

## DAG HAMMARSKJOLD

*Elizabeth Brewster*

An inward man, self torturing,  
He lived with the wish for death and the fear of death,  
With dreams of drowning, head pushed under water,  
Held by an act of will;  
Dreams of dizziness on cliffs in a mountainous country,  
Cold and high:  
Dreams of facing an execution squad  
In a shabby courtyard with no companions.

Yet, though he intended to choose the Way of the Cross,  
Gethsemane, rather than Calvary, was his home:  
The vigil while others slept,  
The dark garden, silence, the sense of desertion,  
"Wilderness for his pillow, a star for his brother."

His death itself was release rather than martyrdom,  
The accident, the whim of the 'plane's plunging,  
The solemn fall through space  
To find again beyond the humid jungle  
The cold, remote country of his dreams,  
Waterfalls falling like mist,  
Arctic blossoms delicate as waterfalls;  
The walk through that air so light for breathing  
Into a world as strange as dawn or moonlight  
By far lakes, or at the ocean's verge,  
Alone, happy, purged of the world's guilt.

*The unicorn is not abnormal  
Because it has no mate.*