

when the sand and wind
battered my face
choked my garden

i buried
such precious things

i did it to survive

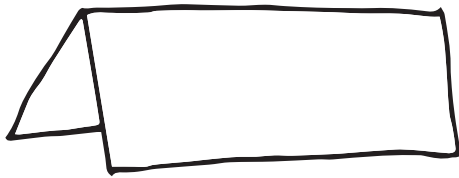
my soul swept away
my bones weathered
ground into the very dust
which destroyed them

inter me just
as you did with my
precious things
only then
will they find their way
back to me

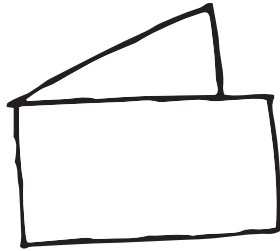
one day i will lay
myself bare
to this place
my nakedness
like the casket
carried between the pews

i never knew where
my precious things
were buried
so soon
snatched from my hands
perhaps only fragments
of others dreams

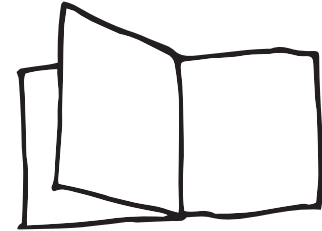
i left that place
a windswept graveyard
spilling tears for
all that's buried there
no headstones
to hold recompense



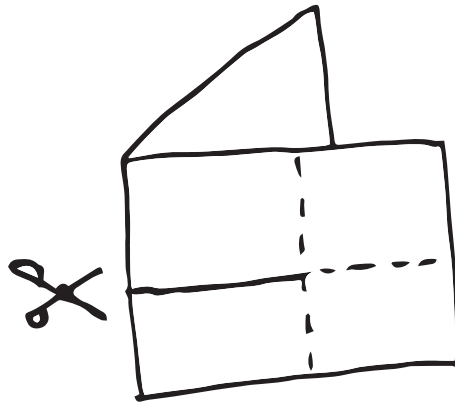
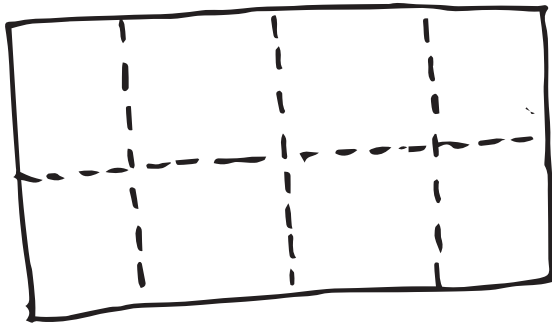
fold



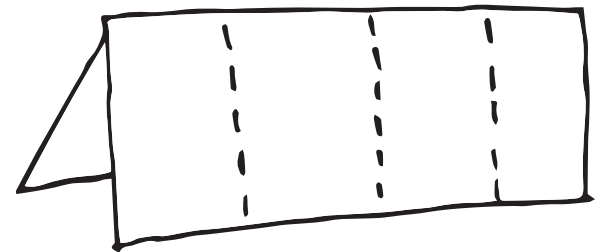
fold



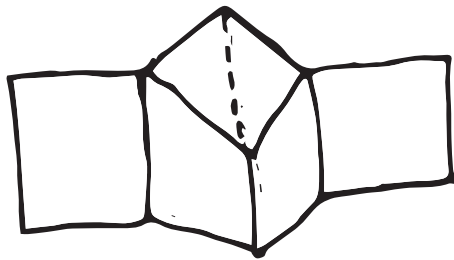
fold flip and repeat



cut solid line



fold



pop out



fold