

## BECAUSE I SPOKE OUT

The last hired mourner went off  
to look for comfort among fools.

(I could stand naked in this huge town square  
lit up by the phosphorescences of the stillness  
and there would be no intruders to stare at me.

Oh this desertion is deadly  
it makes its own chill sprout from the flames.)

I hope someone will come to hear me again  
and weep with me to the end.

Maybe then I'll be strong enough to make the truth less bitter.  
[HSM]