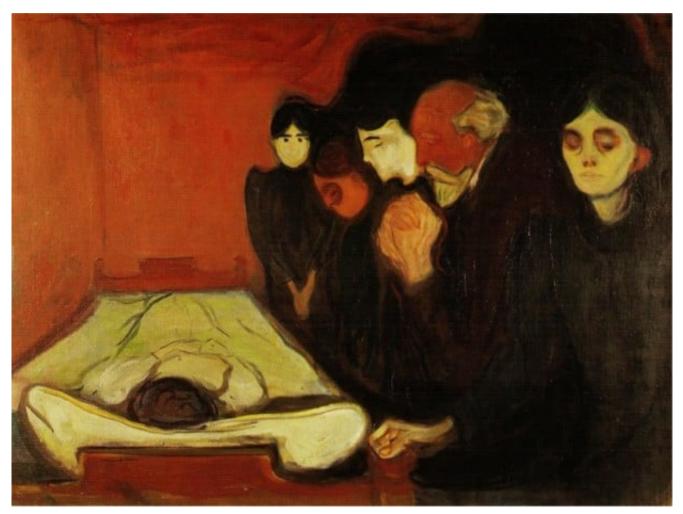
In a Thought

by <u>Michael Shindler</u> (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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Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. His new book is *Fret Not* and is available <u>here</u>. Follow him on Twitter <u>@MichaelShindler</u>.

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