

Anne Clark, Empty Me

Now that all is stilled and silenced
that the rushing roaring daylight
has lost itself - its hysteria
in the all-amassing night -
I too gently lose myself
beyond the open window
where a journey unfolds
into the city of rain
Music's never made such living sounds
absorbing the night's rythem
the walls resonate with a thousand tiny drums
soft shards of liquid glass dance on metal pipes
mixing dust and dirt and grime
into a shining lubricating all-consuming oil
some drop away barely making contact
each bursting on impact
into a fountain in the air
dribbling off the lips of window ledges
splashing silver splinters in the blackness
scales of lifted paint turn to almost living flesh
smearing - it slides and streams into a opening
in the underworld below
revealing secret routes
where the trappes earth breathes
yellow streetlight breaks its beam across the water
electric currents hum, steaming in the dampness
cascades carry me away
wash away the tiredness
cool the fetid air
I turn to where you're sleeping
gently swimming through these hours
on to morning - unaware
and even though i know
all of this rise and disappear
with the dawn into the sky
tonight everything glistens -
like a jewel under the rain
tonight the city is silenced -
lost under the storm.