Graveyard Of Inconsequential Lovers

Several years it's 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 in 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.

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