

Michael McGuire "Atmospheric Pressure"

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ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE

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The night breeds incessant days from the womb of
eternity, music
flows freely thru the air sound waves bother the
senses, in the dream
of a perfect world vision is lost to the sleeping eye of
beauty, sorrow
like a tireless mercenary batters the facade of
contentment's weakening
defenses, there the home of light across the street
from the ally of
darkness, the beginning is questioning it's motives
now and wants to
start over again, see the true value of money now as
we stand and
watch it burn, as the flaming arrows of currency hit the
target of
immortal sin.
This globe sunk in atmosphere beneath the belly of the
deep,
dreamers and doers life renews this dream is sunk in
sleep, air is to
breath what life is to death take the unborn sky, body
and deed soul
and greed only birds can really fly.
Thought it was a mystery till it was solved by a
preschool child, great
cities are laid to waste in the imagination of the boy
king, god can only
do so much for man before he loses his self respect,
prevalence is
discrimination and who's to say person place or thing,
a melted jungle
liquid tissue runs together and forms a kaleidoscope
of remorse, time
flows like lava thru the land and leaves no survivors in
it's wake,
senses numbed from sensations color just seems like
shadows in the
light, everyone is called to the great sacrifice for no
one's sake.

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dreamers and doers life renews this dream is sunk in
sleep, air is to
breath what life is to death take the unborn sky, body
and deed soul
and greed only birds can really fly.
After the feast no one stayed around to watch the
scavengers picking
bones, the night belongs to those who have nothing left
to offer the
day, the tension between the time honored and the
time forsaken has
escalated into indifference, but all glory will lose its
shine in the
windfall way, meanwhile the night preaches its silent
dogma in the
twinkling of the stars, suddenly the sky of the mind
explodes with a
brilliant cadenza of shimmering beauty, the world sits
like a
thunderstruck spectator from its seat in the heavens,
and watches a
sense of wonder become a sense of duty.
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march 89

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