

# THE CHRONICLE OF THE KING OF THE LONELY GRAVE

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JEFFREY PETHYBRIDGE

The melancholy science being now sovereign  
Science being now the melancholy sovereign  
Now sovereign begin the melancholy science  
Sovereign silence being the melancholy now  
Begin the sovereign science now melancholy  
Melancholy silence being now the sovereign  
Sovereign melancholy being now the science  
Melancholy being now the sovereign silence  
Being now melancholy silence the sovereign  
Being now sovereign silence the melancholy  
Silence the melancholy being now sovereign  
Science the now sovereign melancholy being  
Melancholy being the sovereign science now  
The sovereign being now melancholy silence

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*Outcast, buried enfouis,  
exacted along the purgatorial  
memory-loop in his memory-house,  
the cremated king must sing  
where no song plays for a prince's pleasure.  
Thus to sad immortality.*

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So when my father, over the phone, discussing where to bury the remnants of my brother's body said the word "columbarium,"—a word I thought I'd never

hear him say—I felt suddenly drug-tired and oblivious, guilty of a double offence.