

Within the Presence of Absence

My Dying Bride

Your eyes speak more than
More than your lips
More than your mouth
Bare were your summer
Shoulders and arms
And slender neck

She rose up beautiful before me
And bare she walks the morning anew
It is the wound she gave me
Through my heart, drives her rain

Her face under the sky is full of golden sun
I drew her through the midnight sky on iron leaves

There is no name for you
You fed me wine on a tender voyage

Within your silk, I love to forget
I step around you softly
Drown away your little hatreds
Your pain is just a memory
As your summer fruit decays
My fire for you stays
Your body is a legend

I launched into her as the earth began to die
It is within her, my name is now known
The hand draws slowly back to the poor art of my eye
These are not fingers I have
Put off your air of tragedy
The art of light on your body
Falls apart in the moonlight

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