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Voice in the Night

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Voice In the Night

I

I hear a faint tremble,
 a quiver in Her distressed
 lyric. It rings aloud in
 my mind, yet accompanies
 the breakdown of the barriers
 of sixteen years.
 Joined by the soul,
 I am taken back in
 time; to a time where I
 was Her, with a whisper
 Her mighty cry. Oh, how I wish
 to see Her smile -
 to see His delight burn
 insides Her, a burst of
 Holy Flame. I beg her,
 heart in womb, not
 to let me die -
 not to sacrifice what could
 be. Tainted, thrown, into
 the Shadows - into the hands
 of the Gatekeeper
 of Death.

II.

I hear Her song, Her melodious
 mourn - in which I am
 resolved. Within Her eyes I am
 depraved, with every fallen
 tear - with every
 distorted memory.
 From Her mind's chamber
 door I call to Her -
 "Why, O, Why, have you
 made me unwhole - have I
 been handed to the Beast?"
 She answers, in Fetal position and
 reddened Eye, with the only
 breath She can gather. Her words
 are unspoken, shattering like
 Glass, and yet I still recall
 the Long Island Iced
 Screams and the Harvey
 Wife-banger. Wash your Glass,
 O torn Woman, and pour a
 drink of me.

Clint Thiele