

## **Jam Pearl**

### **"Sleight Of Hand"**

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Routine was the theme. He'd wake up wash and pour  
himself into uniform.  
Something he hadn't imagined being.  
As the merging traffic passed he found himself staring  
down at his own hands.  
Not remembering the change. Not recalling the plan.  
Was it?

He was okay but wondering about wandering.  
Was his age by consequence or was he moved by  
sleight of hand?

Mondays were made to fall. Lost on a road he knew by  
heart.  
It was like a book he read in his sleep. Endlessly.  
Sometimes he hid in the radio watching other pull into  
their homes.  
While he was drifting.

On a line of his own. Off the line of the side. Bye the by.  
As dirt turned to sand. As if moved by sleight of hand.

When he reached the shore of his clip on world he  
resurfaced to the norm.  
Organized his few things. His coat and keys.  
And he knew realizations would have to wait.  
Till he had more time. More time.

A time to dream to himself. He waves goodbye to his  
self.  
I'll see you on the other side.  
Another man moved by slight of hand

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