

The lipstick of her favorite color, red
lay there on the nightstand.
I'd paint her lips again
but red was never suited to cold blue veins.
They now brush her long black hair
and shed the distant daydreams
that once have swung behind her empty stare
and swallowed the silent screams.
The key is lost to her inner courtyard
where she used to ride a merry-go-round.
But now it rusts in the rain
and sinks into the muds to never swirl again.
The village lanterns are dimmed tonight
And children sleep before their bedtime.
The skies are grey and cold as the stones
where the incense burns and her loved ones mourn.
What's to become of the photographs
in which she froze her nephews' laughs?
And where do the whispers go
as they weigh of guilt and sorrow?
Her distorted thoughts, surreal and pure
they had ignored while she endured.
They had learnt to dismiss each day and say "maybe tomorrow"
but tomorrow has vanished several meters below.

A green-eyed beauty, asleep and serene,
in a place where no words can daunt.

There she lay, devoid of dreams
and our dreams she now haunts.