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Jorge Luis Borges

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Jorge Luis Borges

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Hannah Kane is a senior Psychology and Spanish major at Gettysburg College. She is a Program Coordinator for the Center for Public Service, a research assistant in the psychology department, and active in Amnesty International. She's passionate about promoting social justice in all aspects of life!

Hannah Kane

Jorge Luis Borges

He could feel death stalking him.
It dripped from his pen dipped in the rheumy river where he made his dreary scene.
His ink was blue, his eyes were wide,
Slashed by the tiger's golden claw so death might prowl past,
But the river sang strong and filled his pensive pen,
Bringing death out from his shadowed hide away,
Daylight shed on troubling truths
So man might see what he might not.
Death, a blue-ish haze.

Death had followed him since the word was but a spark in his crystal eye,
Which he crushed to a thousand shards of light to halt the rising tides.
But a grain of sand can't stop a flood,
And the blood of poets past racing to refill his spirited pen kept the waters wavering high,
Waves slamming Death's skull to reveal its azure sheen.
The broken eyes looked on, to speak up and write out.

Death had come to him a thousand times before,
And will come a thousand times again,
To the man with splintered soul,
One thousand selves in one solitary shell,
Each clamoring to sing the others' happenstance tale.
The endless streams of chance which Death can never dam
Forces him to hang up his scythe as the unstoppable stream meets the river of dreams to fill the bottomless pen,
And so the scene begins again

Take.