

## Saturn

by rayn *Saturday, May 1 2010, 12:05pm*

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hand me another weight old man  
i can barely support myself  
as is.

would you once again  
extract more than i have to give?

your judgements are harsh  
the price you exact is harsher still  
merciless, reaper

i have nothing left to give

i have poured out my soul  
to whores, vixens and angels;  
they have used it as a curiosity,  
an object of amusement  
then discarded it as refuse.

i am vacant

my heart, warm and beating  
has been torn from my chest  
and fed to the hounds of hell;  
tell me reaper, what could you take  
to satisfy your accounts?

my last penny is for your ferryman  
would you exact that fare  
and rob me of my rest eternal?

a difficult decision for a reaper,  
no doubt.

careful lest you inadvertently  
create an immortal to forever torment you.

how then would you balance your books?

my life is no trifling matter  
or a book keepers calculation  
i have reams of anguish, pain and bliss  
to verify my claim.

i challenge you to balance the wild extremes  
the joys, sorrows, troughs and peaks  
with your dry accounts,  
old man.

you may defeat your reason for being.

you see,  
you are not as fearsome  
and terrible  
as you imagine.

my last penny has thwarted  
your intentions;  
a decade or more  
my reward.

no doubt we will meet again  
when least expected.

you have learnt  
never to confront me directly again.

do not forget me.

remember me  
when i am weary  
and unable to resist.