

The Death of Mary Jane Watson

Mary Olivia Harris | Poetry

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.

But what worth is such a man?

Whose body and mind are so tainted by poisons?

Real and unknown whose power is so grave.

For I am at a loss.

What is this life without my bride?

What purpose could I serve upon this earth?

I contemplate to follow her, from this mournful earth,

leaving behind this shell of an empty man

and then once again we could become a husband and his bride.

I ponder opening her coffin wide and kissing poison

from her lips. Perhaps then the world would understand the meaning of my loss

and stand above our open graves

and weep so heavily unto those graves, they too will poison the earth

with tears, with mouths agape with loss,

or words such as I. How could we lose a man so young? And what of his vernal bride?