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To *Ernest Miller Hemingway*, on his 125th Birthday

Masum Ahmed

Ernest, in his *Montparnasse*, largely, writes
there are no successful suicides.

It should have been some winter day, or the breezy ones;
as he mentions, one Chinese and one Norwegian,
to address their, largely, failed suicides—
even if they have died.

Miller was sixty one (quite authentic to be gone?).
Yet striving for honour, to see, maybe how it speeds
and cruises across his skull
on the fateful day.

Hemingway seems to deny
There is anything like a suicide.
Gracefully, he left us the simplest evidence of it;
One honourable bullet across his skull
through a double barrelled shotgun
on Sunday, the second of July,
Nineteen Sixty One.

Poet bio:

Masum Ahmed is an alumnus of the *Department of English, AMU*. Currently, he works as an English Language Assessor for *Trivium Education Services*, offering guidance to students across colleges and universities in the United States of America. He is Life Member of *Indian Association for Commonwealth Literature and Language Studies (IACLALS)*, and writes on a variety of subjects reflecting on the contemporary times.