



Planning for Summer  
with snow blowing on my face  
Spring is still a dream  
but I'll still be in this place  
We can plan for a Sunday  
But it will still be a day  
With Monday following after  
The repidity brings tears  
and sometimes laughter  
Winding down the same roads  
On the way back home  
With so many tunes in my ears  
A life with so many years  
But it will come to pass  
Broken down with nowhere to go  
Except bound for the next life  
In all its perfect plastic randomness

Running into a wall I built with my own hands  
Worked my finger to the bone turning stone into sand  
standing on a precipice leaning over the edge  
catching myself by the skin of my teeth  
and counting my lucky stars  
The life all out of me,  
I sneak back into my boots  
And wander off along the edge and dream  
The wall grows higher each day and I never built a door  
I never saw the need to go to the other side  
So now I just stand along the top and weep  
My tears turn into rain and I finally get some sleep  
The dream gives me eyes to see a man who cannot see  
A man who couldn't dream if he had sight  
He's writing a book he hopes to one day read  
If the stores will one day sell it  
The story begins evolving from someone his mother sees  
A man who catches her eye and leaves for good  
And never graces her sight again... but stays in memory  
One day she remembers the sight of him in dream  
And she awakes with clarity and records the dream  
In writing  
Years later this woman's son comes across the document  
He reads about the man in her dreams  
He tries to picture him from what she wrote  
He writes his own story with this man the main character

The books that I've read  
Golden pride lost in a mountain of haystacks  
Sherlock Holmes dances around the fire  
with the secrets in his glinting eye  
x-ray vision to pick out the thread of the story  
a pin cushion of inner wealth  
taught the voodoo doll how to feel  
the scarecrow in the corn  
turned the ravens around towards home  
as the season changed to cold  
the pen turns out molecules of words  
slapped together in the pages on the shelf  
actors on a stage so wide  
acres can't contain it  
rehearse lines so long  
that infinity can't measure  
handing down the story to the audience  
memories of auditory patterns



Butterflies etched in fabric tatters  
old coffee cup memories  
mailbox blues in second hand shoes  
reaching outward arms of trees  
nightbirds chirp in the dark  
hounds bay to the butter moon  
looking through a broken window  
not wanting to open the door too soon  
leftovers from last night's party  
ashtrays never used  
half burned candle wax drips  
waking up to read the news  
the deadly glare of candy eyes  
colors sparkle and shine  
train tracks and worn out boots  
walking towards a worn out mind  
one left turn follows three to the right  
sandpaper grinds the wood smooth  
binding planks with drying glue  
not wanting lies, seeking the truth  
be with the rolling train  
as wheels turn to the falling rain  
gravity holds me to the ground  
the ground saves me from my pain

Lost wandering in the urban jungle  
crawling down the streets  
stumbling over roots and vines  
disguised as concrete  
overwhelmed in coffee shops  
window shopping for my style  
wading through the parking meters  
trying to walk the extra mile  
my shoes are wearing out  
my wallet's getting thin  
the reason I'm outside  
is that I need to get back in  
back inside my own little self  
back inside my shell  
but my shell has a crack  
and it's growing pretty deep  
the only way to help myself  
is to try and get some sleep  
but my eyes are wide  
and the caffeine is pure  
so I find myself out on the street  
I find myself unsure

The paradox of a metaphor  
Something standing for something else when they are never the same  
I can understand something's meaning when I don't know its name  
Some people would think a rainy day to be a bad one...  
and some, it's just a day of change  
some would say rain is the giver of life  
and some would think that strange  
I could think that you're sad when I see a tear in your eye  
but maybe it's a tear of joy  
you could give me a tool to fix my life  
and I might just call it a toy

