***The Dead Girl’s Asylum***

***Jayden Kumar***

**Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May**

**The walls inside the asylum were grey**

**She wept throughout the house**

**“Although thy breath rude” she hollered**

**She brought flowers in last month’s newspaper**

**She wanted blood on the grime of the wallpaper**

**“You are sweet, O Love, dear love,” I screamed**

**She walked in the beauty, like the night**

**But nobody heard her,**

**On the Crete seeing the white light**

**The dead girl,**

**But still she layed there moaning**

**I spurted away, groaning**