

## **Hammill Peter**

# **"Now More Than Ever"**

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Between coma and consciousness  
no hard and fast line,  
no chances to vote on the motioning eye...  
A mystical vision or a fall from grace,  
the chase in slow motion  
through alien space?  
I don't know what to make of the dream-time:  
It seems as though I'm me,  
but I'm now more than ever  
happening inside myself - I don't know  
whether I need anything else.  
Stored information or secretive clue,  
so much will fit the design....  
One field of life when free will  
won't cut through:  
The dream and the unconscious eye,  
in real time.  
We stand between waking  
and the breakness of sleep -  
the unconscious ocean,  
still waters run deep.  
We lay down all logic,  
all sense of control, suspend disbelief  
in the window of souls.  
I don't know what to make of the dream-time:  
It seems as though I'm me,  
But I'm now more than ever  
happening only in thought -

I don't know whether  
any sense is caught.  
Stored information or secretive clue,  
so much will fit the design....  
One field of life where free will  
won't cut through:  
The dream disappears in the light.  
In the laboratory they're waking him up:  
The dreams on the lips  
but they swash the cup.  
A psycho-experiment, and there is no doubt -  
The dream's an experience  
I go crazy without...

I don't know what to make of the dream-time:  
It seems as though I'm me,  
but I'm now more than ever  
happening inside my head...  
is this forever with the Ego dead?  
Stored information or secretive clue,  
so much will fit the design....  
One field of life where free will  
won't cut through:  
The dream and the unconscious eye  
in real time  
it's now more than ever.

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