

LEGACY OF DEAD POETS

Poets die like everyone else.
What's different is
they keep generating poems.
Metered in other dimensions,
fueled with comet tails.

Someone
probing inside his head
like a cave fish looking for
his lost eyes
will stumble on the warm premises
holding their verses, their promises
conceived but never quite born.
Nothing seeded in faith,
nothing good, is ever wasted.

Even now you're getting closer
to the engine, the power source.
Notice how you resonate, reflect
the aura that flesh wore unseen
until transition freed
the spectrum surrounding all
who lived. Now and then
you catch sight of it
in late dark while other people sleep,
or on dawn's cusp before they wake.

Nothing is wasted.
Don't ever believe that. You may walk
into a new space or late at night
the aura may surround you. And a voice
will tell you: You are not a stranger, poet.
Look deeper: Here. Where the poems are.