

My green silken river and two lights
I could almost touch the free walls
when we were evicted from the heavens,
fast clouded-over bumbling eyes

Now peering out through a sinking
cosmic smile, reversed completely
Flaming currents forced us to surface,
wet purple gowns and blaring alarms

All for some milky perversion,
nothing the spooks wouldn't be used to
Spoiled by an empty fear of violence,
the only time I've ever been dropped

The minute the mirror turned its back to me
my distinct conviction of keeping
eternal sources piled somewhere familiar
was compromised and tangled in knots

For all I know we were sleeping,
arranged like Fate's vain infantry,
stacked in unconscious opposition,
blind and happy for tomorrow.