

Sleeping, The "Sunday Matinee"

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Scented a rose, and as the shocked machines still
scanning
pavements screen, ground with siren eyes.
Sounding through blinding sight.
Piecing of pieces fit. Shifting the overwhelming. Fault
lines now open.
Now I can't forget (buried in pain and thought,
just because i wasn't there)
Slide show incarcerated with grief and I know times
have changed in our eyes. That's for sure,
so I quit. This is bad news another album going
nowhere, going nowhere.
Now, without you, I can't.
Eyes, slides are spinning.
Toss, the ground is gone, dizzy and overthrown.
Slide my feelings, my eyes away.

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