I am so used to standing over unfilled graves,
the smell of fresh-packed dirt and earth,
the open holes that mirror and mock my loss.
They are a gaping reminder that we are no more than man,
filling me with such thoughts that course through me like a poison
that the limp and lifeless thing they place within was once my bride.

For now they will ask me how she came to be there, my bride,
The strangers they will ruminate on the meaning of her early grave.
Those who know will whisper of the poison,
in her veins, that took overtook her body like a plague upon the earth.
They'll whisper “That’s the one, who lost his wife, that man,”
and friends will place their heavy hands and say, “We are so sorry for your loss.”

But time will pass and people will forget the meaning of my loss,
No historians would ever connect our names, me and my hopeless bride.
We will join the ranks of many, the inevitable end of man,
and my secret kept so close will go with me to the grave
buried under layers of silt, an and into the earth,
from me will seep the poison

From my veins. The coursing, rushing poison
ripping through my veins, with every caress is lost
like water sopped from the greedy earth
and come to rest inside the fundamental care of my woeful bride,
pulling her closer unto her youthful grave.
And leaving me still toxic, a hollow shell of a man.