

The Wake

I.Q.

Singing praises was never a feature
Encouraged in me or my kind.
Every time they remain with my hand to my mouth,
The crowded borders leave me colour-blind;
Pushing me for the death warmed up
And the flowers and fur to parade,
In the time that it takes for the ritual wake
They've broken all the promises they made.
I was driven away to distraction and
Couldn't see we were all laid to waste,
Never sleeping, I saw my abduction from
Solid areas fallen with grace.
I come drifting through the draughting
Dropping out of sight,
I'm not begging for love, I'm empty as I am.
I'm beginning to wonder is the ability too weak?
If this stark interior surrounds me, am I so unique?
Little blue souvenir to remind me of
Restless days when I should have said No,
And you know that I've nothing to share with you
For the chance of the love that we save:
I wanted to be magnificent
For the less-than-a-lifetime of mine,
I forget where I came in,
All I know there's no discipline now.

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