

Sigourney Weaver

John Grant

When I woke up today, the air was very strange.
I couldn't feel my skin, and there was evil in my bones.
I tried to speak but found that I didn't have a voice.
It was a prison like the one you would find in the Twilight Zone.

And I feel just like Sigourney Weaver
When she had to kill those aliens.
And one guy tried to get them back to the Earth.
And she couldn't believe her ears.

So I was taken or I went towards what was west--
To where the ground was dead--and struck out at the giant sky.
The sky was black and filled with tiny silver holes,
And it was there, with a frightened voice, that I began to cry
out loud.

I feel just like Winona Ryder
In that movie about vampires.
And she couldn't get that accent right;
Neither could that other guy.

And I feel just like I am on Jupiter--
The one that looks like rainbow sherbet--
But it doesn't lend itself to life.
And I haven't finished yet.