

Lights On Why "Diction's Dressing Room"

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What would I talk about,
If I talked to myself?
What would I sing about,
If I sang for no one else?
Everyday a dozen dreams,
Through diction's dressing room.

Crystal ball of wherewithal,
What's in store for me?
If life involves just ritual,
Without a doubt,
Count me out!
Let's be friends.
Let's be frank.
Truth's the sole,
Stronghold of me.

Promise to keep in touch.
Write to me constantly.
Keep your shelves forever free.
To deconstruct.

What would I talk about,
If I talked to myself?
What would I sing about,
If I sang for no one else?
Everyday a dozen dreams,
Through diction's dressing room.

What's the point to speculate,
Thoughts outside your own?
Spinning wheels make no appeal,
To the sensible. Predictable.
Let's conclude,
It's on us!
Take no hearsay
In on outings.

Promise to keep in touch.
Write to me constantly.
Keep your shelves forever free.

To reconstruct.

Promise to keep in touch.

Write to me constantly.

Keep your shelves forever free.

And, out of touch.

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