

Echoes of Water

Your voice calls me in.
Come visit for awhile I've
been so lonely.
You cover me in a
warm moss blanket.
Life giving birth all
around the ugly and beautiful

Calling me in down deeper.

Muffled, aqualiscious, reverberation
of my conscience telling not
to go any further into your beauty.
Put a hex on me making me
want to die here. Never leave.
I am the old woman put in
The nursing home, nobody
comes to visit.
The last time I had a visitor
was twenty years ago.
Can I offer you something to drink?
I'm so unappreciated.
When there is too little of me
you pray and wish for it.
When I swell up and my
arms surround your house,
I am damned.
Trap me in your caverns,
not showing the way back.
Captivating me with your beauty
s l o w l y killing me.
Are you sure you don't
want something to drink?
Drowning my worst fear.
Your most prized possession.