

Bloom not,  
    my wilted snow-rose corpse  
the root to your bare limbs  
    is frozen under  
arid clouds of limestone  
    whose seed pods are dense  
        with the fragrant chorus  
            of springs pale envy  
        so sickly in their sweetness  
        that I had to distract myself  
and wave this pattern  
    as your train pulled out of the station  
        for the very last time  
so is this joy  
    or is this sorrow  
        plucking beautifully  
        at my tender heartstrings  
        I you know how to be lonely  
        this weak pale flesh  
and bony body  
has let you go  
    until some  
        far tomorrow  
        ready to collapse in a splatter  
of delirious tones  
and embrace the wait  
    their crystalline burden  
        as time melts away