Subtle steps, senseless more than others  
are the shaking hands of brothers  
money in the clouds weeping floods  
parched farmland and drying blood  
maybe we live or maybe we go  
but we can weave our wires in all the shapes we know  
storm doors, flapping wings beat men to death  
generations of fading colors in every waking breath  
candy from the store clerk when I was a kid  
mutations of dopamine so cleverly hid  
video game spaceships with blasting sound  
I look back to find my friends, find no one around  
tired legs, lagging weight of books while coming home from school  
never more wise for being kept a fool  
religious guns shooting away at my love  
bullets zipping down from the holy clouds above  
so I hide in the caverns of kids wasting time  
television history between commercial slime  
give me a walking stick to bend on the trail  
stick a stamp on the letter lost in the mail  
patterns are growing on the flowing quilt of bed  
never seen before fragments inside the computer's head  
space invaders falling from the magic screen  
from white and black into yellow and green  
comic books wear and fade after years  
the sounds of rock and roll heroes glide past my ears  
trees in the woods sprout up from the loam  
trash in the alley blows by my feet going home

It's a sad confusing place  
what's become of the human race  
digital watch and satellite keep time  
but it's a harder deal for us to keep our minds  
the father in heaven, never farther away  
makes war through the night and sleeps through the day  
drones with their eyes, hidden behind clouds in the sky  
spy for the rich, and watch poor people die  
revolutions roll through the swell of the crowds  
toxic rain falling from the overwhelmed clouds  
sitting alone in disbelief, glued to the tube  
there's something wrong with the picture during a static interlude

I'm a hermit crab, in my claw a thorn  
I'm convinced I was alive before I was born  
seaweed, sand, and stone my floor  
my swimming pool home, without any door  
a tide of responsibility's constant sway  
sorrowful measure of time and day  
the shell I hold was a lucky find  
it's the place I go to rest my mind  
I go it alone, it's the only way I know  
but it's a long lonely way to go  
from the infinite shoreline and the salty blue sea  
under a stone is where I choose to be

Took the buddha's whole life just to count to one  
Looking out from a star we call the sun  
diamond light shinning from a winking eye  
eternal stares from a deep blue sky  
winding down this river, this road  
feeling to heavy to lighten this load  
wind to the left, and wind back to the right  
find the center inside that makes it all alright  
lessen the longing from the lingering smile  
but celebrate the completion of another mile  
no more roadsigns to lead us astray  
but back to the old place that we used to play  
it was all just a dream when I was a kid  
but now I've grown old, and my youth has been hid  
back in a closet inside my dark room  
dark as the dark in a pharao's lost tomb  
I've come to find myself wasting away  
In a dream I dreampt, one long yesterday  
wake me back to find myself here  
with no need to cry, and nothing to fear  
this cage has been locked, but the lock has a key  
and the prisoner inside is finally free  
stepping out to find nothing at all  
has been holding me back or causing a fall  
no more bannana peels, my laces are tied  
my hands on the wheel, get me back to this ride

If you only knew who you passed by on the street  
when our eyes were glancing and happended to meet  
and, you'd never know how important it was  
likewise so trivial... and why? just because  
nothing ever plays out the way that we think  
like the bum on the street longing for a drink  
the river that winds through all of our past  
is never so empty, when it flows through at last  
a ticket stub was forty dollars to buy  
just a tool for me, to open my eyes  
when the crowd clears out, and the stage lights go off  
your tired head searching for a pillow so soft  
only finds a stone, and a cold bed of ground  
as this weary blue ball spins around and around



fragments of loneliness in the shivering wind  
pieces of the mirror and the lost man I've been  
the pitcher steps out on the mound with a funny grin  
sinks the ball in the catcher's mit over and over again  
put a quarter in the machine, watch the candy fall in your hand  
fill the tank with a credit card, and drive out across the land  
leave expectations resting behind and baffled by your spree  
your loving eyes in a whirlwind finding their way to me  
listen to hear the rhythm of the fleeting path of fools  
lost in their sad world, playing with their tools  
building empires up from dust, and polishing them with greed  
grasping for what they want, and running from what they need  
electric lights die in the dark, when the power finally gets cut  
poor eyes look for god, to find out where, why, and what  
an alien looking face answers from the corner of their eye  
gleaming the truth back to them, disappearing in the sky  
the mirror fuses back together, the lights flash themselves back on  
the lonely traveler of the highway writes himself another song  
the grace that embraces all the steps we make  
was not an act of god, or a mysterious mistake  
we were meant for what we're here for, we're meant to see what we see  
even though we feel trapped inside and long to be free

