

## The Dead Sea

### A Life Once Lost

And the olive trees, for the locust devoured them as well  
You will not let me die  
Why not  
The trees and fields have been picked dry yet you keep me here  
for what  
To sit at your side. Let me die young and empty of days  
Bury my bones under the bare olive tree  
Let my name rest on the tip of your tongue  
As the night captured our still voices  
The contrast of the sky locks our eyes one last time