

The Receiving End Of Sirens, Venona

Men are waiting patiently;
Remove me from the scene,
A sea of faceless souls in suits.
A sight for eyes, like thumbs;
Sore crooked and bow and fowl relief.
You have been exposed.
Your eyes speak well of you.
They sing the requiem to
A closed casket burial.
You conspiracy:
Conspiring to deliver me to the authorities.
I have been betrayed so graciously.
My bloodhounds are hooked on a trail of ink which led me
to the words you scribbled down, an obituary dedicated to me.
Your fingers are star-crossed lovers that
Can't seem to get enough of each other.
This pantomime dialect doesn't
Practice what you preach.
I might as well be blind
With isolated eyes like mine.