

Richard Bryant

"The Backyard Roses"

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Richard Bryant

His heart is junk, heavy and cold like some old radiator

Piled in a heap at her pretty little feet

He sets it out with the trash

He can't recycle the past

There's no return and there's no nickel to get back

They left no stone undisturbed, they rocked the bed of roses

She pulled the weeds, he punched in the seeds

But nothing good came of the work

Just some stains on his shirt

From diggin round in a big old pile of dirt

He hears the sanitation truck grind its gears and hit the curb

He hears the sanitation men calling out to her

But she won't answer right away

Her pretty throat is lined with dirt

She's three feet underneath the backyard roses

Wrapped in his old shirt

His heart is junk, heavy and cold like some old radiator

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