

The Flowers

Theo Martins

The flowers you gave me are rotting
And still I refuse to throw them away
Some of the bulbs never opened quite fully
They might, so I'm waiting and staying awake
Things, I have loved, I'm allowed to keep
I'll never know if I go to sleep
The papers around me are piling and twisting
Regina, the paper back mummy, what then?
I'm taking in a knife to the books that I own
And I'm chopping and chopping
And boiling soup from stone
Things, I have loved, I'm allowed to keep
I'll never know if I go to sleep
Things, I have loved, I'm allowed to keep
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