

# Carpet Crawlers

Ray Wilson

There is lambswool under my naked feet  
The wool is soft and warm  
Gives off some kind of heat  
A salamander scurries into flame to be destroyed  
Imaginary creatures are trapped in birth  
On celluloidThe fleas cling to the golden fleece  
Hoping they'll find peace  
Each thought and gesture are caught in celluloid  
There's no hiding in memory  
There's no room to avoid}  
The crawlers cover the floor  
In the red ochre corridor  
For my second sight of people  
They've more life's blood than before  
They're moving in time  
To a heavy wooden door  
Where the needle's eye is winking  
Closing on the poorThe carpet crawlers heed their callers  
You gotta get in to get outThere's only one direction  
In the faces that I see  
And it's upward to the ceiling  
Where the chamber's said to be  
Like the forest fight for sunlight  
That takes root in every tree  
They are pulled up by a magnet  
Believing they're free  
The carpet crawlers heed their callers  
You gotta get in to get outMild-mannered Superman  
Are held in kryptonite  
And the wise and foolish virgins giggle  
With there bodies glowing bright  
And through the door a harvest feast  
Is lit by candle light  
It's the bottom of a staircase  
That spirals out of sightThe carpet crawlers heed their callers  
You gotta get in to get outThe porcelain mannequin with shattered skin  
Fears attack  
And the eager pack lift up their pitchers  
That carry all they lack

The liquid has congealed  
Which has seeped out through the crack  
And the tickler takes his stickler backThe carpet crawlers heed their callers  
You gotta get in to get out  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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