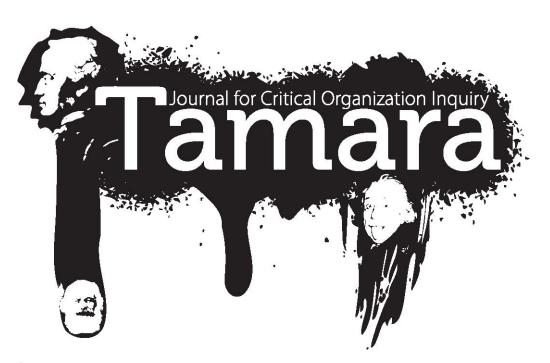
Volume 11 Issue 1 0 3 / 2 0 1 3

tamarajournal.com



## **Wearing My Dead**

David Racionzer

St. Augustine College, South Africa douglas@racionzer.net

I used to walk upon my dead as a carpet Woven from the lives of my forebears I thought of them as living in my shadow As I crawled then strode into my life

I wear my dead about me as a cloak A marshal cloak mustered against the great out there In battle I wrap them around my Spirit and can face the enemy with a still heart

I will wear my dead about me as a shroud When all the dust and blood of this life Has moved into the collective knowing of Death, our gentle friend