

# The Emperor's New Clothing

Sage Francis

I listen for secrets hidden in whispers...in the winter time  
And catch them tickling my whiskers...colliding with wind chime  
s

The kind that send shivers...up and down tingling spines

Thinking time could stretch if...

we'd spin a design inside our web that would catch drifts  
The type that blow out birthday candles before we make our death  
wish

I'm waiting for a message in my calling so I'm checking my voice  
mail,

and I'm answering machines with man-made dreams.

Man made bandaids to cover up the seams.

The cover-

up seems to only work if the wound never opens up or bleeds.

Beads of sweat form above the eyes of a heathen Emperor  
Who won't get on his feet and step outside into the freezing temperature

He wants to adjust the global thermostat

But he's so remote...and you can't control the world like that

Come to find these eggs ain't even golden.

I see depreciation in the family jewels the Queen is holding.

That broken marriage was fixed. It happened when her feet were  
frozen.

She still remains to be the only one who's seen the Emperor's new  
clothing