

Deferring to the Count

Death is a sort of Schlieffen Plan.
It pivots on the young and sweeps the outer edges,
Who are we. Outside the span
Of threescore years and ten, do not its stages

Coerce us ever toward the Styx?
How could you, Count, on campaign maps have failed to see
You drew a sickle, with its fix
Increasingly on reapings grimly sure to be?

And though some few of us become
Tight pockets of resistance, we are not the Marne.
The juggernaut rolls on, a Somme
That never ends, or ends in that putrescent tarn

Senescence is and Flanders was: the Pit, the Poe,
The Pendulum whose fatal pace
Not either discipline or mutiny can slow,
And Time creates of any space.