

## Requiem

Burial plots  
Twists and turns  
Stomach in knots  
Committed back to Mother Earth  
Chemicals and boxes  
To maintain the disconnection  
And I'm still not getting it  
Any of this really  
All this time  
Wishing you could hear me  
Wishing I could speak these things  
I can't keep buried  
Beneath flowers born for death  
Symbolism we've lost touch with  
Forget-me-nots planted  
Unexpectedly planned for  
And adjusted  
Single mother, husband and kids  
Which image did you dress it up with?  
Hair and makeup  
Jewelry every time you left the house  
Outfits worked out in advance  
Every blouse with slacks that match  
Sainthood awaited you  
But you lived it  
And that's a dangerous message  
To the walking dead  
Knelt before your altar  
Heads bowing toward your casket  
Never could live up  
To all the expectations  
How much can you take  
Before you finally give in  
Wisdom comes from losing everything  
And beginning each time  
Again and again  
How many times  
Before we say  
This never made any sense  
Even when it did  
Because that's all there was  
Now I've gone and fucked this whole thing up  
Tall with tradition  
And small from all the criticism  
I let permeate my skin  
Throwing knives  
From kin and friend