An Unapologetic Funeral Oration

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss2/11
Do you know what it's like
To be fully absorbed--
A crushing, pale grievance
forever in your head.

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

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.