

The Postman Syndrome "Unfamiliar Ceiling"

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[Chapter VIII]

Guessing where the coins would fall,
They carried on for hours with a compass and a set of
keys
Backpacks packed and floating just above their pretty
heads.
Poised to dive and immolate ten thousand years of
moistened lips,
For one less kiss they're willing to let all the angels lay
claim to their territory
And sleep with their lights on for personality.
They stumble through darkness while reaching for
fleeting moments:
"The Glory shall be yours and you all shall be as God..."

Don't let the songs fall without a word.
Impending nova, I'll watch you all burn.

Running from a heart of clay,
They ate with severed limbs and gambled well into the
previous day,
Risking wings from angels that they couldn't afford to
repay in word,
Or deed, or selfish thought.
If seraphim are pulling strings they'll find their wings
And become one King for a lifetime,
And Kong for one fleeting moment,
To find that the journey was less than work for us.
They'll refine their relics and offer the sweetest up to
me,
Asking one more time:
"Don't you want to laugh like God?"

Don't let the songs fall without a word.
Impending nova, I'll watch you all burn.

"Lady bright eyed, guide me through this tumultuous
sea with much wine.
Why the gods in all their immortality wish that I die?
But I won't die."

When a word is spoken by the lonely, then a gift is said
to the receptive.

Though weary eyed they still return the warmth and
smile.

Not in need of further gestures, they're singing songs
of celebration.

Place your heads inside the halo's ring and grasp this
understatement.

Let all the angels reclaim their territory and sleep with
their lights on,

Lest any footsteps feel darkness in orphan bondages,
Muting their fanfares.

Return to waveforms and trust in our common heritage.

We could become God.

Our trust in this fiction creates faith in our appendages.

Don't let the songs fall in flames.

"Hell, Hell well are you now?"

"I am here."

"In a daydream I died. I was Jekyll. You were Hyde.

In you I seek ally. Enemy.

Hell, Hell where are you now?"

"I am here."

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