

Track Five

Scott Walker

It's a starving reflection
if he dies in the night
listening to the increase.

It cuts out your likeness
in blood circulations
suspended beneath a release.

A low volume force feed
lower than pity
slips across under the heart
and your hostage rewinding
from every eclipse
rolls in the voltage
run-off rain on his lips.

We chew up the blackness
to some high sleep
travel a faster silence.

One to go long again
in the going -
- gone again.

Full stare passages
striking less face;
outside on the move
a shattered heart pace
greases the fade;
sinking the blood back
breaking to where loaded icons wade.

Eyesides catch far awake
in a cols sanctuary.

Pain sonics eternities
all through themoves.

A first communication
tears loose undelivered
and swims unassigned
in your dimmed latitudes.

And the heat from the shore
melts down to recieve us;
floodlit foreheads
howled open and so nearly blessed
as they soften round dog-joys
of unfinished strangers
rubbed out on a point
afterburning