

Variations On A Scream

Across The Sun

Staring into a cracked mirror
Only receiving fragments
Bits of one's self
The world itself is a plight
Shattered dreams and mirrored shards
Those knives
Wedged between the sharpening stones

Is there no earth under my feet again
They dance aloof as if souls stirring in a breeze
Outward expressions of the inner voice
Will father a child
You can be proud with the talents
You've been endowed

Slipping into a masquerade
And meeting all who've long stayed

Parlor tricks snuff candle wicks
Gone is the light that once burned bright
Receiving small shimmers
Glimpses of the source of light
Reclaiming our lost sight we will take
Effacing the blinders

All aboard the bandwagon
All be whored
While riding the bandwagon

And stay away
From trite cliché
Is there no earth under my feet again

Dwell not in the foot holes of our pioneers
Individualize intellectualize
Relate instate leave it behind
Leave it all behind