

karlsruhe

Jordan Reyne

There were months with engines
In case the silence came.
They took the quiet hand
 That waited
 at my throat away.
 The cold percussion
Of all these man-made things
The rhythmic scream of trains
 that automate
the life in thingsBut I never wanted
 To see the timely rain
 To know precisely how
 the chemistry
 in feeling drains
 I ask no sinewave cycles
 And no repeats
 from time
 I cant see answers in
the accidents that chaos findsI should have seen it amidst the broken things
 That lost their meaning when analysis was everything
 There is no voice of Venus amidst the steel and grey
And Im impatient for the things that make me move againI should have seen it but it s a different sky
 all the stars are in the wrong place at the wrong time
 There is no voice of Venus amidst the steel and grey
 And Im impatient for the things that make me move again

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