

Passion Flowers

Casey

Sitting at the corner of our bed
Where the roots of our love had dug themselves deeply into the
mattress
But the passion flowers had long since bloomed and died.
I sit and stare blankly at the magnolia walls of your room.

For somebody so vibrant,
You always had such a bland, uninspired eye for decoration
As though the dancing colours in your head
Didn't translate right upon application;
But you did always used to tell me that the neutral space
Would help you unwind once the world had worn you down.

I imagine the lives of the lovers who had laid their bones here
before us;
The flaws of their love now laying dormant,
Like the burn marks of house fires hidden beneath fresh wallpaper.
Now we too were ready to be painted over,
Completely forgotten about save for the scars we carry beneath
our poorly fitted clothes.

White rags tied to old bones that signal surrender without dignity.
A defeat less gracious and more begrudged,
Because even children are capable of love;
But we weren't.