latter-day alchemy could save  
the man whose flesh turned into  
mahogany:

my father.

O hopeless senseless death  
we dare not look upon you, Gorgon.  
We fools believe you cannot be The End  
all crematories, pantheons and pits  
sarcophagi or burials at sea  
are not a gate through you  
who knows no bearded saint awaits  
to lead us to no Judgement

—no deus ex machina.

Forgive us,  
our feet feel not the continental drift.  
Forgive us,  
we walk upon a tightrope (You're no net.)  
Forgive us,  
we turn back on fossil femurs  
and cackle in you face

—skull-wise.