

At the Cold Cracked Mirror

She sits at the cold cracked mirror
Lipstick poised in her right hand
Carefully, gently applying the red
Looking her best to remember her man
Dark shadows of sorrow under her eyes
Like the smoke that came from the fire
From the fighting and the deadly hatred
That turned his body into a pyre

The Easter sun shines through the window
As she inspects her dress in the glass
Wearing something colourful for Spring
Trying not to make a requiem mass
Of the ritual visit to the memorial
So many conflicting thoughts crowd her head
The flowers on her pretty printed frock
Almost matching those left for the dead

It's a soft and sensitive remembrance
An uplifting occasion for sure
But only until the new light fades away
In the darkness the tears come once more
Like the death that rained down from above
On both the guilty and innocent did fall
The wrath of the righteous mighty
Their brutal power standing so tall.

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