

In a Thought

by [Michael Shindler](#) (May 2025)



By the Death Bed (Edvard Munch, 1896)

In a thought, in the sepulcher,
In a lazy hour's late ringing,
Beneath the plasterwork-azure
And a marble angel winging,
Is a corpse, a face, and two eyes,
Which were once green and are so still,
That now looking upward reflect
The vaunted wisdom of rabbis.

How charitable, but how chill

Is that green look's girlish effect!

In spite of time and the piled dirt
And the weeds that conquer all,
Even a little corpse can flirt
Beneath a poetic pall.”

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