

POETRY

Oblation

Will Reger

Death does not
disturb me, nor fear
of death.
The architecture of age
has left space for more
than bone grinding
against bone, more
than to waste life
alone in a house,
waiting for despair to win
its wrestle with me.
My blood is still young
enough to unfold
the wings of my affection:
I will fly in the bright air
and let the exultant
bitterness of life whisper
in my veins.
I will tell all the stories
scratched in glyphs
on tongue and memory.
I will not cower before death.
Instead, I will
pour out ecstasy
as a wine offering.
Let it stream,
the garnet flow arcing
from my cup,
puddling in the dust
at my feet,
and let the gods
hear me.