

The Sestina of Life

By

The Mad Poet

I don't know of my final memory
And I need to know what is essential
If I can find mortality
I can deceive my own intellect
And I cannot remember my last
And I have to give the answer

But what is the question to answer?
How black is my memory?
I'd like to know how long this life will last
I'm loathe to learn that I am not essential
But this cannot reckon with my intellect
And cannot define my mortality

And what will be my mortality?
Can there ever be an answer?
A shadow of my intellect?
Must it fade like all my memories?
Must I find myself essential?
Must I always be my own last?

But I won't know what I'll be at last
I'll have to face my own mortality
The knowledge that I have is essential
Even if I never know the answer
And even if my fading memory
Is just a shadow of my intellect

Then I know that my intellect
Will be all that I need to last
The distance of all memory
And if a fallen mortality
Can never find a way to answer
Then still I find myself essential

And now I can be essential
If just in my own intellect
Even if there is no answer
If nothing in this life will last
Still I can face my mortality
And remain forever in your memory

There is no essential memory
Intellect or mortality
And this answer will not be my last