

Sackcloth and Ashes

Sarah Hardin



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To the ones who were there in the beginning.

About the author

Sarah Hardin resides in the Southern United States where she enjoys writing, photography, and most of all family time.

summary

Rimbaud

First Born

Rimbaud

He wrote in whole form,
an oblong displays of life
above
the heads of the Zutist Circle.

Back and forth
swinging

like a guillotine.

He pinned art:

from lice, hunger pains, broken glass, booze, the dank smell of the sea, black pots, grime and disease.

He created expression from decay,
absurdity, desperation.

A prodigy child driven into throes
by the tongues of men.

He sucked life,
from withered bones,
with lips as blunt as
butter knives.

First Born

Consider the life I quit- the one before you: the empty one
like the dried corners of a corn husk.

An empty shell.

Now, there is you, and your brothers.

I was made new with each new birthing,
first comes the shifting of bones, the stretching of skin, the blood loss,
the head, then the shoulders.

My heart moves through a tunnel.

While you nest, each new hour
fledging burst wet-winged with life.

I've watched those same shoulders once tiny, broaden to a man's width.

Now when I look at you, I look up, upward towards the sun, the moon, where the stars rest.
Your face shines down on me.

This is my grace.

The grace that saved an empty life.

Brimming over, my life filled seven times and still;
you are my Baldr,
my first love.