

Queen of Death

What does she do in the dark halls of the shadowland?
I picture her passing among throngs of newly-arrived dead,
Offering ladders of pomegranates,
Saying -

 Come in. Eat.
 Take the seeds of your new life.
 Welcome to the halls of your new home.

Gray and weary, the ones who can muster up the energy partake,
And faint color flushes their bloodless cheeks.
Suddenly there is hope.

 The heart of the hero brought low,
 The joy of the new bride destroyed,
 The song of the young child stilled.

All are changed, true.
But in the flat calm of the land of shadows
There is peace and rest,
And a noble queen to soothe their troubled lives away from them,
 To offer waters of forgetting,
 To smooth out the damage done.

The King of Death rules in this cold place of darkness,
But his queen is the heart of the realm.
He knew he needed a heart here,
And that is why he stole her away.

 He would not open his arms in the harbor.
 He could not quiet the unrest.

But the one who smells of flowers and springtime,
She is the gift of death.