

LILY

Olivia Knudson

I'm walking through the garden,
where she told me, she loved me.
We followed the hedge maze
turning deep rights into songs
that she whispered to me in bed
with my head on her chest,
as she traced my chin
with the softness of a finger
pointing which direction to head.
As we drift throughout the green
she sings
a hymn that was her child
brought forth in water
screaming glory
that kisses the maze
of beloveds lost.
I chase after her,
catching hems and tails
to find her at the pond,
removing her dress,
sun catching her curves.
She steps into,
slipping in algae.
Lily pads that she sketches
four times over,
remembering her Lily,
her Hymn
her Song.
Now amongst nature,
in the breeze,
in the sun.
She mourns.