

Liquid Under Film Noir

Autumn

So short of hope, hard not to choke on smoking paint
A soul survived an indoor fire
There's soot on everything
alien, adhesive skin
The embers glow in the remains

Can you see that far
when the lens is stained with blackened grease?
Can you swim in tar
and still retrieve the heart?
The liquid under film noir?

Back to the scene before the blaze
Behind the scenes, someone misplaced
Pitch in the rain machine,
spray painting the white screen
sparked my imagination

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Poor, poor blackbirds, wrapped in shadow
strewn like pebbles on dead meadows
Help me please, I've lost my brother
Summer's song so cruelly smothered

Now I live in my camera obscura
A pinhole eye
admitting some light
Replacing mine
I am guilty as sin
And so I ran back to the end,
where it began
with arson and a dream
An image feared
reversed in here,
becoming so clear
and it simply spelled 'The End'

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