

Kaylee Stull

## TOMBED MARRIAGE

My tomb was desecrated  
Robbed and destroyed  
By vandals of young  
Passion.

Fingers touching,  
Grazing legs scratch across  
The grass I fertilize,  
Green edges that disintegrate  
And wither as their  
Consummation's climax  
Laughs at my body's  
Attempt at life.

Even in my death,  
I cannot help a bud  
Bloom.

Even in death,  
The grounds turn  
Cross facing down.

The devil knows what  
He's doing. That's why  
He brings him here...  
Every day—

Hips grinding  
On my gravesite  
That denies  
Our sacred vows—proof  
Left only by a nail bed that  
Always grows,  
On a doomed ring finger  
That never moves or twitches

Buried deep down,  
Melded to bone  
The many women  
Cannot see on his  
Bare finger.

—So I can watch  
As he ruins my finest hour,

An hour that sits on a stone  
That's now cut in half,  
Face down

And never to be read again

KILLED BY ASPHYXIATION.