

Mad Hatter

Tragic Black

We were waiting at the gates to the beat of the clock.
Waiting for the train with the tick of the tock.
He was winking his eye down in the blotter as his face dissolved in the water.
He slipped down the tubes, slipped down the slide.
Swallowed him whole.
Now he's inside.
Running quickly by an intent look in his eye.
Run through the tunnels with colors passing by.
Enjoy a new glass of tea.
Observe this world you see.
Scenery is manifesting, its morphing fluidly.

Open minds. Open doors.
Sinking into the carpeted floor.
So fluid the waves fall.
Starring at the dripping-melting walls.
Unstable. Fixated.
With these blue eyes so dilated.
Unreal. Abstract.
You made the choice to never turn back. In this style 10/6, what now?
What comes next.

Still on this trip to the beat of the clock.
Hours have passed with the tick of the tock.
10 hours 6 minutes all in this style, with a card in his hat all of the while.
Unstable. Fixated.
With these blue eyes so dilated.
Unreal. Abstract.
You made the choice to never turn back.
In this style 10/6, what now?
What comes next.
On the other side of the glass where these psychedelic hours pass.
How long will this madness last?
So far 12 hours have passed...

Or maybe it was eleven hours?