

## Death

You didn't kill this man  
he wasn't the harbour master  
he wasn't a soldier in battle  
he transported iron-caged animals on trains  
and his heart nested on tall mountains  
sometimes his blood would speak  
and then dark black birds would block out the clouds  
bearded black winds would surround the plain  
pear trees would sing his story  
in the house of fire full of wild beasts  
cups of death on the tables  
sunless curtains the oil lamp and cold words  
the oil lamp and cold loveless kisses  
from lewd girls of silence  
who close the windows every evening  
who crucify sleep every evening  
who shred and eat their dresses every evening  
falling on their backs and spitting out their dreams