

## Pray For The Soul of Betty

### "The Closet"

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Grief continuing, clouds decending  
Your will to die, fettered by life.

Veins swell with pious blood, light shines through  
cracks in leaves  
Sylvan branches rustle softly when the nascent night  
breathes.

A tortuous path carved by rows of lilacs, what excites  
their pale dead hue  
The rose hangs her head in rue.

A harrowing night in May, the 23rd day of whispering  
rain  
Cascade ever foreboding thoughts and drown these  
smiles that express disdain.

He trembled as he sighed.  
His memory effaced by frames of dead and lies.  
His life viewed from afar.  
His wrists carried a myriad of fucking scars.

Rosemary evergreen and safe hangs 'round hte  
asylum of my throat.  
In remembrance of his breath filched by a tousled,  
hanging rope.

Four walls beacame your empty coffin  
In a reclusive grave built by the sea.  
Sixteen tears have caressed my cheek.  
A lone anemone, you've abandoned me.

Door creaks open  
Your corpse is found.  
Death beings  
Sorrow abounds.

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