

Naked Flame

Roy Harper

The naked flames of cracking dawn come searing through with cruel scorn
To furrow wounds across each frown inside the breast of love's sad clown
Who chases fleeting silhouettes with swollen dreams and rising sweats
Who taunts and bluffs the savage god with a broken heart and a hanging head.

I would we were but I wish in vain to have you here to hold again
My blood boils ice in deep despair but worse of all you couldn't care
Remember when the world was ours and at our feet ten thousand stars
Who saw us then could now relate who would have guessed, this was our fate.

I'm sorry that you thought of us as painful and superfluous
But please don't think I'm that thick skinned to want my seed in any old wind
I can't believe we'll just exist as figments of each others past
Where is it at to get to this, when lawyers lurk where lovers kiss?

The altar of October stands with opening arms and dripping hands
Unveiling storms, collecting skies and gathering leaves to whisper sighs
As from the pulpit summer shrinks and hope of us together sinks
As fast as all those burning lies, little