

Saturn

by rayn *Saturday, May 1 2010, 12:05pm*

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hand me another weight old man
i can barely support myself
as is.

would you once again
extract more than i have to give?

your judgements are harsh
the price you exact is harsher still
merciless, reaper

i have nothing left to give

i have poured out my soul
to whores, vixens and angels;
they have used it as a curiosity,
an object of amusement
then discarded it as refuse.

i am vacant

my heart, warm and beating
has been torn from my chest
and fed to the hounds of hell;
tell me reaper, what could you take
to satisfy your accounts?

my last penny is for your ferryman
would you exact that fare
and rob me of my rest eternal?

a difficult decision for a reaper,
no doubt.

careful lest you inadvertently
create an immortal to forever torment you.

how then would you balance your books?

my life is no trifling matter
or a book keepers calculation
i have reams of anguish, pain and bliss
to verify my claim.

i challenge you to balance the wild extremes
the joys, sorrows, troughs and peaks
with your dry accounts,
old man.

you may defeat your reason for being.

you see,
you are not as fearsome
and terrible
as you imagine.

my last penny has thwarted
your intentions;
a decade or more
my reward.

no doubt we will meet again
when least expected.

you have learnt
never to confront me directly again.

do not forget me.

remember me
when i am weary
and unable to resist.