

The Poison Moon

Assemblage 23

The flashbulb blind
The siren blare
a palpable tension
Like a vulture circling in air

The shivering hours
Unanswered fate
Inquiring the liar
The body lay just out of reach

I still recall the poison moon
That burned up in the sky that night
Peering down as if to say
"This all means nothing"
As obvious as midday sun
Regret hung heavy in the air
Reaching out as if to say
"This must mean something"

Uneasy words
Weighed down by fear
Met with emotional riot
And motives unclear

The trusting heart
No longer beats
Arrested by anger
Drowned out by the hum of the street

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Daylight revealed
The frosted dawn
The city awakened
Its dim eyes and grimly went on

And all around
Nobody knew
A story with no one to hear it
Has little value