

Epitaph (R. I. P.)

PRINCESS QIMH XANTCHA

1774

You were the sweetest thing on earth,
A girl a billion dollars worth.
Tender, kind, and full of love,
You cared for each and every one.
Damned be I, if e'er I heard
A single uttered hateful word
Of you, my dear, so soft and mild.
A thousand times and more I've cried.
How could the Lord so end your life,
My darling, my beloved wife?

That horrid day, the fatal crash!
Your head was like an apple mashed.
Your legs torn off, your blood was shed,
A fountain colored the wind-shield red.
On the side-walk your severed arms,
Your face demolished by shattered glass.
O! Your scream! Abomination!
This horrifying mutilation!
Your body half decapitated,
Still alive, incinerated!

Though your remains, not unlike haggis,
Were poured down into bags of plastic,
Transported away and hospitalized,
They were not able to save your life.
Alas! you're dead, I saw you die,
A silent witness to your demise,
And, left alone, I pray to Jesus
That He will let you Rest in Pieces.