

The Angle

Volume 2009 | Issue 2

Article 18

2009

Tragic, Really

Justin Mawhir
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

[How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Recommended Citation

Mawhir, Justin (2009) "Tragic, Really," *The Angle*: Vol. 2009 : Iss. 2 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss2/18>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss2/18> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.

Tragic, Really

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 10, Issue 9, 2009.

TRAGIC, REALLY

poetry by

JUSTIN MAWHIR

Tragic really,
how like a candle we burn.
Weaving and dancing,
basking in the moonlight.
No care in the mortal world.
Content with the light,
reflecting off our immediate surroundings.
Every part of the room, dark,
save for the very immediate center,
the space which we occupy.
'Til one day, someone opens a window,
which they forget to close.
A slight breeze wisps through the opening,
and enters the room, swirling,
drifting. Rustling the papers
of an open book of poems,
on an otherwise barren desk.
Poems of romance, happiness,
of great loves, and beings content,
opened to a discourse entitled,
"Word to the Wise."
The breeze grows brisker,
a mischievous plot,
concealed within its entrails.
The pages shake and tremble,
more violently with each passing moment.
The flame turns on its side,
and thirsts towards the obscurity of the room.
It burns now with a brighter flame,
intensified by the groaning wind,
casting shadows,
on the extensive darkness.
Longing to reach the unknown,
the flame draws out to the darkest corner.
The wind, now howling outside,
the once quiet cabin.
Like the sorrow of a thousand broken hearts,
reverberating off of the window pain.
The candle flame, elongated,
stretches farther and farther towards the dark chasms.

The pages of the poem book
lift and flip violently.
The wind rages though
the tales of a thousand brilliant loves.
The flame, stretched critically sideways,
is severed from the wick,
and extinguishes.
Upon the ensuing darkness,
the wind diminishes,
subsiding into a slow and steady wail,
until finally dwindling,
back to a solemn breeze,
and receding, as divinely as it had entered,
back out the cracked window.
Leaving the settling pages,
of the book to come to rest,
on a tale, long overlooked among the others.
One having no earthly business,
in such a book of otherwise merry pursuits.
A dark endeavor that would
drip the darkest blood,
from its very stanzas,
had it been lifted from paper
on which it now was bound.
Starting on the words,
"Tragic really..."
And terminating with,
"Though death ends us all,
There are worse ways to get there than dying."