sitting on a bench overlooking the precipice of crazy singing just to the moon  
trying to gleam meaning from the remnants of the tune  
my boat's on rough waters, but, I'm in a good frame of mind  
my life jacket's tied tight and my manner is kind  
we're all as precious as precious can be  
we're growing our roots deep in the soil like all the tallest trees  
we're looking ahead and our eyes are all peeled  
trying to pick out the gems that the dust has to yield  
the door to home is unlocked and there's food on the shelf  
there's a lesson to benefit the heart and a path that leads to health  
but this world is off kilter and drifting to the void  
those who aren't getting fed or paid seem to be getting annoyed  
ready to break apart the precious path before the precious eye  
ready to break out in laughter when the precious start to cry

ancestors know the sight they've seen many times before  
when the unknown hand of chaos comes knocking at the door  
the stores will all stay open, but they've got nothing worthy to sell  
the banks get empty, but the banker says he's well  
and you can't tell him he's wrong because he's out of your reach  
he's on vacation sunning on a foreign beach  
the car needs gas if we need to drive away from here  
but the pump has emptied the tank, and the distance isn't near  
the effort we will need to get by is great and the time is weasiling away  
the fate of tomorrow is getting pinned on today  
pinned with the slimmest of tacks, the kiosk is full  
where will we learn when we've left behind the school  
learn in the dirt and scratch lessons in the sand  
for the foot soldiers to commit to the plan  
and the generals have to learn along with the rest  
we're tied to our duties and have to attempt our very best  
but the void is a nebulous mystery, aloof in the fog  
battle ships of the future get run aground in its bog  
but we're all half crazy and one half OK  
Marching in to the night and back into day  
and it has been this way since time left us here  
and sometimes we have to be burdened in fear  
but all the same, we are all precious life  
dancing in bliss on the edge of the knife

sometimes the wind will blow you way too far from your home  
and your sailboat takes a jive, chopping into the surf and the foam  
casting a beacon only the waves and stars can see  
the darkness envelopes the coldness of the sea  
strike a spark from a dry match in your hand  
hold that lantern high, scan the horizon for land  
if none comes in sight, take stock of your course  
you'll feel freedom, for better or worse  
nest your head in the warmth of good dreams  
the fabric of despair tearing apart at the seams  
tiny boat of your daydreaming mind  
safely moored in a fair port that you once left behind  
home is a space that finds itself here  
seems at times far but never more near  
can't always expect to be sure in this place  
can't find ourselves always blessed with its grace  
but turning around to look and see  
the mirror of time reflecting its sea  
lofty steps taken away from your space  
lead you always back to this place  
home in your mind and a place for your bed  
to dream future days where you will be lead  
time and place to belong like a clock on its wall  
a number and a phone for you to call  
hearing a reassuring voice that affirms you're alright  
although you know that your spirit's taken flight  
you can't return to where you never were to begin  
a figment of your memory, a touch of your skin  
a book that you read and traded for time  
to create the story in the depths of author's mind  
you read and they write, you write and they read  
hoping a tree to grow from a seed  
standing out a branch on a windy night  
the thought of losing yourself in a world of new sights  
commanding heavenly beings to summon the sky  
to ask the all knowing the answer to why  
we all have to step out, outside of ourselves  
and put the stories we write back on the shelf

Throwing all the books in the sea for the fishes to read  
ain't such a good idea to me  
Shrinking all the songs you loved in life down to the size of a flea  
to make room for a new piano that's missing a key  
doesn't correlate to the bounds of sanity  
if you don't hav room for a new clock on your wall  
you won't have time to make space for all the boxes stacked in the hall  
stacked so high they might fall, and or, hide the wall  
I'd love to give that gift of space, so you can find that special place  
and erase the feeling of confinement and find serenity  
if, of course, it was meant to be  
I hope your eyes can see



