

The Troubadour of Blue
(For Nick Cave)

blood red rose gardens, rain-soaked love letters, wings of the angels
a ballad for your murdered lover Eliza Day,
her slowly beating, dying heart
drowning in the seaweed of a bruised river
there is no other love babe
the bitter and sorrowful night grows
piano, violin and blue magnolias
my sweetheart, the starved hounds are hunting,
waiting to pick the dark crow's bones
under a contemplative moon,
the cathedrals are weeping
you are sickly, weakened
tended by your watchful nurse
buried under "fifteen feet of pure white snow"
Oh my Lord, the exalted, forsaken and the saved
Hallelujah

Lee-Ann Taras
2021