

The Black Lily

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A poem...an odd poem.

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1 - The Black Lily

The Black Lily

Here I wait, this garden of mine,
Waiting, waiting,
The fingers, clumsy and nimble,
Stroking the softness that is me.

Here I wait, this garden of mine,
Waiting, waiting,
The nose, sensitive and dull,
Smelling the perfume that is me.

Here I wait, this garden of mine,
Waiting, waiting,
The eyes, sharp and blind,
Watching the beauty that is me.

Here I wait, this garden of mine,
Waiting, waiting,
The mind, lightening and slow,
Thinking the oddity that is me.

The fingers shake,
The nose pauses,
The eyes look away,
The mind falters.

Have they stroked?
Have they smelled?
Have they watched?
Have they thought?

Yes, they have,
And now they realize,

That I am no softness,
That I am no perfume,
That I am no beauty,
That I am no oddity,

For now they realize,
As their heart stops loving,

As their mind stops wondering,
As they fall, slowly,
Ever so slowly they fall,
And I am falling, too,
Floating gently,
Unlike the now lifeless thing that held me.

Here I wait, this garden of mine,
Waiting....
Waiting....