

A Voice in the Louvre

Get Well Soon

Are we orphans?
A forgotten kind?
Learn to see now
Take it all inside

There's the smell now
Others will become
fear and misery
indoform and fries

deep in the swarm
Hold on mother
to these shaky hands
in open waters
save me, father
from the rising flood

then one morning
we are stil... still what?
ancient torso
urging us to change

deep in the swarm
Hold on mother
to these shaky hands
in open waters
save me, father
from the rising flood

well
if only I wasn't so afraid