Voices

Dead Congregation

The dry heads of the young ones
Staring at me await the hour,
Mouths halted mid-scream
Eyes black with deathA golden lament 'neath each tongue
Adorned by sings obscure
A body of weeds 'neath each wreck
Ritually prepared and boundIn the lamp's flickering light
I stare them in the eye
Shadows dance their faces
Their gaze returns mineDemons howling backwards
Trees move in the breeze
My mind starving for reason
When with one voice they speak

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