

## THE DEATH OF SHIVA

A pang in the light  
    a stab of pain  
A summoning more fearful than fate

Somewhere, somehow, a soul has  
    been loosed  
From discipline, with facet-set hate

The destroyer he danceth, on the corpse  
    of his mind  
And laughs in the red of his rage

But behind his eyes calls the man  
    unto me  
Begs release from the hell of his cage

My bones and my flesh, yet closed  
    to my sight  
Cries war against its own

And blood drenched hands, widow  
    the bride  
On the day her death was born

Time is sweet, and space is vast  
    Life spills from star to star  
And should some fall from out of Sight  
    Memory declares its war  
So pain remains, and comfort flees  
    But duty still has power  
And the crystal discipline of life  
    brings strength to help the coward

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