(Remember looking at the haunted grace bow down to the storm? remember searching for a familiar face with no one there to mourn?) Staring at silent screens plastic tubes to carry fading dreams preacher, servant in their hall warm blood on the palace wall those who dine alone in hell wearing grief in their lapel drop small change in wishing wells the haunted tear that never fell someone's dragging a ball and chain looking for you in the pouring rain while those who care give silent prayer for lovers going home If there was a brickwall surrounding the New York scene if there were secrets locked in steel if there was a button you could press on the luck machine if there was a place for wounds to heal if you were borne in the barbwire of your mother's womb if you were hungry before you died if you say you left your bath all clean and white you know, I know you lied remember the poet who said it first he was speaking of you and your difficult birth how you can say a prayer for lovers going home Drinking from an empty cup waiting for the rot to grow distant sounds that can't be heard and no one knows children who don't mind the rain yet have no wish to die whatever your own world could've been you'd feel better if you could cry Dawn is breaking in the graveyard People massing in the street trampled heards beneath their feet children playing with the dead silver spoon stained with red watching through a widow's veil as Caesar desecrates the Holy Grail you sit all alone in your front row seat you look so small and frail you're mud on the feet of the men you've damned you're darkness come too soon you should be selling two-bit watches and girly photographs masterpiece in ruin you're pantomime of old world courtesy you should have a degree for how-o-lotry you should be a hazard agent in an apartment tower with no technology did you ever listen to the poles opposed to you did you ever stop to ask? did you ever smile and hide your wasted lips did you ever lift your mask? did you ever walk with your feet on by till they take your place in line? did you know that you belong where wrong is right and right is wrong?

did you really think that you'd be left where power is life and life is death?