

Keats

The poet with fever
is buried
in the darkness
of a room in Rome.

Full moon of candlelight
behind his damp head.

He dreams
of still having dreams,

of walking late at night
the far distance home, happy
to be alone under cold stars,
brimful with warm friendship.

Oil lamps waver
in keen, fitful gusts.

Dead leaves scatter at his feet.

And he dreams
of hunched scavengers
he never would have conjured,
birds with no song to envy,
ready to pluck out
eat his eyes
were he to die
a Parsi poet
in the warm south
of India,

his corpse just one among many
shrouded in the sky,
on a Tower of Silence
for vultures to pick clean,
rain to erase.

from the Towers of Silence
“... no corruption, no impurities ...
... no nothing proceeds which ... carry harm...”
— Mark Twain on a Parsi funeral

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Georgia Jones-Davis became a published poet while a student at UCLA but then developed a rare condition known as FOP --Fear of Poetry, after a particularly nasty poetry workshop experience. She spent twenty-five years in the newspaper business as a reporter, literary critic and book review editor avoiding poets and poetry as much as possible. After leaving the late Los Angeles Times Book Review where she had spent fourteen years as an editor, poetry at last came home like a long, lost muddy dog. Georgia's work has appeared in Brevities, Westwind, on Sam Hamil's Poet's Against War website, Voices From the Valley Salon, Altadena Poets and New Mexico Magazine. She will soon appear in The Bicycle Review. Georgia has the honor of being one of the co-directors of Valley Contemporary Poets.

