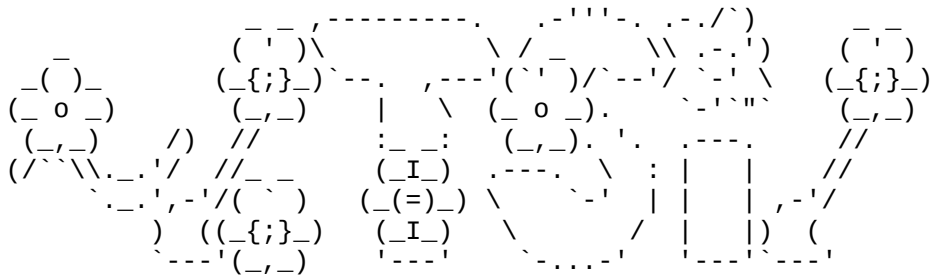


# THE SILENCE INDUSTRY



the silence industry - ~/.tsi/

###neonblack###

static airwaves  
crackle and  
hum

above this heavy summer  
night

carbon shadows drifting      wraithlike  
in the stillness of this  
arid afterworld

dystopian dreamers  
obsolete

transportation  
for the dead  
the sirens howl as  
steel hearts crash

their broken rhythms in the street

beyond the lucite pane  
love - a neon black horizon  
out of                  reach

a kiss of rust  
for our atomic children  
breathing the dusts  
of a hundred years

ashes drift  
like snow  
across the fields

once green

amongst the shattered wood  
quietly embracing  
beneath the watchful eyes  
of collapsing dragons

blood and survival  
on our lips  
and nothing more

###marilia###

braver fires brightly burn  
beneath a blazing liquid sky  
we shift like shades  
electric in the haze  
unclm before the silent storm

if we could cut the words  
that bind our lips would we  
speak in tongues?  
of passages yet undiscovered  
up to the ecstatic vault

give me the  
hidden years  
give me the sands  
of monolithic fears  
sp l i nte red  
beneath the waves  
of change

made anew  
glittering in a different light

if we could damn the walls  
that close us in would we  
chase the sun?  
beyond the hills  
into lost valleys  
where all are one  
feral creatures  
running with the speed  
and hearts of lions.

###this zero hour###

from the earth  
reaching towards an azure sky  
with flourescent hands

the colour and the rage  
of numberless hearts  
wild as a sea of flowers

like echoes through the halls  
and corridors of empty cities

we move amongst the flames  
to the scarlet resonances  
of a new  
drum

to the din of our rebirth  
between the flitting flares  
we dance away this zero hour

let our promises remain unbroken  
in this gathering  
where the mosses in their multitudes  
of colour  
grow

to new hymns of turning earth  
in circles of standing stones  
once monuments of mammon's pride

to the song of seasons' change  
drenched in april rain  
careening on the bricks laid  
by our fathers' hands

###on feathered wings###  
heavens resting on your brow  
winking, starlit against  
the void

on feathered wings you  
lift me up  
beyond the veil  
of slate grey smog  
to share a kiss  
amongst the stars

like a tower  
above the crystal dome of sky  
we stand before the raging winds  
of days  
passing by

we are the fire  
that burns inside  
the heart of every sun

torches in the mouth of night  
and shadows  
dancing in their shifting  
light

your lips like polished stone  
spill words of steel  
blood and iron  
running wild  
across our newborn hearts  
the kingdom of your kiss  
all iridescence

radiant  
in our time

###with arms###  
nervous fingers flex  
pulsing in streaks  
of shade and colour  
through morning haze

pulses shorten measure  
as we converge in silence  
coming together

you and i  
meet with burning lips  
above majestic ruins

weaned between the wars  
and raised on crisis  
without reason  
to grasp at remnants

with arms  
held high  
to the blazing blue sky  
we find each other in this moment

making love  
upon the ashes  
of abandoned gods

singing in the streets  
beneath the shade of trees  
planted in the heat of battle

with arms we reach  
to a yellow sun  
racing to the centre of  
a new world

our faces turned  
with gritted teeth  
towards a future birthing in  
our hearts

###with gilded fetters###  
restless dreamers at the shore  
upon the banks of lead  
and silicone

waiting for the hour to come  
beneath a setting sun  
with gilded fetters

muted lovers at the wall  
pressing aging hands  
to tempered glass

the ticking drones  
    echo in our heads  
    like a hundred hammers

reaching for your gaze  
    shifting through the sighing spaces

when the hammer falls  
    upon our eyes  
        i'll be with you  
    just out of            reach

the ticking drones  
    echo in our heads

you and i  
    pushing stones up either side  
    of this cairn of moments  
    beneath a sinking plastic sky

reaching for your gaze  
    shifting through the sighing spaces

our names from lifeless lips  
    fall  
    like leaves        in  
                    autumn

interred beneath the raging sound  
    of our machinery.

















