

Into the Dim

Parks, Squares and Alleys

The raven's croak
Acclaims the spoil
The current junk
The future soil

The distant ring
Of sullen bell
Impales through
Your pallid shell

It's yelling now
But quiet then

The push, the twitch
Your rattle's brief
The only cure
To heal your grief

A little gasp
A silent scream
The solid rope
A perfect beam

The endless road
Into the dim

It's quiet now
And quiet then
It's quiet now
And quiet then