# 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 sirensThe grey, freezing water, it swirled around, whispering
Tuned from a phonograph, stuck between brain cells for months
Since I heard your voice issue thoughts freezingI 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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