Green Asphodels
Apollonia Roman

We are afraid
Because to awake
in a field of
green asphodels
is an end of sorts.

To you we’re sure they looked fresh
and pure
white from a distance
with
a silvery sheen mirroring

but you know not
what it is to lie
beneath them

they are rot
and squelching decay
cloying and terrible

they do not draw down
but rather
their job
to accept us and our fault
to not let go

Because we are stuck
we are fermented
into
the earth
Rotten flowers rise around us
The undersides of petals
dripping
Where they may

To us
at the bottom
of a chasm
a whirlpool
imminence all around
jailing

but never releasing
in one way
or the next

But to you
we are in a
field of flowers
Never guessing
for the world
what’s beneath