

10:45 Amsterdam Conversations

Funeral for a Friend

Water broken voice, saturates a microphone
into a reciever with no tongue
offering, little to what it knows

Then a silence so heavy, broken hearts fall from throats
when heaven is remembered but never seen
through hearts shaped like kaleidoscopes

Eternaly, the sun has set to mourning
when contoured with the backgrounds
on the canvas to which our lives are painted