



© 2023

Orpheus Kissed Me on the Back of my Hand

a zine

A Poem
from

What I Do in the Dark

©2023

Noah David Roberts

It's bad luck to travel with the dead,
down through the land of the sick
and the helpless, the valley where
strung up to die a thousand times
I broke my grandfather's watch, it
stopped ticking and life
dwindled out, with

It's the only thing
that matters, leaving,
the only thing that matters it is
bad luck to travel with the dead.
I cannot tell the time, I am a feather
smoldering on the sky, twisting down
through the ash and soot that
floats around us.

with
that flying poem which gasps for air
under the starlit sky, two eyes
cracking lightning bolts
through the silence, it is
the violence of a hurricane
is trapdoors and unlocked cages,
it is self-abuse and self-destruction
where used to lie the heart of things,
we walked with the ghosts, and