

# VISITATION OF THE DEAD

*Eric Martin*

Remember me when you are old,  
And I beneath the turf lie cold—  
But not forgotten; when alone  
You kneel before a nameless stone,  
And scatter petals, wet with tears,  
As penance for the wasted years.

Remember me when o'er the deep,  
Fantastical abyss of sleep  
Your conscious soul, with guilt oppressed,  
Broods heavily, devoid of rest;  
Or when, from transient dreams of bliss,  
Your body wakes to loneliness.

Remember me when not one flower  
Remains to cheer your sterile bower  
Of love; when not a single word  
Of true compassion may be heard;  
Or when another's happiness  
Is mirror to your wretchedness.

Remember me when o'er the past  
Fond recollection's eye is cast,  
And 'mid the distant memories  
That hang like genial tapestries  
Along the lonely corridor  
Of life, I lurk forevermore.

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