

Angels "Dawn In Breaking"

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(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)
(Remember looking at the haunted grace bow down to
the storm?
remember searching for a familiar face with no one
there
to mourn?)
Staring at silent screens
plastic tubes to carry fading dreams
preacher, servant in their hall
warm blood on the palace wall
those who dine alone in hell
wearing grief in their lapel
drop small change in wishing wells
the haunted tear that never fell
someone's dragging a ball and chain
looking for you in the pouring rain
while those who care give silent prayer for lovers going
home
If there was a brickwall surrounding the New York
scene
if there were secrets locked in steel
if there was a button you could press on the luck
machine
if there was a place for wounds to heal
if you were borne in the barbwire of your mother's
womb
if you were hungry before you died
if you say you left your bath all clean and white
you know, I know you lied
remember the poet who said it first
he was speaking of you and your difficult birth
how you can say a prayer for lovers going home
Drinking from an empty cup
waiting for the rot to grow
distant sounds that can't be heard
and no one knows
children who don't mind the rain
yet have no wish to die
whatever your own world could've been
you'd feel better if you could cry
Dawn is breaking in the graveyard
People massing in the street

trampled heards beneath their feet
children playing with the dead
silver spoon stained with red
watching through a widow's veil
as Caesar desecrates the Holy Grail
you sit all alone in your front row seat
you look so small and frail
you're mud on the feet of the men you've damned
you're darkness come too soon
you should be selling two-bit watches and girly
photographs
masterpiece in ruin
you're pantomime of old world courtesy
you should have a degree for how-o-lotry
you should be a hazard agent in an apartment tower
with no technology
did you ever listen to the poles opposed to you
did you ever stop to ask?
did you ever smile and hide your wasted lips
did you ever lift your mask?
did you ever walk with your feet on by
till they take your place in line?
did you know that you belong
where wrong is right and right is wrong?
did you really think that you'd be left where
power is life and life is death?

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