

IN LIEU OF
STEPHEN RUFFUS

It is a flood, dark waters
that cannot drown my sadness.

In lieu of flowers make me the dreamer
who sees him standing at my door.

He will speak to me, say my name
so I may bear this grieving.

Drop the petals, lay out a path for me
toward him deep within the wood.

There, I will feel his breath
in the shaking of the leaves.

The full moon has forgotten to rise.
I hear the earth turning endlessly.

Night is a hollow bone.
Let the pain burrow inside me.

The bouquets appear sullen now
and are returning to seeds.

I still see him as though asleep
as though he had been praying.

Being fated to memory,
in lieu of flowers I choose the fire.

