

## 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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