

Salt lips touching  
In submarine gardens  
Cool marble fingers  
Touch an antique smile  
Shell sounds  
Whisper  
Deep love drifting on the tide forever  
The smell of him  
Dead good looking  
In beauty's summer  
His blue jeans  
Around his ankles  
Bliss in my ghostly eye  
Kiss me  
On the lips  
On the eyes  
Our name will be forgotten  
In time  
No one will remember our work  
Our life will pass like the traces of a cloud  
And be scattered like  
Mist that is chased by the  
Rays of the sun  
For our time is the passing of a shadow  
And our lives will run like  
Sparks through the stubble

I place a delphinium, Blue, upon your grave.