

Dolby Thomas**"Dissidents"**

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One more young writer slid away in the night

over the border he will drown in light

hold it -- wait a minute

I can't read my writing, my own writing!

like tiny insects in the palm of history

a domino effect in a cloud of mystery

my writing is an iron fist

in a glove full of vaseline

but dip the fuse in the kerosene

I too become a dissident

Courting disaster we ran in the night

wings of an angel torn in flight

check it -- verify it

it's all here in writing, down in writing!

at the hands of the press

and in the eyes of the government

I fell from grace

I too became a dissident

like tiny insects in the palm of history

a domino effect and an early end to this story

my writing is an iron fist

in a glove full of vaseline

but dip the fuse in the kerosene

I too become a dissident

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