

MURMURINGS

J.B. Drori

I was awakened at first light
By the murmurings of the roses
In her garden.

I lifted my head from the mound
Of a freshly dug grave
Under the flowering blossoms.

Tears of dew dropped
From the petals on my face.
“Let her spirit rise,” they whispered.

I poked my fingers into the earth
And looked up at an orange glow
In the eastern sky.

“Oh, Heavenly Father,” I cried out,
“How had my child, a mere maid,
Offended You?”

“Had a nebula stopped rotating?
Or perhaps she was a counter-weight
On the eternal scales of cosmic justice?”

“Why had you excised the soul of my soul,
The seed and fruit of my being,
And I ever ready for the taking?”

I folded onto the earth.
The roses bent further and grazed my face.
“Get up and let her spirit rise,” they murmured.