

# What Dogs See

## Cymbals Eat Guitars

I lost myself in the wild hills  
Spawn in the sweet smelling tinder-filled basement  
From Prince Edward Island I hitched a long way  
Would you turn by some orange grove road? To a lake in the wilderness shining black  
With a silver forest forming our backs  
In its depths found a monolith adorned with great paintings  
Of wolves with yellow little sirens The grey, freezing water, it swirled around, whispering  
Tuned from a phonograph, stuck between brain cells for months  
Since I heard your voice issue thoughts freezing I touched the world slowly  
Each radial of the spectrum revealed itself to me  
Dark matter was illuminated in his extremities  
Into this way of being  
Serpents writhing on all sides of me  
Celestial castles whose spectral planets  
Filled gaps between stars in the night sky voids crystallize This is what dogs see and this is why they obey  
Cowering, something just over your shoulder  
And this is what dogs see and this is why they obey  
Cowering, something just over your shoulder  
And this is what dogs see and this is why they obey  
Cowering, something just over your shoulder  
And this is what dogs see and this is why they obey  
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