

## The 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 heads 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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