

## Death

## The Pretty Things

As your loved ones they place  
Heavy stones on your face  
Your sonnets of life  
They are filling the case  
High windows inside me  
Look down on your face.

Changing white fingers  
For men in the sand  
Burning bright spears  
That you hold in your hand

Grey children you've spawned  
They just won't understand

As the slow pulse of sobbing  
Dries-from the sky  
My grief in red circles  
Surrounding an eye  
Grey child stands looking  
And passes on by.