

## Circle Of Grief

### "Eleven Owls Have Eyes"

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Surface, through the circuits, breaker breaker.  
Someone's calling but there's no one on the line.  
Positive, negative, negative, Breaker breaker. These  
wires are live, these wires are merging with the  
circuits, Breaker, breaker. Broken fuses spark, lighting,  
illuminating their blacked out eyes. Fading out...Father  
son and holy ghost...you can't find us in the dark. You  
can't save us when wires are cut. Houses haunted hurt  
the most. Vulnerability is created and defined by the  
night. Fall is getting closer. Ruled by the moon. Now  
that we're hiding in the darkness holding hands, now  
as we pray, as we are prey. Lead the way. Don't leave  
me bound here in desire, lead the way forever is too  
long to wait.

Time keeps on pulling the seconds away, preaching  
abandonment, intentions remain to embrace the sweet  
impossible. Time succumbs to the rhythm of a slowly  
fading pulse. Lights from flashlights flash on breakers,  
loose connections connected tight. Symmetry  
described by the minds intent. Eleven birds of prey  
take flight. Asymmetrical equations, borne to lack  
diurnal sight. Brown eyes begging her consent. White  
old woman of the night:  
Right behind the lightening staring past the rain.  
Running down the red clay. Time succumbs to the  
rhythm of a slowly fading pulse...

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