

Beyond the Visible Spectrum

Thursday

When I first saw you
there were guns in the river
Black birds of warning
Circling high above the marquee where
The blue notes of lovers
Mixed with the loneliness of others
Turned our breath into snowflakes
As we whispered in the gutters
We try to find the life at rainbow's end
It finds the end of us instead and everyone we love
When I come back now,
There are ads in the shadows
Diamonds in the skyline
You can't afford to look up at them
Or catch your reflection in someone else's mirror
Your voice is a music and I'm drowning in a silent land.
So if I dive over the railing, will I float up on all the shining waves of glass?