

Deliverance

by Michael Tusa

Bleeding quietly
Behind the cantina
Behind rows and miles
Of color and sight and sound

Bleeding quietly
The sun slowly sinking
The dogs lick my greasy fingers
and Ants dance across the ground

Bleeding quietly
A pale moon slowly rises
a door shuts closed
and a candle is blown out

Bleeding quietly alone in the Dark

Bleeding quietly
The river glistens with sound
Through the canals of my ears
And I follow a golden route for miles
And meet a sudden ocean in my heart.

Bleeding quietly
I surrender to an ancient envelope
A pact of secret silence
I wait to be delivered
To the final flickering star

