



Read at the funeral of
Richard iii
March 22, 2015

Richard

A poem by Dame Carol Ann Duffy

*My bones, scripted in light, upon cold soil,
a human braille. My skull, scarred by a crown,
emptied of history. Describe my soul as incense,
votive, vanishing your own the same.*

*Grant me the carving of my name.
These relics, bless.*

*Imagine you re-tie a broken string and on it thread a cross,
the symbol severed from me when I died.*

*The end of time – an unknown, unfelt loss – unless the
Resurrection of the dead...or I once dreamed of this, your
future breath in prayer for me, lost long, forever found;
or sensed you from the backstage of my death, as
kings glimpse shadows on a battleground.*

