

# Astro-mancy

## Mgmt

My green silken river and two lights  
I could almost touch the free walls  
When we were evicted from the heavens,  
Fast clouded-over bumbling eyes  
Now peering out through a sinking  
Cosmic smile, reversed completely  
Flaming currents forced us to surface,  
Wet purple gowns and blaring alarms  
All for some milky perversion,  
Nothing the spooks wouldn't be used to  
Spoiled by an empty fear of violence,  
The only time I've ever been dropped  
The minute the mirror turned its back to me  
My distinct conviction of keeping  
Eternal sources piled somewhere familiar  
Was compromised and tangled in knots  
For all I know we were sleeping,  
Arranged like Fate's vain infantry,  
Stacked in unconscious opposition,  
Blind and happy for tomorrow.

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