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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