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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