

Doors

"Ghost Song"

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Awake.
Shake dreams from you hair,
my pretty child, my sweet one.
Choose the day and the sign of your day,
the day's divinity,
first thing you see.

A vast radiant beach in a cool jeweled moon,
couples naked race down by its quiet side,
and we laugh like soft, mad children,
smug in the wooly cotton brains of infancy.
The music and voices are all around us.

Choose, they crooned, the ancient ones.
The time has come again.
Choose now, they croon beneath the moon,
Beside an ancient lake.
Enter again the sweet forest,
enter the hot dream,
come with us.
Everything is broken up, and dances.

Indians scattered on Dawn's Highway bleeding,
ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind

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