

Circle Takes The Square "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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