

When the lilacs of his eyes  
turn to chutes of the assassin  
and come hurtling down  
When the lilies of his youth  
turn fading and brown  
When the hourglass of his mind  
turns bleeding and bound  
and the roses of his dreams  
lay scattered upon the ground  
When the roses of her lover  
have turned to  
flowers of the grave  
When his caressing lips  
have turned from red to grey  
When flowers burn,  
and only a memory remains  
Silver medals turn to dust  
and an ashen marker is made  
When the wind from Hiroshima  
blows ashes into the town  
When they slowly sift to form  
a blanket on the ground  
When the earth turns to a tomb  
and no flowers can be found  
and the silken mantle he wore  
has turned into a shroud