

When the lilacs of his eyes
turn to chutes of the assassin
and come hurtling down
When the lilies of his youth
turn fading and brown
When the hourglass of his mind
turns bleeding and bound
and the roses of his dreams
lay scattered upon the ground
When the roses of her lover
have turned to
flowers of the grave
When his caressing lips
have turned from red to grey
When flowers burn,
and only a memory remains
Silver medals turn to dust
and an ashen marker is made
When the wind from Hiroshima
blows ashes into the town
When they slowly sift to form
a blanket on the ground
When the earth turns to a tomb
and no flowers can be found
and the silken mantle he wore
has turned into a shroud