Crystal wall textures to interior plasticity  
The books on the wall have memories of lifetimes outside  
Where the sun falls on the empty yard  
The fence has fallen and been mended at least five times  
Five fingers to the hand reaching for change  
My feet stroll in circles around the carpeted floor  
As I think of the book to dislodge and peruse  
The radio plays jazz the oven breathes smoke  
Open window coughs the burnt food  
Lunch really is dinner but doesn't mind  
Two clocks argue about the time as I listen to chord progressions  
Like mathematic functions altering conceived variables  
Representing quantities of artistic worth  
Critics with calculators compute as songs flow around my ears  
Flowing and dissipating in dust swept under corporate rugs  
when advertisements make me reach for my lonely credit card  
and cash worth the time that made it  
coins skatter in to pockets of panhandlers  
who's panning for gold in the streams unseen by eyes  
produce glints of metallic flashes in the pie pan  
in the minning hills of the media clouds  
words of news raining pain while tunes console  
and then the groove comes and foot tapping starts  
I think of the story I want to re-read and sit down into my chair by the window

Got to do some weeding in the garden in my head  
weed out the bad thoughts growing around the roots of the good  
take out my trowel and cultivate the neurological soil  
pull out the roots of anger, judgement, and greed  
make some room to be planting all my new seed  
water the loam and let the sunshine feed the life  
making a bed for dreams to sprout and grow up  
networking with the blood flowing in from the heart  
new connections crystalize and protect against the confusion  
making it possible to isolate delusion  
lines of communication growing their wealth in rivers  
flowing to the sea that is not my own  
but diving deep under the waves to dicover  
benefiting not just myself, but you as well  
because by now I found that separation was just a root  
Winding around the understanding of unity  
squeezing until reality was made an illusion  
one we could laugh at, if it didn't trip us up  
eyes become appendages, that function in unison  
to all the other eyes they can't detect  
countless witnesses to the whole, who touch, smell, taste, and hear  
we grow our food from the garden, that some take to market  
for recipes to be tried, and nourishment to ensue  
where seeds can be shared with the specialized collectors  
who know how to tend the earth  
know the nutrients for that metaphor, as well as others



When I bought my first electric guitar  
The amplifiers in the music store smelled like cigarette smoke  
Long haired older rock wizzards looked down on this wimp  
remembrances of looking at my hands fingering chords  
like stepping over cracks in the sidewalk pavement  
music sounded raw on the crackled purity of vinyl  
but as distant as other galaxies to understand the rudiments  
dreaming of being inside the rock star's trip  
high at the same time walking the surface of the sun  
magical gardens of psychedelic wonder  
inspiring poetry and random associations with mystical objects  
apart of it all, and also apart of dangerous delusion  
but I didn't mind falling on to the comfort of pillowed bed of dreamland  
rescued by familiar patterned sounds and inspiration  
coming down by morning's sleepy light  
a scene that was around when I was just born was being born for me  
encompassing the space of the four walls and more  
symmetrical as mandalic perfection in every direction  
waves of matter I had never learned before  
guitar became friend, though very sloppily I trudged on  
fumbling strings like stomping in mud puddles  
misinterpreting what I heard without care  
though the raft took on water, the sea was still kind

Act like you know what's going on  
sooner or later, we're all going to be gone  
take your foot, and step into the slip stream  
ain't it weird it was all just a dream  
the river's been flowing many lifetimes and more  
the key's just been waiting to open the door  
and when it's open we can step on in  
thinking back on all the places we've been  
and I'll think of you, as you're thinking of me  
paint you a picture of all that I see

