

## Count Zero

# "Man 27 Dies Sleepwalking"

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Silence throws it's spread across this April dawn.  
It's cotton coating soaks up dyes of the morning dew.

Sunlight shows it's head to choirs of water drops.  
It's wealth of hours warming this cold and golden  
morning, reassuring and informing,  
"No white wind will be storming for a long time."

Spider sews his thread atop this leaf, his lawn.  
He crawls, a big and black umbrella with his legs open  
wide.

And you wish a closer viewing, but your six short legs  
aren't moving.  
Now the spider's silk is spooling over you.  
Why do you shudder?  
Don't you feel a thing anymore?  
Don't you feel yourself shudder?  
Don't you? Don't you feel?

Siren crows, "He's dead!"  
Throughout these concrete crops, winds slowly to a  
stop at his six-story drop.  
The tired city clears it's eyes of the morning dew.

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