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## grave-digger

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down on every knee  
begging to be your only need

the harder i fall,  
the higher you rise  
and you're towering twenty feet,  
i'm grave-deep despondency

set the blame to rest on me,  
my fist held the shovel in a death-grip,  
my albatross to bear and bury beneath  
a flame-fractured cross

closed coffin of our relationship,  
mahogany cacophony of togetherness  
interred into dirt that doesn't care  
who won (you) who lost (me)

LAUREN WILLIAMS

## grave-digger

i hosted a funeral every day  
for seven months in hopes  
that you would show your face,  
send a condolence card or a thoughtful bouquet,  
attend the rites i conducted every night  
in the aurifying glow of spotify

the worshipful candles crowded about  
your then well-tended altar dwindled in number  
as the dog days of summer howled to life,  
flicker of their icy-blue flames wavering  
in the face of light-stifling canine cries

you never came  
and so i left you behind  
and nearly died trying

Lauren  
Williams