

Cemetery of the Living



A Chapbook

by

Shane Huey

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INTRODUCTION

It is with great pleasure that I publish and share this, my first chapbook. While the contents may, at first glance, seem to fall along the spectrum of the morbid, these thirteen short poems are, in fact, written in the tradition of *memento mori* (from the Latin, “remember you will die”).

Most of us go through life trying to suppress this fact and, being unable to do so outright, do our level best to meditate upon it as infrequently as possible.

Permit me to suggest that we do so to our own detriment.

Memento mori is far from a morbid and useless practice but, rather, one that, if partaken of regularly, can help one to live life more fully in the face of the inevitability and unpredictable nature of death. Death may come at any moment and so we must live fully, now—in this moment for *this* moment is all we ever have.

The practice is simple. One calls to mind daily the certainty of his or her own death. Such meditation renders most earthly concerns, those that may be weighing us down at any given moment, trivial, and things then fall into perspective. The practice can be accomplished by meditation upon the thought of *memento mori* or, as practiced in the past, by use of some artistic expression of *memento mori* such as a still life painting (famous examples include skulls and

hour glasses), poetry, tokens (such as worry coins or jewelry), and so forth.

This chapbook contains thirteen short poems in the tradition of *memento mori*. Read one per day or one per week or read them all at once. But, please, don't just read them—meditate upon them and reflect upon the meaning behind each one. This can be a very powerful spiritual exercise.

Ultimately, this is a booklet of poetry and not a self-help book. But, it is my hope that the short poems contained herein help the reader to engage more frequently in the practice of *memento mori* and, in so doing, live a good life *now*...a life free from worry and fear and doubt. Death is coming but, until then, we have life and only the one. So let's live it fully just in case tomorrow never comes.

Memento mori,

Shane Huey

July 3, 2021

RIP I

Rest in peace,

Dreams.

Died of adulthood.

Circa age 18.

RIP II

All the world's a stage...

All actors...

Died in the audience.

Rest in peace.

RIP III

The game of life is to be played.

*Died,
watching from the sidelines.*

Rest in peace.

RIP IV

In loving memory....

Died without them.

Rest in peace.

RIP V

Asleep.

*Awaiting the resurrection,
to finally live.*

Rest in peace.

RIP VI

Always said she would do it tomorrow.

Died tragically, yesterday.

Rest in peace.

RIP VII

He never lived life on his own terms...

And so he died on someone else's.

Rest in peace.

RIP VIII

*Loved and celebrated in life,
surrounded by family and friends.*

Died alone.

Rest in peace.

RIP IX

*She dances now...
on the heavenly stage.*

Taught by the angels.

Rest in peace.

RIP X

Here lies Nameless.

*We know not how they lived,
Only that they died.*

Survived by Unknown.

Rest in peace.

RIP XI

The river of life...

Each born to ride the flow.

Drowned, trying to reach the shore.

Rest in peace.

RIP XII

Life was but a rehearsal for death.

Having lived life much as a ghost.

Rest in peace.

RIP XIII

*A life spent in search of light amidst the
darkness...*

Never stepping out of the shadows.

*Eyes now closed forever,
the eternal darkness to bear.*

Rest in peace.

THE AUTHOR



Shane Huey resides in sunny South Florida from whence he writes dark prose and poetry. His writing has been featured in numerous literary journals.

*Learn more at
www.shanehuey.net.*

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