

Last Words - a Journey

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I am, for one day only,
first and last. The lone
first cell, and the last word, alphabetically,
in a Collins English Dictionary:

Zygote *noun*

*cell resulting from the union
of ovum and spermatozoon*

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I am genuine bloodline
not yet embryo though embryonic
a harmonic cocktail
of female and male

I am a perfect first dot, not
to be foolishly taken for
an end - a full stop.

Tomorrow

I will
gladly share and grow,
though, as yet, I do not know
the woes and blows of
life's disrupted flow
or how short the journey
from dot to refugee

In my naivety I do not yet identify
with war's vocabulary:

*surface to air, lethal aid
conflict warfare, hand grenade
enmities, hostilities:*

really not what

I am meant to be, although

perhaps my destiny

One day soon -
just not quite yet
I will expect
this first solitary
cell, a dot - and last jot
in a cut-price dictionary,
to adopt a new identity;
to help close and carry
my last words: *ceasefire,*
peace
Full stop