

GRAVEYARD THOUGHTS

by Holly Rhiannon

This is the place of flies
I remind myself as a vibration breaks the stillness
The calm of the headstones
Carrion eaters know what lives beneath this soft earth
Decay and rot not visible on a freshly polished stone

My life has been a graveyard flower
Tentative bloom reaching for a light it will never touch
Roots coiled around a death
That sits in the pit of me

It's coming
More so with every smile than every tear
Happiness feels stolen these days
Undeserved

Unexpected, it's come
And I wait only for the inevitability of its passing
My hands travel to my pulse and my mind travels to far away countries
Countries where my blood lives still, mixed with bullet casings

Do poets sit in the trench as I do by the graves?
There's something to be said about
The futility of an artist without a war
But ours are incomparable

My flies are drawn to wine in a water bottle
Flowers pressed between paper
Food wrapped in wax
And I wonder if they prefer the intoxicating aroma of decomposition

Carrion eaters will take what they can get
As will I, as I sit among the graves

Knowing that this is not yet my home
While the flies traverse strands of my hair, the root formation of veins on
my hand
With every step they whisper that I'll be theirs soon

But until then I'll fight my war upon the paper