

## **Dreaming in Noir**

*Chapter One hundred ninety*

Drag—my gypsy soul—the song of desolation  
From these prodigal streets  
Full of violent violet  
The beat-back-blues  
Beyond the border of birth  
To the corner of cowering death  
The sky bruised leadened with pain  
Rain strafes grief  
Every puddle a pool of tears  
Mirroring fractured faith  
Too cracked to fix  
Let the relics lie  
In their own brokenness  
Each piece a paltry poem  
Dust of fallen stars  
Snuffed out like candles  
In forsaken temples crumbling  
From the daily weight  
Of dire neglect  
Tell me--my gypsy soul—  
Why time erases every  
Dream we ever had  
& leaves in place  
A dull null mark  
A straight blue line  
To nowhere