

Unnamed Poem 6

Christopher Cassetty

This poem was written firsthand during the events described in a notebook later found with my belongings being checked into the hospital; it is transcribed digitally here.

I lay atop my bed with clouds for eyes;
these wretched liquid tears beseem me well,
for nightly days and daily nights have come
to be ubiquitous so with these storms.

A crying-crying so well taught from birth.
How comical 'tis, to cry like this from then,
to now, and neither is there sight of end-
of end; I beg the stars to make it end.

The moon aflame the night wants too to die,
a flutter 'twixt the clouds o' dreary hell;
she weeps, and tears besmirch the whilom 'drum
arras o' sky; her flames ignite the swarm

of thoughts-of thoughts of which there was a dearth-
to die, to take the hand o' moon and then—
ignite, the round o' chamber, make my end,
to call my days forgone, by means of scend,

and was it well, decided I, the perfect Night to ... [sic, page torn]