

Ophelia

Second place winner - Musings 2015 Poetry Contest

By Samantha Wood

Still water
rising up above my shoulders
I wish I could know breathing
like I know flowers.
Rosemary to remember
that you were almost mine
in a world where love meant nothing
but sex as forcefully driven as your suspicious ways.
Sweat dripping down our sides
to pool and drench the sheets below
my quivering adolescent body;
your overly ambitious thrusts
causing a fit of lust hidden laughter from my hateful lips
before you collapse upon me
like a worn down mule.
And that is all I remember.
Here are Pansies for thought
for a man who lost everything to
madness and fear.
Like a disease that slowly eats away
at your sanity,
picking at old wounds on young flesh,
stealing away the only thing you could ever hide.
And yet I lie with my sin soaked hands raised
up to a heaven that will never welcome me.
My body will float once it is too late,
as if teasing the very existence I thought worth living.
And yet I will just lie with
Rosemary for Remembrance
And Pansies for Thought
In still water.