



Sinéad O'Connor

"Troy"

The Lion and the Cobra

11/1987

Ensign / Chrysalis

Troy, Sacked (and its Embers from the Stereo)

C.C. Russell

I remember it. (I swear)

I remember/ the idea of burning,
of burning as a return.

In particular, I remember one summer when I watched my sister's house while she was on vacation. (Your house was a couple of blocks from hers.) I listened to the song on repeat at full volume, part of me hoping that you would hear these words from so close, that you would feel the ache emanating from within your own neighborhood. This strange mix of angry defense and utter collapse. That you would hear it and know.

That you would know that I was burning.

I was this close to you and I was burning, coming back.

It was summer. I was a city burning.

I held soldiers
within me.

you were the face
that launched the ships,
you were the dying
light.

We were so young then. We thought

Well,
we thought
we were right.

It's so simple, isn't it?

There are parts that are maybe better left out of the story. The anger, the rainstorms. All of the Wouldn't haves and should haves and the begging in the first place. The restless nights. The lies on our lips. Oh, but every look that you threw...

Flames,
flames.

I was never quite sure
which of us
would return
through this. Which Phoenix
would rise.

We were so
very young.

But still

There was no other
for me to burn.