

## Go Weary

*(NOTE: This collaboratively composed poem is written in a form called a villanelle, and was written in Stuart Lishan's/as part Spring 2021 Advanced Poetry Writing class.)*

When ravens feast on inanimate bones  
They hark the piercing sparrow's cry,  
And I know I've once again arrived at home.  
When the weary travel cobble roads  
They forget not the watching wolf's eye,  
The raven's feasting on inanimate bones,  
Or the cry of the cold winter, whose frozen thrones  
Beckon me to take, to die,  
and I know all too well I've once again arrived at home.  
Omens told on old, painted stone,  
Decaying stags, pierced and chewed awry:  
Ravens feast on their inanimate bones.  
For a past abandoned and long atoned,  
I could not give the final goodbye,  
But now I know, I've once again arrived at home.  
There are wild and wicked witches, crones  
In the forest where the sun the canopy denies,  
Where ravens feast on inanimate bones.

I am almost safely to the catacombs.  
Their skulls serve as my prize,  
and I know I've once again arrived at home.

I saw the signs of the skull and crossbones,  
So I made the skeletons dance – it was unwise –  
For the ravens feasted on their unused bones.  
As I trudge on, sins scraping raw on stone,  
I'll cross one last bridge, loose one final sigh,  
when I know I've once again arrived at home.  
On battlefields that warriors, dead, adorn,  
Their butchered curses blackening out the sky,  
The ravens feast upon immutable bones,  
And the ghostly knowledge: We've all arrived at home.

*—Amber Alexander, Andrew Allen, Adam Coutts, Alex Harris, Elias Kirker-Napiorkowski, Ashton Platt, Jessica Rushing, and Stuart Lishan*