Sunlight drips its song on the floor  
the heart of the forest dissolves into a keyhole in the door  
turn the knob and walk yourself back in  
there's time to write your story down again  
crested crown of a songbird, neon flame on a branch  
skipping itself along, with the lake's crazy dance  
spirals and eddies, streaming forms of the day  
I've been here a long, long time, but I know I can't stay  
that book you picked up, the one that caught your eye  
take it up to the cash register, it's a good one to buy

why, oh why,  
the paralyzed look from your eye  
heavier than the darkness of night  
farther away than the range of our sight  
can eyes soften back to the calmness of sanity?  
can we be locked inside until we find our key?  
and take upon the continuity of our day  
and by the time to retire, have something worthy to say?  
single deceptions that throw our life out of kilter  
as our time here causes us to age and wither  
before we have time to understand the bird's song  
yet we could have understood it all along

Jumping through a hole in the deep blue sea  
fire engines wail in the night  
broken coffee mug disgarded in the bin  
squirrels scatter into the bushes out of sight  
recycled headlines gathered in the boxes outside  
television commercial gingles distracting pets ears  
frayed magic carpets that never reach the air  
homeless man in the carpark contemplates his years  
there's a wind that blows a confusing message  
of unresolved tension and utter disbelief  
looking through a keyhole at the vault  
a lazy hearted and foolish old thief  
grocery bags stacked many worlds away  
from refugees with the pangs of hunger in their gut  
politicians in marble stone halls  
deciding, with pen in hand, who gets cut  
shots of whiskey downed by the mogul  
smoking cigars and dreaming in his yaucht  
poor boy, hiding in the alley from the cops  
no crime committed, but he still is caught  
coded viruses sprout on magnetic data stores  
growing into weeds in the garden of the web  
and the spider laying the silk of information  
the golden fabric in the programmer's head

Museums may salivate  
then drink their tears  
when the knowledge flows through  
that nothing is special  
it was just a superficial lie  
in order to buy the space  
and delude the crowd  
auction houses too tired to continue  
when gold is just added weight  
it can't be eaten or  
shield the body from the wind  
just glint and distract eyes  
a mirrage that ruined lives  
disrupted populations  
tearing away their clothing and common sense  
I wander in my own museum  
I can't afford a thing on the walls  
it's all way too expensive for me now  
maybe I can pay about half the cost  
of a ticket to step in my own footsteps  
but, what good would it do?  
maybe prolong the delusion  
that we are unique in our own world  
that conscious beings rule over inanimate ones  
that life has worth  
when so many don't believe it to be  
I will bundle up all the hassle of wasteful actions  
and dedicate them to silence  
as the museum surrenders itself to neglect

Everyone has tried to escape  
to say that they were the only one...  
to believe in mystical moments  
when really, fragments of thoughts collide  
like clumsy hands spilling coffee  
accidents that god or goddess can't claim  
to deny duality of self and universe  
is a madness we all live with  
a horse with blinders purposefully utilized  
when hoofs stop sounding  
I will stare into the eyes of the coachman  
as if to start a chain reaction  
toppling line after line of carefully placed dominoes  
perfectly falling along with all pride of self  
and try my hardest to understand  
who you are...

Too much and Not enough had an argument  
tongues not silenced and ears not listening  
Not enough didn't have much to go on...  
and Too much was overwhelmed  
a silent smiling pilgrim walked a trail between the two  
leading up a mountain, and through a valley  
down a river, and to the sea  
following his path came his many admirers  
they didn't have enough of his freedom  
but possessed way too much of his temptation  
a hole was dug, and the fill was used  
to fill another hole

A computer observing my consciousness  
passing cookies behind the screen  
updating the browsing eyes with data  
and, with advertisements in between  
my analog application keeps crashing  
I don't have a control, alt and delete  
just a fractured attention span  
making it easy to accept defeat  
posting brain farts on facebook  
youtubing down the stream  
I wonder if the computer knows  
the fragmented scenery of my dreams  
and, if it did, would it matter  
to that database in the cloud  
raining down bits and pieces  
a rhythmic clatter way too loud  
unplug the mouse's tail  
watch it run back to the hole in the wall  
power down the monitor  
return this software back to the mall

