

# The Flight Of The Invisible Siamese Three-Year-Olds

The Deadfly Ensemble

Tom flew... Tom flew, and Nick was flying, too. Far away, night  
and gray...  
and they'd been gone for days. Down in town, their mum made sou  
nds and  
their eyes were glazed and round.

"We could go back, but we're still secret!  
We don't need our hats because it's not chilly!  
We could hold hands but it's not scary!"

In the dust spiders rush and their fingers lose their touch.  
On the floor, behind the door in that nightshirt they abhor! Mu  
m tried, mum cried...  
she thinks her boys have died.

Mum is bound to pay a hundred pounds and yet, they shall remain  
unfound.  
No man in medicine can bring them back again. But then she reca  
lls her uncle Paul,  
who used to stare at walls.

"From under the clouds, there booms a basso song!  
It tells us, 'Don't fuss!' So we make haste to the desert waste  
!  
He's floating there! 'Don't be scared!'  
He scowls and says that we are almost dead!  
'You must return! You have to learn...'"

Now they blink. Tom and Nick think their mum is so, so pretty!  
"Don't cry! We're hungry!  
Now let's stand! That's better! Now let's clap our hands!"