

Past and Future Ruins

Thursday

Hold you hand to the fire
And your eyes to the sky
They're just different shades of cellophane
Taped against the lights.
Faulty seams, drawn on plastic leaves
Past and future replicas
Past and future streams
Hold your head underwater
And try to see if you can breathe
Or if you drown in the shallow
depths of your belief
Because somewhere there must be a better place
Here you call to your neighbor
Only to see the track is set and they're
Walking back and forth in a circle
Saying the same words
Making their lips sync
In time with psalms on Sunday mornings
And all their hearts align with pale fire
So call the appear ambulance
To trace the paper cuts
Don't call on me, I'm a plastic reed
Bending in the feigning wind
Of artificial fields
Then you read the paper
Of a woman's early death
And note explaining why she left
It says:
"Somewhere there must be a better place
And it's marked with the fountain I've seen
glowing in my sleep."
And so you want to die and leave this shadow land behind
To eviscerate the truth from the lie
Because somewhere there must be a better place
but
What we thought was a fountain of life and light
turns out to be a
Mountain crushing down upon us, casting it's shadow
Closing the distance

between us and Babylon
And all our songs
are just the sounds of past and future days
Past of future names
Collapsing around us

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