

Tribute to Worf

By: Carl A. Sherrill

You find honor through the tide of battle,
Never lost in the fray you live today,
Rivals, they find your blade insatiable,
In the stars, you keep the dangers at bay,

Your gods are dead your people killed them all,
No need for help, a Klingon stands alone,
Take away that human drink synthehol,
Blood wine is what a true warrior condones,

Ask the Romulans who they fear the most,
Who the Klingons would raise a great toast to,
About who the federation would boast,
The favored son that Kahless lives through,

Always wanders as pariah and saint,
Your heart is always true and never faint.

Loved by a Stone

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I betrayed myself
that night in the courthouse,
when I promised to love you.
Our joy bitter-tasting
as your copper wedding ring.

In our bed,
my caress forced,
my gentle whispers scripted.
I know that I should have left
after all those empty years,

but habits are stronger than desire.

As the lie rots to become the truth,
I find you in our children's faces,
and I know peace in my commitment
until I die lying to you.