

Mar De Copas

"To See Saturn Fall"

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At the violet hour
What should I resent?
(As I) Die on empty
A feeling crept by
My sullen, sterile face
Looks thee falling
Beneath the tumbling waves
What shall I do?

What shall I ever do?
Go south
Down to my words

My wounds
Would it still feed fire?

This noise polluted amber
Stares into my gone hours
Hours that mean years
... Mean life
Are you the heartburn-bitter one?

Could you pour my wounds on to them
Could you heal this exhausted well
A kaleidoscope of clean horizons
The awful rain glommed into my fall
What shall I do, what shall I ever do?

No winter walk
No search for...
A nebular packing cloud

A lost somewhere
Implored me
"Please... cease to exist"

Empty voices leaning
Feverless as I

