

The Child

Gatsby's American Dream

Glorious light covers him tonight. Him: unaware and silent, six years old and sleeping. The rest of us: dying and waiting for him to grow old. Old enough to save us. Yeah, so save us. Green glorious light covers him tonight. One hundred twenty volts wired straight to his soul, but beyond the hills a shadow is falling through the valley of ashes where death meets destruction. Ya, so lead us. The reign of death will die and we will strike keepin on his perseverance merits preservation. Our enemies sails will hang on broken masts and their tackle will be rendered useless. Sometimes it takes the mind of a child to overcome. If it's what you've found, trust what you see. Ask: is there something wrong with this picture? And take it over.