Curtains

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And finally, one day, I shall shut my eyes and close my mouth
My chest no longer heaving, I shall lie still to move no more
My limbs in stasis resting, my voice shall no longer stir the air

On that day, my feet shall point to the door
Only this time, it shall be a journey involuntary
Rigomortis and the ebbed flow of life shall decree that I be carried responsibly

On that day, the blood shall stem
The enclosed twin chambers shall withhold their beats
And the fluid bearing network shall strike for good

That day, I shall refuse nourishment that it may suffice for the quick
I shall tango with the dead in a land so far away
I shall cast aside the aura of Zoe for my presence shall impose itself no more

My last gold coin I shall offer Charon whose ferry has awaited my arrival for so long
My worn but expectant heart he shall transport to the land beyond the sun
My spirit, now free, shall cast its tired eyes across the shadows of the mist

That day shall be subdued as no other
The mask of the night shall attend me as I embark on that final journey
Solitary and solemnly, I shall, without a choice, gladly join with the emerging and distant light

They that never knew me shall hear of me and pause to take in the news
They that knew me well shall at first, want for the very words
And hushed shall be the tone of the tale bearers and the Amora who stand by the door.

They that were my friends shall be aghast at my departure
They that loved me dearly shall beat their breasts at the void
In the pale of my presence, there shall be much sadness

My debtors shall rejoice at the instant settlement of their bills so high
My creditors shall be offended at the loss of their pound of flesh
And they that would not forgive me shall be confused at their delay

My family shall be dizzy with my demise and shall look in vain for my height
My enemies, many, shall come to ensure that the story indeed is true
There shall be many variations on the theme of my end

My lovers shall mourn in solitude at the end of the illicit dances
They that shared stolen moments with me shall shug with mixed feelings
And my secret admirers shall beat their chests at the opportunity denied

My acquaintances shall strain their necks at the fragments of my estate
They that cavorted so freely with me shall look on with forbidden glee
And my peers shall wonder whose turn it would be next

Those of my immediate family shall feel the chill of my absence
They who upon me depend shall be confused with sentiments deep
And those who expect of me shall be disappointed yet again
My friends shall tell many wonderful and fantastic tales of bravery and heroism
They that once worked with me shall tell the truths, the lies and the flattering
But muted shall be their exuberance for this mystery attends us all

My critics shall eulogize excitedly in celebration of my absence so good
They that challenged my every move shall have a drink or two for me
And in my honor, for what it is worth, all shall doff their hats

The frocked ones shall head the pageant thick as if this happens just the once
Time itself shall almost stand still as it joins the mourning deep
And the wind with its whisper shall whistle the name in a sonorous somber tune

The orators shall speak most kindly and gently as if they knew me well
The officials shall be painfully polite for on that day, the absent shall be, for the present, a true saint
And in keeping with tradition, the rainbow shall withhold is many colors in favor of sackcloth

Mother Earth shall silently gape to receive and encircle the pilgrim
The land that once bore my weight shall now sustain me within its deep
The cheers of arrival shall be replaced by the tears of departure

They that once pledged eternal love shall then abandon the remains to the confines of the deep
For once they held tight unrelenting but now sweet affection from afar
No place for suttee, life belongs to the living

And so shall end my sojourn here and a new journey far beyond the veil
My humble soul makes its exit to the land I left so long ago
A fresh chapter, perhaps, an a catching up with the new

With eager steps, I shall march into the unknown and the forgotten
With my intelligence for company, I shall carry my hopes gingerly in my hands
The knowledge acquired on this side of the veil of all I did and all that I knew

O! Mother, receive me to your fold and comfort my frightened heart
O! Father, withhold not your embrace from this wayward traveler whom you have summoned home at last.

And so I journey, perchance, to a new beginning there.
Only I know not where, when or how. I am but part of the continuum. I am but a name.
With time, I shall become just a memory.

With each passing day, my place, another shall take.