

Michael McGuire "Bed Of Roses"

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BED OF ROSES

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In the falling away of the last sunset, when the
sweetness of nullity calms
all regret, where at last my true lover is finally met.
Iâ€™ve suffered in kindness and grown strength in
scorn, the fate of seeming
not being knows all who are born, and so for life not
death is it I mourn.
And now without pity pull the last tooth from the lionâ€™s
jaw, with careless
ceremony break the last remaining laws, and then
jump from the height
from which a weaker man falls.
So take what the first night denies us and the last
dream shows us, and
when I have ceased the senseless babble and stopped
these pitiful poses,
take my dirt born flesh and bury it in a bed of roses.
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