

## Forgive Durden

# "I've Got A Witch Mad At Me And You Could Get Into"

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Consider this your fair warning.  
There's no turning back now.  
You're leaving your  
Blanket of cleansed gospel  
For the smut of vicious truth.  
You won't need your own wool coat  
Because out there the sun beats through.

So interlock your fingers with mine  
And squeeze tight.  
Stay close behind.  
We haven't much time  
So I'll cut to the quick.  
We'll burn the midnight oil.

The sun will peek into our windows  
And be surprised to find empty beds,  
Walls naked, our closets stripped  
Of all its threads.  
We will awake in a new world.  
Our own island.  
This floating mass.  
A jagged slab.  
Where bulbs burn for us until the end.

When dawn arrives  
We'll be ten drinks deep.  
If we can fight off turning horizontal,  
We'll explore our new home  
And find similarities at every turn.

No matter how far we go  
It's all a fragment of a whole.  
Even if all locks are keyed  
Or calloused become our feet.

No matter how far we go  
There's no escaping the glow.  
We'll take our seats at the throne.  
Wonderland is now our home.

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