

Dante's Crusade (A ring of poems)

The sign post read, follow the dead  
With caution proceed with warning heed  
There is nothing left to say.

She had said; don't go in over your head  
When she died, I knew she hadn't lied  
To the gatekeeper who makes us pay.

Finger cast, death shows the way past  
The rings of fire hold dawning desire  
In the moon glow of the starlit day.

Towards the center, if one is willing to enter  
Journey through, the blood soaked dew  
Into the fear you must find your way.

Listen for the bell, as you pass through hell  
The road of gold upon which you were told  
Bricks of clay and bone your duty lay.

Roses grow in tilled soil you sow  
Ashes and dust all steel must rust  
The soul lands where it otherwise may.