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Tori's Garden

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Tori's Garden

By Nick Borbe

There, in that bright, bright, poisonous place,
Tori broke down and let him inside.
Now, there's only stillness in his face.

She had deep curves and a slender waist.
His drive was both desire and pride.
There, in that bright, bright, poisonous place,

they made a home in a bedroom's space.
The Garden was just a place to hide.
Now, there's only stillness in his face.

Inside at last, tired from the chase,
Henry ate from the hand of his bride.
There, in that bright, bright, poisonous place,

the apples smelled too sweetly to taste.
At that time, he smiled with his eyes.
Now, there's only stillness in his face.

No longer his is Tori's embrace.
To this day, Henry's smile still resides
there, in that bright, bright, poisonous place.
Now, there's only stillness in his face.