without

to write a poem without flowers

is simply to acknowledge this truth:

there are no right ornaments for death.

all the tricks of stanza and meter

mean less than the sum of their letters

when faced with utter finality

my death is the middle way, and yours

and needs no addition of tinsel

there is no way to disguise such loss

no glowing words or heartfelt paeans

will change what i do not, cannot, feel:

the ending of our bright perfection

to write a poem without flowers

is simply to acknowledge this lie:

i will die, you will die, we all die.

the lie being that we ever lived,

as if we were not merely limpets

on the body of a sacred earth.