Caput Mortuum

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Abstract

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by Sue Haun

Beneath the sullen eaves and praying roof of this, our saviour's church, we dedicate another death, and consecrate our own.

The clotted blood upon the beggar's breast beneath the mottled tatters of his cloak promotes a boding horror of a doom born at birth and borne by blood unbroken by a string of hopeful prayers.

The terror of the time when we, immortal as our prayers would prove, must meet the earth and give our bones as food for future eons; when our flesh will feed the maws of yellow worms; and when our skulls which housed the knowledge of a universe will drain and make the homes of brainless ants.

Here, in the womb of a silent church, we return the drying flesh that was the beggar's soul. And as we drop his shell beneath the earth, we read his name upon the crooked stone, and in his epitaph, our Names are written by the hand that buries all. Our turn will come when we must meet the beggar's grave.