

## *Autopsy*

Slipping quietly into the raw dawn  
With the beating of heavy wings—  
Poetry on the lips of the earth.

A tree with swirling branches,  
A jagged darkness against the sky—  
Winds cutting the morning with a knife sharpened  
In an uneasy night of crimes and stars.

You call me and I hear.  
Here, where your voice lives,  
I dream with empty hands and a sadness runs  
Between memory and being.

Time is pinned to the wall  
Along with a thousand words  
And a heart weeping in the midst of broken music.

But today you are here with me,  
Curtains drawn, and the silent screams of  
Christ weeping blood in Gethsemane.

