

Orange On Mourning Night

by Carlo DelDonno

Let me die like kings of old  
Make a raft of sticks and branches  
There should be many stories of my life told  
Lay rags upon me like death's cold clenches  
Ameliorate my appearance with pleats and folds.

In silence, push my vessel onto the lake  
Loose an arrow engulfed in flame  
Speak words, if you must, as this is my wake  
Know that you are not to blame  
For the unfortunate path my life did take.

Do not forget me  
That would disrespect me  
While I burn  
You may yearn  
Know that I lived and died  
As I wanted, and tried.