

Secondperson "Earth"

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And so the clock strikes twelve as we find ourselves
In a sphere of a clearing in a navy light
There are no stars, just the bars of a car's headlights
On the leaves in the dead of the night
Silhouette suits step out of the shadows
Into the arena where the cameras roll
See their shoulders strain below the weight of the
spades
Stereo plays for a funeral

They say the moon is nearly full
They see their eyes are nearly dry
They know how wonderful, how wonderful it is
To be alive tonight

I leave myself to the earth
To the air
To the ashes
It's my time
It's my design
It's my turn
And I know I won't be loved
Won't be saved
Won't be noticed
Until I learn to love
I hate to learn

To my best beloved I do bequeath
All the anguish and the irony
And all the things we never meant
And those we set out to prevent

I leave myself to the earth
To the air
To the ashes It's my time
It's my design
It's my turn
And I know I won't be loved
Won't be saved
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This is my early grave
Where I wait for the light to let me in
Here it comes around again
And I say
Let the light shows and the sounds
Of the orchestra begin
My eternal requiem

For an early grave.

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