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 somone 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 shini ng waves of glass?