

Sattori

"Red Telephone"

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The other ones, they're calling again
A red line, special and lonely
But on a deadline I can't hesitate

Three points, one center
Which is dead and which now grows
On call who leads, yearn, plead, implore
(and pray for)

No sure sign or sound
Radical ideas tossed around
Closed doors, secret sessions,
Blocks the articles, changes the focus

Relieved, resigned
As marble heads go spinning
Down the windpipe

Reach for the mirror and fall to the floor
And humbly ask for
Concord and discourse

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