

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.