

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,

not dying wholly
but dying mostly

like poets dear to us in recent years—
some well-known,
some seen only now and then
in little magazines.

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.