

## Wake Up

## The Doors

Wake up!  
You can't remember where it was  
Has this dream stopped?  
The snake was pale gold  
Glazed and shrunken  
We were afraid to touch it  
The sheets were hot dead prisons  
And she was beside me, old,  
She's, no; young.  
He dark red hair  
Her white soft skin  
Now, run to the mirror in the bathroom,  
Look!  
She's coming in here.  
I can't live thru each slow century of her moving  
I let my cheek slide down  
The cool smooth tile  
Feel the good cold stinging blood  
The smooth hissing snakes of rain...