

# EDEN

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I count out the tiny blue pills –  
start at one, stop when I'm empty.  
Like most days, you ask for extra.  
They are small like the hands of a child,  
the child I used to be.  
In my dream, we stumble upon a garden of wilting roses.  
My violet lips quiver.  
A blackbird lands on your shoulder – she doesn't sing.  
We are surrounded by death.  
Your body dissolves into the earth  
and I cry out for the man I once loved.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust –  
bury my face in what is left of you.  
Dig and dig until these hands are raw,  
drops of blood stain pale skin bright red.  
You are caked under my fingernails now,  
but I don't dare clean them.  
I rip up all the flowers from the soil –  
their beauty makes me too sad.  
It's not fair for new life to grow, here, where the sick  
only dream in shades of grey.

Technicolor memories fade to black  
as I cradle your corpse,  
cold to the touch.  
Cold but still breathing, barely.  
I watch your skeleton chest rise and fall, rise and fall.  
You are the living dead.  
Curling up next to your bones, I cry.  
Tears heavy like those of a child,  
the child I used to be.