

## Unintended Long Term Effects

Thursday

a paper crane, in a dirty drain, trying to dry  
her wings.  
The atom split between her lips in the final stage.  
The chemicals dissolve and the family disappears.  
She sees her life slip between the cracks in the  
atomic age  
Like a shot in the vein.  
Can a pilot see the the distant arc of history?  
A thousand suns all burst at once in a blinding rage.  
We need a drug, we need something to takw the  
dreams away  
Because the dream of peace has gone to sleep in the  
passing lane  
Like a shot in the vein.  
Theres a black dog hanging by a string  
In the flutter of a thousand paper wings.  
You put your faith in the chemicals  
But you fear the crash and you over react  
and you hear the bomb going off  
Then you see the flash and it's all out of synch.  
When you take bitter pills  
No sugar coat can mask the taste.  
A thousand paper cranes  
Left out in the rain.