

Out There

Count Zero

Where's my quill? Where's my satchel bag?
Make haste! Clouds are soon to eat the moon!
Heavens! How will I write?
A star just bloomed and sent my muse a tune.
Curse this broken quill! When will the stars
Send us ships full of gifts?
They've room for us all
With wheels & wings of fire
They'll save us from ourselves
Quick, it's hell down here

Out There is at the light only the Silent see.
Out There is always where you can never be.

Boot my pager up and read the ads:
'Secretaries, too, can Meet the Sun! '
'Son of Man Seeks Lass'
Press return and punch the password in
Locked on log-on, the signal's jammed
Users keep clogging lines.
There's space for us all
Past where we've gone
Where we shall overflow,
Overthrow, and outgrow

Out There is that light only the Silent see
Out There is always where you can never be
Out There is so designed to let your mind go free
Out There is always where you can never be

Out there is: Paradise, not parasites
Holidays, not squalid days

Out there, no proselytizing pharisee
Will dowse your works in kerosene
To sterilize your heresy.
Out there, no one imagines God's complaints,
And thus commands that sacred paints
Be used to clothe your naked saints.

Out There is that light only the Silent see
Out There is always where you can never be
Out There if so inclined you'll let your mind go free
Out There is always where you can never be