

P.F.M.
"Harlequin"

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harlequin came at night
bowing to the ghosts of freedom square
stretching a silver rope
jester of frozen minds
and everyone of us
junkees and ghosts of freedom square
spoke through his waving hands
wept on his brother face
wispered through painted lips
rusty phrases forgotten lines
thinking of arrows lost
shooting them past the pain

and everyone of us
losers and lost and underdogs
just scraps of our younger minds
we danced all around the square
jumped to his see-through horn
screaming shouting forgotten lines
shooting our rage again
like arrows far past the pain

and when the dogs fast arrived
baying across the town
we were there
all of us
a million harlequins

and the town
bloomed alive
like a beautiful night fair
and we were there
all of us
to be the rite of many ...

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