

Rapture "Enveloped"

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here we are
together in this darkness
enveloped in the
deepest shade of black
connected through this misery
lingering in the air

the burden of goodbye
a heavy ringing in my ear
it's a silent reminder
an afterthought of sorts

bad dreams, hollow sleep
of dark rooms, empty homes
and things without names
memories of murder
the shades that fell

i wouldn't prefer to answer
the question
the last quiet cord to be
severed
nothing to take with you
nothing left for you to keep
the music is over, there's no-one here
it's snowing heavily
i can't even see my breath escaping
never to return

"I lingered around them,
under that benign sky;
watched the moths fluttering
among the heath of harebells
listened the soft wind
breathing though the grass;
and wondered how anyone
could ever imagine unquiet slumbers
for the sleepers in the quiet earth."
[Emily Bronte (1818-1848)]

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