

SILENT BLOOD

To remember him
I offer these words, a poem
that unfurls to the mournful music
of a passing funeral,
a poem with a taste of lonely tears.

He was not one,
for in him there were many
In him ran that innocent and pure blood
that still flows like an underground stream,
a silent river that has a name: love.

It is to him
and to the other forlorn lovers I write,
a dejected blood of youth
in him, having spoken of days
that cannot be lived,
where the moon came weeping in,
he had tears of milk in his room.

Uncontrollable, he said, the warm body
fertilising his heart, the rose bud,
the first bloom after lonely years.

But he was scared, this boy,
by the lines carved on his forehead
etched by history, by a stale society.

He was saddened, too, by each word
that had the spirit of stagnant water,
that said:

Avoid the rose
it has a short life;
eat the flower as a bud;
crush it in the mouth.

Yet he grew defiant, like a true passionate one.
He rejected, for awhile, the diet of flowers
and chose hunger and needles of love.

Then, I heard, he chose to get drunk
on the melancholy milk of the moon,
in his room, alone,
and shoot himself.

- A.M. Macan-Markar