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For Paige

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For Paige

LINDSAY C. GRASSMAN

I remember back when you were the sunshine
Your lust an innocent, almost unchained force
Your beauty, a flower in danger of spotting
Your words all folly, but flippant at best
The dead men all like dolls behind a glass,
Their painted faces a distant row of idols,
Their altar untouched by your white sacrifices,
Their nostrils clean of your smoke, because
You weren't on fire yet.

I disappeared for a while and lost sight of you
But when lightning strikes, it can be heard for miles
And I heard the rumble of your tears on the roof
A bullet spill of liquid destruction
Your flower wilted, weathered, worn
Your follies, pockmarks on your skin
Your vibrancy unleashed, your light dimmed
And I could smell the smoke as it drifted through the ethers
Because you had already burnt.

You're quiet now
No more words to speak or describe
No love in your kisses, no light in your smiles
Only a bright veneer, cold and empty
A hollow, painted eggshell with no spirit
No more banter
No more mirth
Only silence
For all that's left are ashes.