

The Closet

Prayer For Cleansing

Grief continuing, clouds descending
Your will to die. Fettered by life.

Veins swell with pious blood, light shines through cracks in leaves
Sylvan branches rustle softly when the nascent night breathes.

A tortuous path carved by rows of lilacs, what excites their pale dead hue
The rose hangs her head in rue.

A harrowing night in May, the 23rd day of whispering rain
Cascade over foreboding thoughts and drown these smiles that express disdain.

He trembled as he sighed,
His memory effaced by frames of death and lies.
His life viewed from afar,
His wrists carried a myriad of fucking scars.

Rosemary evergreen and safe hangs 'round the asylum of my throat.
In remembrance of his breath filched by a tousled, hanging rope
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Four walls became your empty coffin
In a reclusive grave built by the sea.
Sixteen tears have caressed my cheek
A lone anemone, you've abandoned me.

Door creaks open
Your corpse is found.
Death begins
Sorrow abounds.