

# DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM

*Jack Peachum*

What voice is that beneath the wild thorn trees,  
Where birds go up and broken branches swing?  
Words out of a dead mouth can never reach  
The ears of a waiting king!  
And the frightened mule runs on alone,  
Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!

Behold! And what a vision here I see  
Before the frightened animal is met—  
A figure hangs upon a tree,  
With head befouled and bloody yet!  
And the frightened mule runs on alone  
Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!

It is a dreadful thing to lose  
A son and heir so featured and so young,  
And were it given me a head to choose  
Mine own beneath that bough was hung!  
But the frightened mule runs on alone,  
Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!

Let him who thinks this death were somehow fair,  
Let him give over kith and kin  
To dangle upright by a hair  
And be an awful plaything to the wind!  
And the frightened mule runs on alone,  
Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!

I see the coming ages yet unborn  
Where kings from out my house take their stride—  
And all within are capped by a crown of thorn  
And bloodied at the side!  
But the frightened mule runs on alone,  
Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!

“David's Lament for Absalom” © 2007 by Jack Peachum

*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 4 No. 3 2007