The Seance

Matt Elliott

Under gas light the joining of hands
Chanting a name over and overA table tilts the circle is broken
Doubting no more
They pay what they owe herDisembodied a luminous hand
Holding the air, passing the current
A voice is channeled, a rope is uncoiled
Flicker the light
And someone is hereWe go following sorrow to feel your
Blood spilling out of the reeds there
Give me a sign I can breathe air
Blood flowing out of the stream there(give me something new please, something I can love)

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