Decay

Counterparts

The grave welcomes you with open arms. Last light escapes, last breath remains. Circling the body, brushing passed the skin and bone. It cradles you, your holy manger. Born into ruin, we feel withdrawal. Death is your procreator, your predecessor. From your decay grows a beautiful garden, The stalks caress your failure, and the petals bring you closer to eternity. Pray for your rebirth. Pray for your chance to bloom. The heart starts and stops, the mind disconnects. As flowers, we grace the earth with our presence. The tide rises and turns, and we simply expire. Over-saturated, our lungs fill with the essence of the universe. Until we feel the gentle kiss of dawn draw the water from our lungs, and we can breathe easy. Like night and day, we have never met. Aching for one another, we aim for congregation. You are my prey, you are the martyr. The blight takes it's toll and our bodies grow black. Wilted, we fade away. Rotted from the root, we exchange our stem for legs. We blossom into our bodies, and the process has been reset. Welcome to your new home.

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