

Where Dead Things Meet

Rotting flowers can still smell sweet,
With wilted grace and curled-up leaves,
They cling like moss on pale-grey tombs,
Perfumed corpses in full bloom.

The garden grins with crooked teeth
A wilted wreath beneath its sheath.
Their petals drip like congealing tears,
Entombed in amber from yesteryears.

No bees will buzz, no birds will sing,
But hush... hear the ghostly butterfly wings.
They glide through shafts of mourning mist,
Their brittle bones by moonlight kissed.

Love bloomed beneath a weeping tree,
Its bark composed of reverie.
Where thorns were teeth and roots were veins,
The silence grew like tangled chains.

So if you walk that cobbled path,
Beware the blossom who dares to laugh.
As shadows dance on nimble feet,
Night and bloom and death all meet.

Now wander in, but tread with grace,
And mind the grins on every face.
For madness blooms where dead things meet
And rotting flowers can still smell sweet.