

ON THIS LAST NIGHT OF VOICES

Ann K. Schwader

Troy's bloodless dead rise wailing in my mind
Again tonight—& every night—soon joined
By centuries of lives my thirst purloined.
No matter that these hunter's eyes are blind
To memory, or that my palate lost
Its subtle preference for any...wine,
However well-decanted, rich, or fine,
Before Rome fell: these ears must bear the cost
Of immortality. Each final breath
Swells out the chorus like a trumpet's blast
In some angelic vengeance-chord until
My Jericho is sure. Upon this hill,
I'll wait till midnight's clamor fades at last
To silence that is sunrise that is death.

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