

The Romance Decrescendo

Music dancing in the theater seats,
Ghosts of themselves, embracing silently.

Let the Sonata play, without any sheets
As the two lovers embrace closely, but not violently.

A tragedy of woe and sorrow
Left in the past. Now there is just two ghosts

In their new home, no worries for tomorrow.
Their lives a past home, no holds or oaths.

One was a performer, lost amongst the sounds,
Up on the stage, letting the music play.

With the melody and audience that surrounds,
His fear of being alone had no place to stay.

The other was alone, of all but one,
That would laugh at the dog in his cage.

No matter the crimes, no matter the wrong, he could never outrun,
The one that kept the key to the locked stage.

An accomplice and a victim
Both dead, but not gone.

The music not being able to depict them...
Only the tale of their now love that lasts beyond dawn.

A poisonous pen wrote their past,
But now, they are free at last.

— *Zachary Winniestaffer*