

Heartache

Funeral

The winter eats into me
It snows in my heart
I always bear my heart
Naked outside of me

Like a tingling bell
But my heart is not
Of iron and steel
Thus I easily break it

Thorns, nails, and pales
Sticks in the blood (covering my heart)

Will I be taken from
The shadow of far night?
I'm hearing the sound of
Death breathing in my ears

A silence like
Under the wings
Of a dead bird

A silence like
The quietude
Of open graves

I'm hearing the songs of
The birds no more
Nor the wind, nor the whistling of
My own blood, in my ears.