His Last Words

Neurosis & Jarboe

My father was too weak to parry the blade
As death's scythe swept through the house one night
When we were busy doing other things
Dust filled his mouth and stopped his breath
And darkness took his soul in this familiar placeHis body, wasted by the sickness
His spirit weary from the battle
He spoke to me, forever his son
Of all things save death:
I longed to face it with him
But seeing his fear
I feared to speak of itAnd though we both saw death's dark irresistible form
In the far corner
We talked instead of evening shadows
On bedroom wallsAnd so it went
There were no proud and profound last words
No bright ringing final moment of clarity
He just died
We kissed his still warm face
And promised foreverThe cold wind blew through the trees in my father's yard
And I looked for meaning

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