

Pretty Things, Death

As your loved ones they place
Heavy stones on your face
Your sonnets of life
They are filling the case
High windows inside me
Look down on your face.

Changing white fingers
For men in the sand
Burning bright spears

That you hold in your hand
Grey children you've spawned
They just won't understand

As the slow pulse of sobbing
Dries-from the sky
My grief in red circles
Surrounding an eye
Grey child stands looking
And passes on by.