

I Still Hear Your Name

The New York Room

in the thaw of coldest winter
rage the storms of my black spring
grows the thorns in my black garden
haunts me with your suffering in the cold of deepest water
I will place the candles on your alter
I will drown my body beneath the waves
and swim to you into this grave in the chains of cruelest silence
screams the pain of oldest violence
silencing the broken dream
muffling the dying scream in the smoke of burning embers
rise the days that I remember
float the ways that came before
and brings me back to you once more

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