

***THE DEAD SHALL RISE***

**By Louis Kasatkin**

Words,  
words confined, interred,  
entombed in myriad volumes,  
stacked and shelved,  
row upon row upon row,  
in vaulted library mausoleums;  
The unread tomes,  
published so very long ago,  
read at the time  
appreciated and loved and  
then were read no more;  
Forgotten, placed aside  
as yesterday's style,  
their grammar, their syntax,  
was wearied by age  
made tawdry by changing fashion;  
Referenced only in scholarly footnotes,  
made objects of aesthetes' collections,  
words long since confined to  
a purgatory of obscurity;  
Dormant in their slumbers  
waiting and waiting and waiting,  
for someone, a reader  
to rediscover their burial plot,  
their buried plots,  
their stories as once told;  
Re-opening their covered tombs

disintering their shrouded narratives,  
and alone by the act of reading  
the dead words arise  
and meaning is re-born.

***MYSTERY OF THE MAPS***

Do maps redraw themselves after they are  
rolled up and put back in the drawer?  
Do rivers and mountains relocate and  
topographically readjust in the quiet  
of the dark whilst we are asleep?  
Are distances shortened between  
continents before those maps are  
once again unfurled and inspected  
by statesmen and generals over Port and cigars?  
Do red lines themselves alter language,  
reinvent culture ,annul history or do they  
only seem to do so long after they are drawn?  
To think ,if the maps had been handled differently,  
we should have ended up on the other side  
of a line made by an errant pencil stroke.

**Bio**

Louis Kasatkin is Editorial Administrator and the founder of Destiny Poets  
([www.destinypoets.co.uk](http://www.destinypoets.co.uk)) and is Executive Producer for the forthcoming,groundbreaking  
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