E Morte, Vitam

Eris Hembree

I emerge from my grave,
Dirt underneath broken nails
Splinters decorate my skin
Old bloodstained clothes
I am not who was buried
Nevertheless, I am,
Bound to the same body
Now free from the coffin
I feel sunlight on my face
And grass between my fingers
There is a smile on my face
Newborn and joyous
Caught up in the ecstasy of life
A spark spread through kindling
My senses are immersed,
In birdsongs, and clover patches,
In the tangle of loving arms,
In the taste of fresh air.
Sitting beside a tombstone
Which describes who the body was.
There are flowers left for him.
I am not supposed to be.
His family wishes I wasn't.
They insist I am misled,
A tragedy, or defilement
Of his life and legacy.
Personally,
I think we would have been friends.
I could comb his messy hair,
and he could bandage my cuts.
They don't see us that way.
They cannot look at my eyes.
"You came back all wrong."
Yet I didn't come back.
So, with arms outstretched
I tell them I love them

Yet, the world's is the first embrace
I feel, gentle and kind.
My life has just begun.
A thousand firsts await,
as I am born from,
that graveyard womb.
From blood and dirt
into iridescent light