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In reply to Shakespeare's sixth sonnet

Of all the brutes, detested Vermin bears
The gravest burden, yet endures the most:
With Stoic pride, he rots those leaving heirs,
Unmocked, despite that mocking storms his post.
Think you on death, on bodies heaped in piles,
All beauties once, exhausting decades' breath
In gaining mounds – Think! though the thought reviles,
And then remark the living, "after death":
We scale the dead, in hopes of peering down
From highest peak, that none may condescend –
Surveying, summited, we soon drop down
In death ourselves, for offspring to ascend.
 Unnostrilled Bard, look! even now we blanch –
 Without the worm, we couldn't bear the stench!