



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.*

