

Elegy to Metaphors

By Lauren Katz

A morgue full of metaphors
Lying in a heap,
In velvet-lined caskets
All sound asleep.

Row after row,
clustered by trope,
Many share the same emblem
But lack the same scope.

While their images vary,
The cause of death is the same,
Once conjured into a metaphor,
Each lost their surname.

All in the same boat,
They've grown old through the years,
Figuratively standing the test of time,
Literally falling on deaf ears.

But now, with no cloak or gimmick,
They are as they were,
Before each was clothed
As a poetic saboteur.

Identified, it is time
For them to go down below,
Each body preserved,
Each spirit aglow.

From all walks of life,
Poets mourn what's been lost,
Paying the piper
At a terrible cost.

They will always be with us,
They will never truly part,
I love you dear metaphors
From the bottom of my heart.