

Garden of Withered Beauty

Our garden was once a palace of perfectly trimmed hedges
And roses the shade of our love
Filled with glass castles as green houses
Flooded with fireworks of colors in the form of flowers
Blossoms humming in streams of water and sunlight

But overhead clouds drink the sky dry
And the glass castles explode,
Shards of glass forming fireworks with blood
I walk in this garden of withered beauty,
Laying a picnic blanket down over brittle land
And dreaming of the beauty that once was

While vines of decay snake up and drag me by ankles,
Screaming and begging me for water
The blossoms wither and crumple at my feet, mold clogging my senses
I reach for an empty watering can as they holler and cry for their life source
For the water I so openly poured before
The water I poured out in torrents of rushing river
Never thinking to conserve
Never realizing that I, too would thirst

Now I stand over the browned leaves of this garden,
Pouring from an empty watering can
Watching a final drop fall like a fallen angel plunging from the sky
The drop rolls off the leaf, sinking into the rotted dirt
As my throat screams at me to lick the drop from the soil,
Thirst clawing at my throat, leaving bloodied scratch marks

But the plants continue to screech for more water, always more water
So I reach for another watering can,
This one as dry as the last,
As the cycle repeats
And the plants shriek their demands
Unaware that the rivers I once gave have long since dried,
Sucked up by this graveyard of roses

And so I continue to wander this garden of decay,
Watering plants with empty hands,
Praying for dead roots to bloom again
Even when I have nothing left to give