

2006

## An Unapologetic Funeral Oration

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#### Recommended Citation

Parkison, Eric (2006) "An Unapologetic Funeral Oration," *The Angle*: Vol. 2007: Iss. 2, Article 11.  
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss2/11>

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# An Unapologetic Funeral Oration

## **Cover Page Footnote**

Appeared in the Issue: Volume 7, Issue 2, 2006.

## ERIC PARKISON

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### AN UNAPOLOGETIC FUNERAL ORATION

Do you know what it's like

To be fully absorbed--  
A crushing, pale grievance  
forever in your head.

My my my.

We rode these chariots  
of fire, of fortune until the  
wheels pulled off and we  
dropped into the dirt. And still  
Firmly stood our ground.

And even the grass bowed before us;  
it moved and splashed across my feet.

Surrounded has never sounded  
so much like surrender  
and passion never felt  
so much like guilt.

You, forgotten sons,  
should have slept this night  
in your beds, instead  
of receiving this vengeance (that chance  
and circumstance have made your own)

In our last days

Be calm.  
Let truth bear the weight of our symbiosis  
Let falsehood return  
from whence it came.  
Know that righteousness has always belonged  
to the righteous,  
And let the only consequence of our sincerity  
be declarations  
of our undying love.

This is my war

And I have made it your own.  
So tonight I ask you rest your heads  
and tomorrow we will reap the rewards  
of our faith--  
and our undoing.  
I beg you trust me this once  
Let no doubt cloud your mind:

Together we will face the brightest light  
and stand again  
In paradise.

DANIELLE ABDULLA

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**SUBTLE, SUBSERVIENT, AND STIMULATED**

Snow has painted you  
A pure vision of everything you are not  
Subtle, Subservient, and Stimulated.  
You left me cold and alone  
With a single handwritten letter as your defense.  
I sat in a parking lot waiting  
For a kiss that would never come.  
The construction crew started mending  
The heart you had shattered, pouring  
Concrete into a mold, closing  
Off every vein and artery  
Emotionless, drained  
I listened to the "Brilliant Dance" play  
And watched the snow drown your memory, away.