

Sloppy Seconds

by WinterTwilight

A blessing to a past lover's new paramour.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I give to you, a wraith,
may your hours be coloured, rust.
The crack of a boyhood bat,
snapped in half and burnt to dust.
I bequeath to you, the corpse,
so that my subtle heart stays firm.
A brilliant summer fruit,
dropped to the ground to rot with worms.
I leave you, my death,
I hope you'll prosper with the husk.
We lived in precious sunshine,
while your remains are only dusk.