

Recording #314452 – Gregorian chant 1439 remastered

like doors slammed shut
the violence of it
ringing

the wine the mouth the cavern
the feet the tongue the sea
the story ("I")

how well we have teased
secrets from your skin
but you are only

like laughter
or song off the edges
of any emptiness we have

every outline
of you, etched in the desert
you, the ocean that drained the canyon

twilight within
if not for that voice
calling through the hollow

night and me