

So Many Dynamos, In Our Sleep

This isn't what we had expected:
No trumpets, no cymbals, just the deadest silence.
And in our sleep there were no lights on.

Pitch black, unromantic, is this all we lived for?

They needed words that weren't invented
To condense our lifetimes to a graveside headstone.

And in our sleep we started laughing,
That they expected much more.
What more could we wish for?