

GHAZAL OF THE SUICIDE

Steffen Horstmann

The world's noise a cage, the din in which I lived.
I sought to cease love's famine, through which I lived.

For decades I rose each day to the world's
Tasks, the discipline by which I lived.

Voices spoke from walls, claimed it was
Merely as my shadow's twin I lived.

When would my longing for wings be realized—
Rising from the ruin in which I lived?

Phantoms whispered from behind the veil
Between two worlds,
Said I outgrew the skin in which I lived.

An Angel advised I wait for the day
When the dead will rise & begin to live.

Even now I am dazed with the knowledge
It was as my own assassin I lived.

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