

The Last Page

Calling Themis

Out of the open silent sea,
where Sirens sing the weak
and strong to shipwreck,

Out of the wrecked red soil,
Void and humming in the heat –
the last retreat of wounds and woes
of all our lost and spoiled,

Above the towers of innocent scalped skulls,
carved with care out of magnificent marble
and chaos,

Above the shivering tenements of terror –
rough blankets over legions sleepmarching
into the night of time,
like clacking teeth in the mouth of the universe,

Out of the fog of war that blurs her smile,
Out of the humidity of history,

She rises victoriously.
With eyes hidden, although radiant,
Sculptured with a scale and sword,
With whispers that wake the wind
In all the righteous' bones.

And now damp darkness has set in,
In souls of brothers with slightly different names
And now the sky's lit up, with Eastern flames,
We speak her out, we call her name.

Dimitri Van den Meerssche