

## Thursday "Ian Curtis"

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We listened to the open sound your voice projected on  
the radio dial

Lie with me I said and lying's what she always did and  
always will.

All these thoughts keep leading back to him.

And no signs from Cinema.

No city skyline.

No paper scraps and no unfolding at five o' clock

Your voice skips as it always did and always will

All these thoughts keep leading back

It's the light from your sunless room

Scattered in pieces all around you.

Recession of these thoughtless forms

Reciting every line as a way of life and a way of death  
in time

We heard Ian Curtis kill himself again in your bed.

In these 24 hours we stretched into a room filled with  
"Heart and Soul."

This is the way.

Step inside and march in the procession of empty  
hearts.

Love has torn us apart.

It's a part of me a part of you in time we're falling apart  
together.

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