

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Venona"

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Men are waiting patiently;
Remove me from the scene,
A sea of faceless souls in suits.
A sight for eyes, like thumbs;
Sore, crooked, and bow and fowl relief.

You have been exposed.

Your eyes speak well of you.
They sing the requiem to
A closed-casket burial.
Your conspiracy;
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities.
I have been betrayed so graciously.

My bloodhounds are hooked on a trail of ink
Which led me to the words you scribbled down;
An obituary dedicated to me.

Your fingers are star-crossed lovers that can't seem to
get enough of each other.
This pantomime dialect doesn't practice what you
preach.

I might as well be blind with isolated eyes like mine.

Your eyes speak well of you.

Blur your eyes,
Romeo.
Bend the lines.
Do you like what you see?
Oh Romeo

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