

Michael Manning, On

You're singing to the sound of my voice;
You're breathing in the song of my limbs.
You're speaking in a jargon I don't understand;
You're all under my skin,

But you can sing it all again,
You can sing it all again

O, night lie of
loneliness, from the
city street of dread.
Night sky of brokenness
from our bones all
blood and lead.