

# The Wake

## Cemetery

tragedy has spoken  
the wolves all gather around  
with sharpen teeth and a guilty yellow stare  
they wish me on my way

so cold inside this shell  
give me to the earth

the dreams that i deserted  
the passion i would not release  
the path i left untreaded  
the mask that i refused to wear  
existence left unnoticed  
desire in my bones so dry  
and silence in the virtue  
all so quiet - all so still

i can feel them watching  
feel the seconds die  
can hear them laughing from above  
they wish me on my way