

Memorial | Catherine Heath Studios

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Memorial

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Cup of chaos

We will rise

The phoenix from ashes

A startup

An office being born

To sad to say

We want to die

Unicorns blast off

At the speed of light

Cantering

GALLOPPING

TECH MAGIC.

Even smoking loses its lustre

When the army is your enemy

Puffing furiously

In no-man's land.

A prison is a wonderland

For freaks

And psychopaths

Afraid of the world

Living in dreams.

Lock her in the asylum!

They cry.

But she escapes.

What does blossom mean

When we collect petals

And turn them into

Mulled wine?

Alcoholic addicts of the british army

Rationing tea

And cigarettes.

As the guns fire,

We smoke and drink

Hunkering down in the trenches

(Or a mansion in Westwood)

Just follow directions to the cemetery.

We are the Artists

The Southern Belles

Hitching our skirts

As we hike through the mud

Nettles sting through nylon,

You know.

You need experience,

“They say”

I’ll give you experience.

Things just wither and die,

That's the way it is,

Up close and personal,

Breath in my face,

Spit on my lips.

We scatter ashes

Because he never truly dies,

Spirit spiralling

To the sky,

And finally,

We say,

Goodbye.

Image: Unsplash via Caroline Attwood

This poem was made with love in Partnership with **KnowledgeOwl**

