

Darren Hanlon

"Romance Is Deafening"

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Well he agreed wholeheartedly before I finished my
sentence
Which led me to believe he wasn't listening in the first
place
My distracted beholder looked over my shoulder to his
sweet beheld

All the church bells are competing with the birds
Their hearts are bleeding
Their sweet songs they dance round my head
They sounded a warming each night
And each morning from the edge of my bed

And so call on me soon
The city's so fun
If you can't find the sun
Just turn on a lamp and pretend that it's one

We kissed in a cafe, held hands on a escalator
Made out at a bus stop then on the bus
For what time has erased
I still know how it tasted
If a memory is a thing you can trust

Now all the sweethearts in between us can spin around
like ballerinas
They can go get a room with a don't disturb door
It's like money or fame if it eludes you again
Makes you hate those who have it even more

A man was astounded on entering heaven
All the money he'd lost in his life equaled exactly what
he'd found down the

cracks of seats of trains
Even reached into drains just to hold the cold coin in
his hand

