

Gifts for the Earth

Deafheaven

I imagine the gracious
Benevolent ritual of Death
Grave and porcelain
With baby blue lips and pale pink eyes
Descending toward me
Her glowing hands cradled at my head
And knees submerging me into waves of icy seas
I imagine the end
Then further downward so that I can rest
Cocooned by the heat of the ocean floor
In the dark, my flesh to disintegrate into consumption for the earth

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