

you through me in a well dug hole
grabbed your shovel
poured dirt into my open screaming mouth
watched my fingers claw the mud walls
watched my clothes stain
watched me suffocate on your suffering
patted the dirt down nice and firm
and put your bouquet of colors on top
but when you came back to water those flowers
you found a gaping hole
you found a dead growth
and an empty grave

- the poets phantom