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Grove(I)

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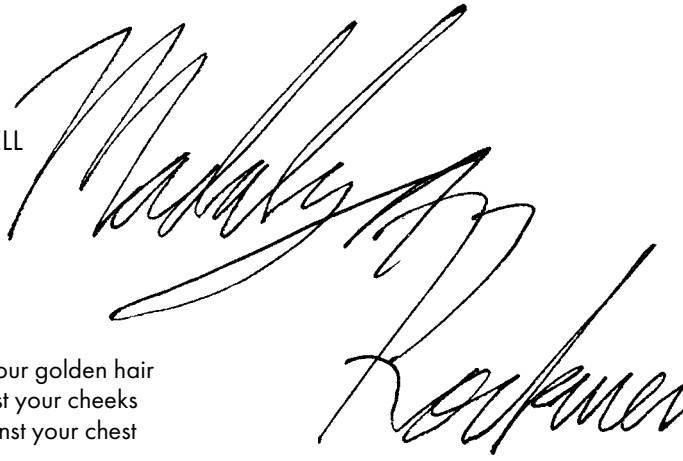
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MADALYN L. ROCKWELL

Grove(1)



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I wanted to tell them all
How beautiful you looked
With the moss tangled in your golden hair
With the bees brushing past your cheeks
How soft it was to lay against your chest
With all your ribs shattered
Like laying on pebbles under soft cover of snow
Your skin just so unblemished
With its rubbed rashes the size of Honeycrisp apples
An orchard across your back and legs and arms
And the pool of bile leaking about your waist
Perfection could never be a place
Betrothed to you, its person
Betrothed to you
I could only wish I might rot with you
And our teeth like pebbles
Might scatter near your rusted spear
It could never be
You are with me in every word that dies on my lips
I could never forget
The cold of your kiss
I am your graveyard

