

## It's Ice

Phish

I press on the elastic sheet, I'm breathing through a slice  
'Are they worms or are the serpents?' bubbles through the ice  
The source was quite invisible, the ever-present voice  
While skating, both legs tracing different shapes, I made my choice  
Mimicking the image in whose radiance I bask  
I'm tied to him, or him to me, depending who you ask  
None the less reluctantly reflections tumble in  
I slide with all the other on the wrong side of the skin  
He's fallen on the ice, it cracks  
Will he plunge in and join me here?  
He meets my eyes, to my surprise  
He laughs in full light of my frown  
My double wants to pull me down  
Slipping on the friction slide, my skin peels to the bone  
The flesh I leave behind, is something that is not my own  
I beg my mirror image for a moment with my soul  
He's leaning back, time to attack, to see who's in control  
And every move I make he's got a hand up just in time  
He's throwing several punches, and he's blocking most of mine  
Defeated now I sulk and squirm above the frozen heights  
Waiting, calculating till he ventures onto the ice.