

*Damnation*

Are you sleeping, Love?  
Or have you gone down  
    into the hard Texas  
        rock?

Buried beneath  
The arid soil to rest  
    With unattended  
        leaves?

These once-golden boughs  
    that crowned your  
        brow now adorn  
                a tomb.

The summer wind blows  
    hot, and echoes  
        of your bursting  
            voice reach long.

Unmarked, for now,  
    this burial plot,  
This city loud and bright.  
Yet dead roses

    I will delicately  
        place wherever  
            You might wait.

Are you sleeping, Love?  
Or have you ascended  
    into heaven?

Descended into hell?  
Perhaps upon stumbling  
into this Styxian well,  
I might fall down  
as Virgil,

    to join you in  
        the underworld.

All around  
are memories,  
    the quintessence  
        of damnation,  
the trauma of

ceaseless inescapable  
repetition.

Eternal return  
of the same, from the  
dwarf's perspective.

Can I drag  
you out  
From Medusa's lair,  
her jagged fingers  
grasping  
at our backs?

Or are you  
doomed like Sisyphus,  
to keep on  
cutting tracks?