



“But Just Ourselves and Immortality (Amalgam II)”

by: Mike South

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
That without dust the rainbow would not be,
Turned upward, blushing in the sudden light.

Stranger, approach this spot with gravity.

And when we meet at any time again,
And if no more than only you and I
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

But there, where western glooms are gathering
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more,
An aged man is but a paltry thing:
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
 In every heart seal'd up, in every tongue
 Forever panting, and forever young.

Lines (in order of appearance)

Emily Dickinson, “Because I Could Not Stop For Death”
Dylan Thomas, “Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night”
Langston Hughes, “Prayer”
Mark Jarman, “Unholy Sonnet I”
Anonymous, “Sign in a Dentist’s Office”
Michael Drayton, “Since There’s No Help, Come Let Us Kiss
And Part”
Robert Graves, “Counting the Beats”
Wilfred Owen, “Dulce Et Decorum Est”
John Donne, “Death Be Not Proud”
Edwin Arlington Robinson, “Luke Havergal”
Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “Tears, Idle Tears”
William Butler Yeats, “Sailing to Byzantium”
Matthew Arnold, “Dover Beach”
William Shakespeare, “A Funeral Elegy”
John Keats, “Ode On A Grecian Urn”