

I Wear Your Ring

The New York Room

in the empire of the one-eyed King
behind the iron gates of sleep
beyond the reach
of all loss and longing
of all my suffering in the kingdom of the melancholy
I keen for thee this melody
waiting for your
bell to call me
for you to summon me keeper of dreams
I wear your ring
with quiet tears I employ thee
it is with you I long to be in the empire of the one-eyed King
behind the veils of tears I weep
beneath the swell
of voices singing
of voices yearning in the sorrow of his majesty
I pray upon my rosary
wishing for your
arms around me
for you to comfort me keeper of dreams
I wear your ring
with quiet tears I employ thee
it is with you I long to be

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