

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

POETRY

Sarayah Villasenor

leave me to rot in the violet field
by the lake where the sea nymphs braided my hair
so the flowers can make a meal
out of my shadows.

In that sleep of death what dreams may come

let the pansies and the daisies
feast off of my wasted potential
so that i can finally make something lovely
from this tired body.

To die, to sleep—perchance to dream

lay me to rest in the dirt
like a princess in her glass coffin
so that every creature can admire my hurt
while i sleep amongst the rue.

The rest is silence.

Let the fennel and columbines
Decorate my corpse—share their beauty with me
So the fairies have something to mourn
After I am gone.

Pray you, love, remember