

# The Dead Man's Dream

## The Church

Once I had a name, forgotten now  
I breathe the air in a century of wonder  
I can hear it now, in darkness, ivory birds  
Gorgeous machines, the sound they made like thunder

The gardens drink, honey jewels and rapids  
The pageants passed down avenues of splendor  
On long afternoons, by enchanted ways  
'pon elephants, so well I do remember

Lords and priests and talking beasts  
Golden carts and tele-paths  
Crystal skulls and screaming gulls  
Women glow tattooed with woe

Colored mists of amethyst  
Memories strong and days were long  
Dragons glide on mountainside  
Mandrake root, angel fruit

Sighing winds on silver skins  
Asian transubstantiation  
Unicorns, electric storms  
Junes and moons and afternoons

Dream police determine the peace