

Graveyard

By luotakulu

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After playing an hour+ of Plants vs. Zombies, I took a break and began 'attempting' to write out a decent poem, knowing that one way or the other, it'll spoil and turn out to be really 'ugly'. The title, as you can read, was inspired by the graves that popped up in several levels of PvZ.

Note that this poem wasn't intentionally written due to the horror holiday comin' up around the corner.

Please do not misuse my poem for any other outside purpose. I do not tolerate plagiarism.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/luotakulu/60230/Graveyard>

0 - Graveyard

A place that held some seldom visitors,
And yet had many more to come.
A place of tears and grief and mourning,
Which ends when there is left none other way.
When the reminisce of that dreadful day
Comes knocking over that bed that seems so old and yet so new.
"What is it I'm missing?"
"A day so raw and full of hope?"
"The birds chirping in the air,
With such, no love and care?"
"Oh, it is the man, the man so cruel and unmoving,
He'd leave me with a second glance!"
Tiring, untwining, you fall to grief and mourning,
Until it all but consumes you and leaves you to nothing,
As the worms crawl over your body,
Yet again leaving you with nothing more to say.

A place that once was happy,
For there was none who was there to stay.
A place that, one by one, held beckoning arms for all to come,
Which seems to continue on as the day grows old and dies,
For it has taken all it could and yet not one.
Who was it who stood there over the fray
And said not a word to preserve the day?
Whom was it? Who is it?
Why, it was Death who stood over the fray,
And said not a word,
And ushered
And paid.
Due to the fact that it was his punishment,
His state of mind, this law so rueful hard.
It was his doing, that sent them all to the graveyard.