

Consonants

Hot Cross

Dancing crazed and forgotten; six halls one heart.

One million ways to hold onto silhouettes. Ignored by tattered lips, broken calls.

It's like you've run out on yourself.

Split between death, good fortune and a staggering breath.

A broken key for a faulty lock.

A fevered pray for a dying flock. Like consonants without vowels.

Jagged tongue wag, incessant stones passed- other hours merely forgotten.

It is with a dream and a heart that we proceed.

Not a thought to leave not another lifetime we need.

And though we may look behind; this visions seductive glance, we will pick up our pride and loosen our impenetrable stance.

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