

On brother's John death

One day, brother, when I'm done with this
wandering from tribe to tribe, you'll find me
seated by your stone at last, lamenting
the fallen flower of your gentle years.

Our mother, left alone now, drawing out
her late days, speaks of me to your mute ashes,
while I reach out vain hands to both of you
greeting my homeland from afar, and yet
I feel the adverse Fates, the secret cares
that were a tempest to you while you lived,
and I would share with you your quiet haven.

That much of so much hope is left to me!
Strangers, when that day comes, give my bones
back to the bosom of my grieving mother.