

## Creator

## Meat Puppets

Everybody's got some kind of  
Belief about creator  
Some say openly "I don't know"  
Some build elevators  
To take the chosen few  
Who can afford the scenic view  
To the top of some big tower  
Looking down on fields of blue  
Walking clouds on caves of emptiness  
That fall around their mind  
To flirt openly with vapor  
And the trail it leaves behind

Fences fly and sidewalks cry  
Concerning our creator  
Turning loose the butterfly  
That ate the alligator  
Picking up its open-ended  
Holographic roots  
It moved out to the tower  
To look down on me and you  
Walking caves of empty water  
In the boring morning rain  
Making love to open windows  
And the vapor trails refrain