

# Deadly Beauty

Poem by Elisha Adeniran

Dead strings,  
The violin sits quietly  
Until it snaps, rips, and breaks  
It's sound shatters glass panes  
Violent, painfully screaming in  
Agony  
Once, it's legato graceful  
Now each staccato like a dagger, wretched in your chest  
Till the blood trickles down and you fall  
Dead

Rose petals, sing  
They fly through shattered winds  
Thick, cold, the air whistling the song of the dead  
Hollow eyed, they stare at rose petals  
Fallen from grace, withered, a black like the  
Abyss  
Once a beauty, a sight for all  
The thorns kill, as the night falls upon  
this  
Deadly beauty

Within the silent gardens

A marvel now only marveled by the ones that lay waste

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