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## Mendicant's Cemetery

Ernest Williamson

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# Mendicant's Cemetery

by Ernest Williamson

75 years of life;  
all but a moment,  
limp skin,  
decaying teeth uneven, lateral yet everywhere;  
in the open sea of observers  
trying to defuse words.  
repulsed facial expressions  
contorted smiles and frowns  
immersed with contour lines  
map-like with no legend  
yet understandable.  
you see me  
varicose veins  
abstruse vocalizations  
the scent of older old spice  
white hairs meandering in darker ones.  
sullen eyes beaten  
by the apathetic disappointments of life.  
a marriage of 50 years,  
now a memory  
invisible  
yet there;  
at Mendicant's cemetery,  
in fragile oak picture frames,  
elusive smells  
some pleasant  
some alluring  
like fried eggs smothered in aged black pepper  
or fowl smells like  
memories of helpless arguments  
about why I rarely said

"I love you"  
and why you said "not tonight"  
more than "whatever you want is fine with me."  
but now my sands have slid down into dirt,  
and whatever you want  
above my cracked yellow bones  
is fine and dandy  
in tattered thought  
in dreary deed  
as I beg and plead  
for the life of  
me.

