

## Circle Of Grief

### "Interview At The Ruins"

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Hide the petals underneath that bedroom floorboard  
And they will wither without fail or success.  
Put the people in the hollow box they crafted,  
Bolt the doors and watch them perish.  
Its a cautious descent, so polite and pensive at first.  
But the only truth is change, have patience  
(every hundredth year, a single breath and then it's  
over...)  
Even if only for a minute for a minute it's over.  
Even if only for a minute.  
So brave in the face of all those roots that ruin,  
To stand so tall when in fact in ruins.  
To face that corner of the box and dive in,  
Just the sound alone of it's humble breath.  
A murmur from the ruins echoes softly as the roots  
undo, and the branch becomes...

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