

A Raven Christmas

The Death of a Poet

Von Semiramis-Audron

Kapitel 2: Karma

*From out of the snow and the Irish morning mist
Hobbled a raven, garb, beak and talons night black
No other human saw the strange bird
He picked softly against the dead's temple
And suddenly the air around him was stirred
By a soft breeze and a glow, green and gentle.
"Ah there he is, little soul I waited for you."
Spoke said raven to the aura. "You're long overdue!"*

*"Overdue?" Asked a voice, deep, rich and mellow.
"Ay!" replied the raven. His eyes smiling not yellow
but ghostly emerald green
just like deceased writer's had been...
A vivid shining green orb now emerged
From the dead man's chest where the heart used to be perched
Small like a marble, but glowing so bright
Like the Morningstar in the deepest of night.*

*"Yes overdue!" spoke the raven anew
while life rose and people and children pressed through
the streets, no one noticing the raven.
"Thou arest to go to thy new home, thy haven."
And thus he lifted his talon to pick
Up the little soul, holding it tight.
"Fear not for I am thy guide from eternal night."
"Odin's servant?! What happened? Why don't I feel sick?
I just felt like dying, now I feel nothing at all."*

*The bird cawed as it flew off. "Oh poet thy understanding is small
Of what thou arest now, thy mortality hath gone!
But be still now for we are entering the Ghost Zone!"
Through a whirl of purple and green they did soar
A flashing, a rumble, pandemonium the writer had not heard of before
And underneath them no ground could be seen...*

*"What's this place? This ghastly purgatory?"
The soul was in awe, the raven in rage.
"How dare you! It's the Ghost Zone in all it's glory
So leave the Catholics out of this you miscarriage!
Poor imitation of a writer! You insolent twit
Can't grasp the beauty and fait that awaits in it!"*

*"Forgive me dearest Nightbird! I am but a scared human"
Our little poet scorned regaining his pride.
"Thou shalt be a God then
For thou hast passed to the other side!
Ghost thou art for now, later we'll see
Until then thou arrest allowed
To wander now where thy heart leads thee."
With this the raven released the little sphere
Which grew to a new shape, humanoid and proud
Emerald green eyes, a violet coat, grey scarf and raven hair,
Elliptic glasses, pointy ears, sharp teeth and a goatee to complete the look.
A ghostly version of himself, as new shape, the writer's soul took.*

*"I am quite impressed..." Said the new born ghost,
regarding his fingerless gloves with almost
amazement at his perfect new habitus.
"So this means we are to part thus?"
He asked to the raven who lifted a wing
And pointed into a direction. "No, to thy home I shall bring
Thee, then I shall leave, hoping wisdom will be earned."
He started whispering as off he flew.
"And return I will, once thy lesson is learned..."
The poet did not hear the raven's word as they passed through
The Ghost Zone until they arrived
At a ghostly mansion,
though old, yet revived
With the initials G and W at the gable I should mention.*

*And as they hovered on the steps our poet gulped in awe
In his head, this was the home he always saw
When he had imagined being but poor
"Yes this is the **Ghostwriter**'s home, this is YOUR
new home, I should say. Fill it with pride!"
Spoke the raven at the new baptized's side.
"My WHAT!? Are you joking? This cannot be!
I'm poor, have always been, will always be the poorest guy you'll ever see!"
He sighed at this memory... his life in one word:
Poor... that is it... "Have you ever heard
Of something called 'karma' the bird said annoyed
By the self-pitying specter who stared into the void.
"karma?... Uhm no... or yes, I think I did...
But as bad as mine is, how many crimes did I commit?"*

*Now it was enough for the raven, the ghost had a point there
But he didn't fully understand the range of this thought...*

*"Oh poet what do you think were
those children to do,
had it not been for you?
Why do you think I brought
You here to this mansion which is yours?
Your Karma is splendid, that is the cause!"
The poet stared at him in disbelief,
He was too used to wallow in grief.*

*"You saved those two children, they would have died!"
Now the overworked and annoyed raven sighed.
"All this is yours, the house, library, stuff and each book!"
The writer still had a pretty dumbfounded look.
"Oh COME ON, mortal! Be happy! You just got
A chance many other mortals get not!"*

*Glowing emerald eyes under ebony brows
Shone happy and thankful and in curiosity aroused.
"If this word is true, dear raven my friend,
You are soooo invited to spend
This holiday with me in this marvelous place..."
And suddenly poorness and grief was replaced by grace.
"As nice as this would be, I have to say no,
Shall return one day, but for now I have to go
So farewell for now, may thy writing be of success"
Spoke the soul guard to the poet
Who replied with best demeanor:
"So be it farewell, may Hermes bless
you, graceful raven, to visit me soon in my new manor."*

*How the story continues you know pretty well
... Now a rhyme on 'poet' I forgot to tell
you, so... AW CRUD!... nothing rhymes with poet!*