

Houston Davis Jones

"Living Projected"

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Through your eyes what you see
Is it the same as what I see to me

With these hands I can feel
Feel at least what I can perceive as real

Through my eyes what I see
Is it the way that I want it to be
Or does it seem
That someone's shaping this world into being

Jesus created a vision of living
For all of his people to see
A looking glass eye to be worn all the time
That only works if you believe

Just as a teacher
Creates the world of the young
So do the prominent figures of history
Paint us a lie with their tongues

And it's in this way that Mohammed and Lennon and
Hitler and Marx
Transcended the paths they had chosen and made
projected living an art

If nothing is real then nothing is real
It's as real as real can be
Even if it's just a projection
I'm still projecting a you and a me

Yes it is true we're just subsets of something
That's so vast we can't comprehend
But in the minutes I spend here projected
I'd like to hold you in my hands

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