

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.