

## Eleven

### "Slinky"

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Subatomic stars are fickle

In the dumptruck of creation  
Always flying out in pairs  
To the other end of Paris  
There's no time to send a message  
There's no space to cross an ocean  
But they're spinning like true brothers  
Always hip on all the others  
Mr. Aspect hide the papers  
In a crashing speedy tunnel  
Ghostly pop of transformation  
Catch the light in it's mutation  
Sly, Slinky, Sly Slide to the other side  
Living hidden inside slinky  
From the egg to crocostimpy  
Turn my head the chair collapses  
Into alternating lapses  
From the future waves are coming  
Get your senses in the running  
One decision and it's over  
All the others head for Dover

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