

The Smiling Skeleton

by Mary Sauve

Every day the smiling skeleton wept.
The art of being alone is bittersweet,
For shame is a dark cave where secrets are kept.

Dripstone sentries wait like darts in the crypt
Blaming and guiltting him, so indiscreet
Every day the smiling skeleton wept

Forgiveness for others, not for himself kept
Let the flesh from his bones slowly retreat
For shame is a dark cave where secrets are kept

Yet still he smiled, stony, sculpted, except
When no-one was looking, in heartened deceit
Every day the smiling skeleton wept

His bones decayed, brittle, eterne they slept
Buried in the dirt of a false conceit
For shame is a dark cave where secrets are kept.

Putting on his happy face, his jaw inept,
Inured to the gentle numbing defeat
Every day the smiling skeleton wept,
For shame is a dark cave where secrets are kept.