Ode To Serta

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Ode To Serta

Intermezzo
-Paul T. Keppler

How do I entreat this Oriental saga?
A bravura engaging these periodic eyes
Its ignoble payoff unlike
The Egyptian slave,
The Bohemian gypsy, or
The Roman diva.
One's mind agape in tragic splendor
Seeking inviolate vision anew
That I may wrest purpose from sin.

Wherein lies the greater tragedy:
Earthly term flecked with goaded naivete
Or to know Satan at eighteen?
Prepped to expect a reciprocal
Love that wandered east
In search of unquestioning ears
While the voiceless issue shunned.

The advantaged officer who would
Calculate a foreign quest
Disown his benign betrothed
Skew the mind and
Annex the soul but
Dampen not her spirit
O'er three years yearning.

And she, clement her ductile heart
Admonished by Blunt to discern:
The valiant from the pompous
The righteous from the abusive
Constitution from empty promise and to
Enjoin the wind and embrace
The family once forsaken.

Her enduring sorrow prodded
By the destiny of text
None but a silken kimono
To shield the intruded viscera.
A martyr as the curtain falls
That we may know the treachery
Of the human heart.

Ode To Serta
-Michael Cornelius

Staring up into
an inky abyss -
wading, lying
in an open
shallow grave -

wanting to go
not out
but deeper,
down in the dirt -

to feel the
embrace of
my mother
as I remember
nothing else -

but not being
allowed to go,
the weight of
a thousand
crystal demons keeps
me here -

they haunt me;
torment me;
tease me;
indulge me
but never let me
do what I want
rest -

moaning,
cursing,
thrashing,
kine tic thinking;
praying for
a savior
wanting all to
cease -
knowing it will
not
when I ask for it;
it will
only
when I stop asking
for it;
come only when
I no longer speak -
pity me,
pity us,
we are the damned,
we are the chosen,
we are the
unfortunate
souls
who
never rest,
ever cease,
ever sleep -
we are the
wakeful,
always vigilant,
allowing the
demons of
our lives
to creep not
into our dreams
but into
our thoughts
themselves -
doomed
for all night
to be tormented;
unceasing,
until Morpheus
our brother
at last
takes us in
his arms
and breathes
the life

out of us -
the more we want the less we get what we need
knowing it will not
when I ask for it;
it will only
when I stop asking for it;
come only when
I no longer speak -

pity me,
pity us,
we are the damned,
we are the chosen,
we are the unfortunate souls
who never rest,
ever cease,
ever sleep -

we are the wakeful,
always vigilant,
allowing the demons of our lives
to creep not into our dreams but into
our thoughts themselves -

doomed for all night to be tormented;
unceasing,
until Morpheus our brother at last
takes us in his arms and breathes the life

out of us -
the more we want the less we get what we need