

Poem

Styx and Sarcoma

From where I waited,
the River Styx looked like an ocean.

It stretched beyond the sandy banks where I stood,
weaving its way through rooms and hallways.

The water floated in air, like spirits do.
I knew it to be cold to the touch.

In that sea of white coats, I saw a pallium:
a black cloak draped over the ferryman.

Charon—his eyes warm and smile frail—
come to bring me home to a place of rest!

Alas, his boat drifted onward;
these timeworn eyes could not follow him for long.

But tomorrow, I will wait on these banks again—
till this coin is no longer in hand,
till these feet are no longer on sand.

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