

Staring at a casket, past it.
Lasting moments flashing past it.
Staring at the past, it's static,
Still, sweet, and gently aromatic.

The death has yet to settle in
The gaping hole you can't fill in
That in due time you will fall in.

You've dug the earth a little hole.
A scar to mark his memory.

Fill empty grave with empty soul.