

Give Breath To Her Memory

And Hell Followed With

The wane of my crescent fixation,
the moon she doth corrodes.
Thousands of voiceless faces
besmirch the darkened canopy.
This winter's night, needful and torturous,
has unearthed many secrecies
amongst caskets sealed forever (I once believed).

Forgive my pessimism,
but I suffer only regret,
committed to this loneliness no more.

The flames of my disbelief,
a silence among the deceased and foreboding.
This elegance entombed within these grounds
was not of my hands' doing.

The malefic stars weep upon her resting place,
a loss I've mourned for countless seasons.
And it were by the grace of God
that I be spared this ill fate
to be with her once more,
engraved in eternal sleep.
The maelstrom of the night,
her embodiment in the mist.

Death, ye heartless bastard,
thy taunts shall not distress.

My grief begotten heart awakes
in absence of her warmth.
But she will know the night air once more,
as my hand caresses hers.
How long since summers past
have the boundaries of life withheld?
No more, the melancholy night beholds.
A burial gown, our night swept feet
shall tread.

And we shall immolate together,
our ashes forever entwined.

"My heart burns there too.