

Kashmir, New Year's Eve

new year's eve
fine dark suits
paper hats
les grands salutes

your tear stained speech
and your wounded eyes
your frail attempts
to be remembered -

takes me down
dries me out
it shoves me around
blows my flame out

the moon is on
and the morning lurks
but the mood is gone
with the fireworks
I lost my faith
in new year's eve

serpentine
cheap cigars
sparkling wine
fallen stars

takes me down...

it's time to quit
and start again
only god knows
what we're celebrating