

## MORGUE

Morgue,  
What a word !  
The still cold halls of dead.  
Nothing heard, nothing seen  
    but rows of drawers, not boxes lined with lead  
Or silken coffins, handles gilt and candles black,  
Ready for a shrouded show.  
The dead are not revered, not so well treated now.  
Here, rubber soles for attendants shoes, possessions listed,  
    cards are filed, all classified  
How these men died.  
Dead on Arrival, one corpse, male, white,  
Once one man's battered shell,  
Now chill and stiff and impersonal.  
No character now, no good old Charlie Jones,  
Just rows of teeth, closed eyes, of flesh and bones,  
No more ideas, no life, no friends, no breath.  
There is no distinction here in death.