

Gifts for the Earth

Deafheaven

I imagine the gracious,
benevolent ritual of Death.
Grave and porcelain,
with baby blue lips and pale pink eyes,
descending toward me.
Her glowing hands cradled at my head
and knees submerging me into waves of icy seas.

I imagine the end.

Then further downward so that I can rest,
cocooned by the heat of the ocean floor.
In the dark, my flesh to disintegrate into consumption for the
earth.