

Funeral For A Friend, 10:45 Amsterdam Convers

Water broken voice, saturates a microphone
Into a receiver with no tongue
Offering, little to what it knows

Then a silence so heavy, broken hearts fall from throats
When heaven is remembered but never seen
Through hearts shaped like kaleidoscopes

Eternally, the sun has set to mourning
And contoured are the backgrounds
On the canvas to which our lives are painted