

# WATCH OF NIGHTINGALES

*Jacie Ragan*

Is Death the only reason I was born?  
To listen to the nightingale and mourn  
the flight of hours, the ruffled clutch of days  
and afternoons that fluff to twilight's haze,  
to pass my rattled nights alone, forlorn?

I strain to hear Diana blast her horn  
to shake the sky where feathered clouds are torn.  
The wings of time are prompting my malaise.  
Is Death the only reason I was born?

My furtive love for death, a poisoned thorn  
that twists its barb beneath my outward scorn  
for shades and ghosts. This trembling hand betrays  
my yearning for release from worldly ways,  
to flee these trampled paths, so harsh and worn.  
Is Death the only reason I was born?

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