

Hunger

Funeral

Bitter-sweet nostalgia...
Desire pulls hard,
But it's too late.
Dead are all my virtues
And gifts.

It dulls not any pains,
And hard covet
Reaps a poor harvest
In these latter days.

Starve me in
Boneman torture.
Skin-tight lover.
Pound upon pound
Of flesh paid well
With gnawing ache,
And hunger.

But your want lies asleep,
Under frozen layers of ignorance.
Or even fear.

Dressed in sacrilege,
I sprawl in hurt
... And wear thorns
Just for you.

Read my scars,
Count my sorrows,
But see me !
'Lest the cruel beauty
In my song face the trial
Of deaf ears.
And that is truly worse than death.

I dance in your spirit
And sleep so well in your arms.
Awake unattainable one...
Awake...