

## Sarah White

### Immortal

Of his art and of his end,  
he writes: I will not wholly die.  
Non omnis moriar. True.  
Horace delights the few  
though centuries have gone by.

The stars look very cold about the sky  
Keats replies. Consumption's child,

who has harvested the autumn vines,  
and transcribed the song  
of the darkling nightingale,  
takes a coach to Rome  
where, in sweat, exhaustion,  
and despair, he'll cease  
to breathe,

**Sarah White's** fifth and latest poetry collection is *for one who bends my time* (Deerbrook Editions, 2017). She lives in New York City and divides her time between writing and painting.