

## **Dead Congregation "Voices"**

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The dry heads of the young ones  
Staring at me await the hour,  
Mouths halted mid-scream  
Eyes black with death

A golden lament 'neath each tongue  
Adorned by sings obscure  
A body of weeds 'neath each wreck  
Ritually prepared and bound

In the lamp's flickering light  
I stare them in the eye  
Shadows dance their faces  
Their gaze returns mine

Demons howling backwards  
Trees move in the breeze  
My mind starving for reason  
When with one voice they speak

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