

## **Jones Howard**

### **"Cubic Space Division"**

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Space and sound  
Are jesting with me  
Witness the way she agrees  
Cubic instantly  
Amazing creation  
Speaking in crimson  
She's a freshly created breeze  
Case closed no more pleas  
The fabric of surprise  
Is dreaming with your eyes  
Cool is the breath of the wind  
As I fall in a cubic stream  
When I speak of love divided  
I can feel her deeper sorrow  
She tries to teach me memory and all her favorite  
things  
If only I could steal a chance I'd be with her tomorrow  
She says  
"Tell me, Tell me, Tell me,  
Till this life is just a dream"  
Midnight is skinlight  
October to my right  
April done left me  
She's gone with the Autumn breeze  
Whenever the season  
Starts jesting-testing with your vision  
Cry for the color blind  
The sound is oh so fine  
The season has got no reason  
To believe in this crimson  
Witness the way you'll be  
"Cubic instantly"  
April done left me  
She's gone with the Autumn breeze

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