

## Track Five

Scott Walker

It's a starving reflection  
if he dies in the night  
listening to the increase.

It cuts out your likeness  
in blood circulations  
suspended beneath a release.

A low volume force feed  
lower than pity  
slips across under the heart  
and your hostage rewinding  
from every eclipse  
rolls in the voltage  
run-off rain on his lips.

We chew up the blackness  
to some high sleep  
travel a faster silence.

One to go long again  
in the going -  
- gone again.

Full stare passages  
striking less face;  
outside on the move  
a shattered heart pace  
greases the fade;  
sinking the blood back  
breaking to where loaded icons wade.

Eyesides catch far awake  
in a cols sanctuary.

Pain sonics eternities  
all through themoves.

A first communication  
tears loose undelivered  
and swims unassigned  
in your dimmed latitudes.

And the heat from the shore  
melts down to recieve us;  
floodlit foreheads  
howled open and so nearly blessed  
as they soften round dog-joys  
of unfinished strangers  
rubbed out on a point  
afterburning