

The New York Room

"I Still Hear Your Name"

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in the thaw of coldest winter

rage the storms of my black spring

grows the thorns in my black garden

haunts me with your suffering
in the cold of deepest water

I will place the candles on your alter

I will drown my body beneath the waves

and swim to you into this grave
in the chains of cruelest silence

screams the pain of oldest violence

silencing the broken dream

muffling the dying scream
in the smoke of burning embers

rise the days that I remember

float the ways that came before

and brings me back to you once more
I still hear your name

(like an open grave)

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