

What would your soul taste like
If I took a chunk out of you?
Would it be sweet like flowers
Or a mouth full of blood?

So that we don't slip
But somebody has already fallen
Broken in the city streets

Gravel

And broken glass

Roses, empty cigarettes

Broken hearts

Tomorrow

Will we ever, ever reach it?

Without

Endless today

Will we

Be enough for this?

Will we find salvation

In the bloom?

There's blood on the floor of the subway
Curtsy of a well-dressed young man
Six circular splats of dark red

I'll carry an extra pen
Carry a lighter
Wade through the weed clouds to the
Night skies

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This city of piss stains and churches
Has embedded itself into my heart
Each colourful window a shade of home
Walk over your violent ends and bones
Vow to write a hymnus of love