

## Graveyard Of Inconsequential Lovers

Several years its been going on.  
The graveyard now in cramped quarters  
Flimsy wood crosses  
Haphazardly staked in ground  
Accelerated decomposition makes of this an ancient ruin.  
Rocks, weeds and briars hold the corpses -  
Shallowly interred limbs and bodies merge together  
Like a mass grave of forgotten lives.

Scrap wood crosses at odd angles  
Names shakily etched:  
Greg, Domingo, Sunny, Robert, Chad, Michael, Mike, Chet, Ja...  
Until disintegration is half complete and names blur so that individuality is lost  
In the greater field of lovers gone past.

Contrary to each individual moment  
None of them were, actually, of any consequence.  
In six months, twelve maybe, their markers will have rotted at the root and  
they will be nothing more than flake and muck  
In the graveyard of inconsequential lovers.

A new section has been cordoned off for the soon to be past lovers  
Hacking boards from disenfranchised fences  
Splintered and tattered  
Shabbily stacked raggedy markers ready for the next round of  
Little deaths convinced they are important  
Until time, and wind and rain  
and snow and heat  
softens convictions and beliefs,  
and stories of histories and graveyards  
become nothing more than the fecund decomposition  
that feeds new life.