

Ossuary

Baths

With all my desperate symmetry,
With all my white lights, and straight lines
My skin will still sag
Death pirouettes through the flicker of the wick
And makes you sick

Once interred, in turn to turn to bone
Fate unseen, kiss the stone
You hope that where you are, that you're not alone

Then I awoke
To coil and shiver
Like eel out of river
Like the grave was my own

Oh frailty
What worse fates could you possibly show me