

Tomb Lilies

Cinema Strange

Please stop by,
I'm still alive,
though I'm missing fifty tomb lilies!
(Even my sister has died.)

If you see her,
tell her that I'm missing fifty tomb lilies.
(Several, with her, were espied.)

Pulling my hair in town square,
flowers for the dead scattered everywhere.
(There is a mess on the cobblestones.)

Three girls crawled by last week begging for marigolds.
Now they've gone rotten and have sloppy bones!

Down by the sea there lurks a one-eyed whore
and she pokes at the corpses with sticks.
She trades for delphiniums
and sets them afloat where the maggots and black waters
mix.

My sister had soft,
nervous eyes colored blue and gray.
She flirted and blushed so adorably.

But now if she winks it is merely the subtle movement of
the decomposition of soft bodily tissues
and the expression is done so most horribly!