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Lady Eleanor Davies on the Death of her Husband

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Lady Eleanor Davies on the Death of her Husband

Author Bio

Noelle Muni is a junior English major with writing concentration and an art history minor at Gettysburg College. In addition to writing for and working on The Mercury, she writes for The Gettysburgian, and is a member of the Bullets Marching Band and Sigma Tau Delta, in addition to working at the Schmucker Art Gallery and the Writing Center. She enjoys engaging with art and literature across genres and time periods. Her favorite color is pink.

Lady Eleanor Davies on the Death of Her Husband

NOELLE G. MUNI

Lady Eleanor Davies (1590–1652) was an English prophet and poet. She began receiving her prophetic visions in 1625 after caring for George, a deaf-mute child who claimed to have prophetic visions of his own. She came to prominence as a prophet after she predicted the death of her first husband.

I couldn't see the unseen until George came.
God granted my own children a way of sensing
the physical, their immediate surroundings.
God did not grant George this kind of sense.
God granted George a more intimate sight.
The kind that is unmoored, not anchored by
the physical, or immediate surroundings.
Otherwise completely speechless, George
would sometimes share his insights with us.
He'd tell us what he saw, what we'd all see later.
Until George came, I couldn't see the unseen.
Once George came, I could see it all.

I tried to warn them of what was coming.
The sleeping rising from the dirt,
As Daniel prophesied before me,
A message to the dragon and his angels.
I tried to warn them.
He stopped me, my husband.
He seized them from me, my visions,
Wrestled the papers from my death-gripping
hands, tore them limb from limb as he
ripped them from my fingers.
Their ashes coated the fireplace, ink bleeding
Across the burning logs. I wept.

I wept. In the flames I saw him, the inside of
his head, the pulsing of his blood
spilling, bursting, pouring: red, red, red.
The pounding of his skull, the pulsing of the blood.
He's dead. He's dead. He's dead.
He does not know it, but he's dead.

Impending, impending, inescapable dread.
He does not know it, but he's dead.
I tear my clothes. I try to tell him what I know,
try to warn him of what's to come.
He does not listen. I remind him every night.
We gather at dinner, I wear my funeral clothes.
He does not understand, it's not his fault.
I miss him. I cannot see him without seeing his
death. Apoplexies.
The days count down. I try to tell him, but
I can't stop the tears.
They fall, they fall, they fall.
The next day, he is gone.
According to God's plan, it seems,
as in the days that follow, when
people hear of my vision, how it came
to pass, they believe.
They know I can see what's yet unseen.