



Mausoleum



Asthens

A cold winters walk

in an attempt to connect with

the affluent dead

Mausoleum Ashes

by

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Mausoleum Ashes is the outcome of a cold winters walk through Southampton Old Cemetery. It was originally commissioned as part of a small publication Mausous for winter 2018/2019 and has been re-written, re-shaped and re-produced as a limited zine in March 2024.

Text reads in order of left, top, right, bottom

Southampton Old Cemetery

I AM THE RESSURECTION AND THE LIFE

JESUS SAID UNTO HER

Mausoleum

HE THAT BELIEVETH

IN ME THOUGH HE WERE DEAD



cherubs hover above me triumphantly,

The stone is cold and

I knock on the door.

How can wood be so numbing?



dead inside and there is

They are only

no one to answer

Nichols Mausoleum, Old Cemetery, SW





Ivy undergrowth

Bluebell wood

Paths blocked

and slippery



But few scant

Nothing Left

slippery memories.

Grandads ashes, Cremaotrium A12



AND TO DUST

ALL COME FROM DUST

ALL RETURN

Ashes

ALL GO TO THE SAME PLACE