

From The Orchestral Grave

Funeral

I stand an actor
Staged amidst graves and memories,
Playing the part of failure.
A flawless performance.
Beyond reproach and without blemish.
A role so second skin tailored
It tickled my palette
When still the honey womb
Coursed through me.

Aimlessly directed
By feverish, desperate gods.
Insane like rabid hounds.

... And the play
Through which i stagger
Has a Greek tragedy's bitter end
Bond side to every act.
A death in every scene.

Heart of Kin bleeds hard,
Showering red disapproval
Across my lifeless stage.

Audience of such ill manner
Easily tint my grand finale
With bold disgrace
And blunt remarks.

But i play my heart unhindered..
Spite all earths' scorn
An icon of stoicism
And confidence.

Wallowing blind, mute
And ever so spellbound
In the riddling pulses
Spewing forth
From the orchestral grave.

So then..
Here we dance.
A miserable ensemble
Pretending to matter
In our respective worlds.

My sweet beloved...
Reality is sadly So very relative
Much like truth,
A matter of perception
And quite subjective.

Do not for the world
Let go now.

Oh heart kissed one.
Childlike preserver

I'll wither
And be no more
If your hand doubts
The warmth it protects.

I hat which reignites
All my acres
Of yesterdays dead flowers.

No play nor act
Would then besiege me,
Never could i fail
In your burning light.