

Branagh's Run Cemetery, Southern Ireland, October 11, 2023

DEAD PAINTING

As sure as I am rooted in glade and glen and perfumed
air, and mindful of the mist in this garden of heartfelt
stones, this toss of chiseled monuments to moments
in the sun, I know that everything dear to me, ever
thought by me, or wished or willed or wrought by me

Will in time pass into particles that glitter with the
pigments of the cosmos. When death brushes me over,
ties corner to center, texture to line, finishes its shadow
stroke on the canvas of love and life that was me and
mine, I will on the instant be drawn into the gallery

Of stars and be spread among them. No longer visible
at the stone of my name, eyes to heaven will find me
daubed on Venus, tinted into lightstreams that color
up Andromeda, the Crab Nebula, Jupiter, and Mars —
an ion cloud mixed forever in the beauty of everything.

Ivan Brady 2001