

Meaningless (Im)mortal: The Third Death

Rounded stone, edges smooth with weather, carved letters, of who you once were.
Bases overgrown, soft with weeds, coloured with moss since 1803.

Buried deep in the back of the 'yard, death creeps forward, claiming more silted
bodies and undertones.

And there you are.

A body surrounded, planted like a tree two thousand years before,
growing absent of love until nobody remembered you anymore.

It wasn't until then, you were truly gone. No more strings. No longer a puppet of guilt
and longing, just a body, battered and decayed in the ground.

Your friends are laid to rest all around.

Your story ends-

Here.