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Obituary

Cayla Buttram

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Obituary

Cayla Buttram

Keep dancing on her grave
as you pen your words.
Not how she wanted to be remembered, exactly,
but you are, after all, the journalist
Writing the obituary.
She has no say—her words have been silenced.
Your words tell the world,
in plain black-and-white,
of your remembrances:
The lack of a loss at all for you.
The impartial newsprint is your ally;
The world cannot see or feel from your words
Her bright smile or the warmth of her affection.
So, painting the picture of her shortcomings—
Her faults and hidden crevices,
Her broken heart, and
Her emerald eyes now darkened with shadows—
is okay. She's dead.
And you foolishly don't consider the man she loves,
Watering her cracked tombstone with his tears,
Sitting on the barren grass,
Head in hands,
Blaming you
For killing all that was left of her...
With your words.

2.26.09