

His Final Moon

Chris Nicholson

*And now upon his grey skull kingdom,
A moon in death's abyss,
He seeks the tinge of carnelian rare
To draw her fourth in kiss*

*He cannot die as Hercules died and rise
Again for her
And there no seasons wax or wane
No ritual for Albina*

*Ah - does he crawl within his Hades of dry
Grey dust, a dreamer's doom,
For her, for Her! Does not death's world
Afford such men a brighter tomb?*

*For he did fully quaff his wine and do
Good justice to the day
Though stale men speak of him not
I wonder what the gods might say?*