

The Critical Distance (w S H Jones)

And Also The Trees

Never beginning, never ending days
Days when the ceiling is so low
I cannot stand
And the blunted knife presses into me
Melting in the airless heat
The walls close into me
Nudging me this way and that
>From one to another
Like nervous thunder
Thudding in my head a heart
Is beating out the boredom
Nudging me this way and that
>From one to another
Like nervous thunder
Until I fall to claustrophobic sleep
And the ever-watching walls lean over me
But when I wake I feel alone
There is nothing but a vast blank floor
And although the walls are watching
I can never reach them
No matter how far I walk
I can never reach them
And the knife begins to shine
Hisses in my hand
Slices through the always blank distance
So I can see my hooded girl
Swipes through the whitewash nothing
That shrouds my hooded girl
She walks to me across the furrowed fields
I see a human headed fish revolving in her belly
And the knife it sparkles
Like the piercing yellow mirror sea
And slashes open dead sailors clouded memories
Spills their seaweed dreams over me
Spill their seaweed dreams over me
Spill their seaweed dreams over me
Spill their seaweed dreams... over me
As I lie on the coral
Amongst the driftwood
And the ever watching walls lean over me