

## Thursday "Sparks Against the Sun"

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On and off, the cylinders burn  
With the fading heart of youth  
And the sun slips below the treelike  
Just out of view  
Back and forth across the sky  
The stars are hanging from a wire  
(Machine guns still firing in the corners of our eye)

But in the light of the day we'll disappear  
Just like the little sparks against the sun  
No one remembers where they begin  
or where we end

In and out, the days escape the damages of dawn  
Still our dreams lie in broken pieces

Rustin on the lawn

But in the light of the day we'll disappear  
Just like the little sparks against the sun  
No one remembers where they begin  
or where we end

The first step's got me lying on the floor  
By the second step, I hear a knocking at the door  
Three: I put my life in your hands  
By the fourth step how much light is left?  
Five six seven-I can see my dark and the harm  
I've done, I've left  
Eight, nine ten- I'll take it back again  
Eleven twelve: I'm putting out fires in hell...

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