The overwhelming nothingness that lies ahead  
When every one around now is dead  
fields of empty rocks, dust that was a star  
when we ponder that we'd come so far  
when seeds of enlightenment take the wind  
when all we are, and all we've been  
shards of technology smashed in the waves  
water rises over our unplanned graves  
eyes that once saw, feeling only cold  
if nothing grows, nothing grows old  
older than the life inside a tear  
infinities of memories of the ones that time held dear  
sacred books all consumed by fire  
when all the languages expire

We're all trying  
trying to find out who won the game  
and who still is sane  
and who still complains  
the remote control lost some of its buttons  
but random flickers of light and sound still emanate  
the matrix of the screen is still intact  
dogs still bark and sirens still sound on the street  
my guitar still plucks uneasy like eating a bowl of cereal  
crumbs still fall on the carpet  
there are still people dying on the news  
commercials are still pointless and waste my attention  
junk mail still piles in the recycle box  
and it tells me that dishes need cleaning  
floors need sweeping  
bills need paying  
words on magazine pages need to be read  
just as graffiti needs to be scratched in the bathroom stalls  
god needs to be profitable in his mission  
broken glass needs to be embedded in car tires  
cigarette butts need to decompose in flower beds  
spider webs need to be walked into  
coins need to be hurled into bushes  
beer cans need to be scattered in the hedges  
but we're trying to keep showing  
that we're all doing something about it

living in the troughs of the waves of hues  
the ones in the advertisement in the magazine  
I'm trapped inside and must climb to the crest  
where, maybe I can understand what I'm supposed to buy  
but my wallet is falling to pieces and money is thin  
its cloth is faded and torn  
the coins are probably rusted by now  
someone in the clouds picks up the magazine  
then throws it in a stack of others  
my dream is crammed in with other countless pages  
and all the colors fade to black  
shadows so dark they lose their sight  
and I wake up under fluorescent lights  
in the perfume section of a fashion store in an immense mall  
the money flowing like lava into the registers  
cooling into pillowed rocks  
one day they will be crushed together in such pressure  
that diamonds form and are plucked  
by shoeless slave miners  
exploited by the jewelry store CEO  
I think I know by now  
what was being advertised

Everything's already happened said the future to the past  
All the plans you had have come to pass  
The light from the last dying star died out  
Nothing left to cause any doubt  
Here and now have become then and there  
No conscious mind left to have a care  
Dimensional space and time faded into the dark  
Which dissolved into a speck of dust so small it couldn't cause a spark

Dreaming computer caught me awake  
waiting for a bus and the sun to rise  
looking for pocket change twenty years ago  
not expecting to be using my eyes  
twisting road winding down the hillside  
headed to a slowly awakening town  
tree roots holding firm to dirt  
as the sun shines while I'm coming down  
particular instances of faded delusions  
winter's ice and the thawing spring  
now I know we're all connected  
and it also don't mean a thing  
bus driver hands me a transfer  
turns to lint in my youthful hand  
my school books lost in a foreign city  
a strange language of a distant land  
I fall out the door at the coffee shop  
and stash my bag below my seat  
scribble in my crazy journal  
remembering I might find a friend to meet  
she's a vision of a dreaming boy  
more perfect than she's ever known  
I'm the dream she finds me in  
but twenty years on I find I've grown

Must bow down to the consumer overlords  
Gifts from Targets and Wallmarts, food from McDonalds and Monsanto  
In the land of milk and honey... Coca Cola milk, and the last honey from dying  
bees  
Addictive synthetic neurotoxin sweeteners for diabetic lemmings  
Serving a god by buying stuff made by his slaves in cheaper countries  
Cheaper prices flashed on snazy price tags with neon colors  
Distracting forgetful eyes from their loss  
Tired footsteps on the shopping mall treadmill  
Lab mice never reaching the cheese  
Elevator music in the corridors of plastic Christmas cheer  
White noise drowning the senses like movie theater candy  
Head rush by way of corn syrup and dopamine spikes to the bloodstream  
Advertisements by all conceivable media filling the streams like countless fish  
hooks  
Snaring and tearing into flesh and money  
Psychological manipulators on almost every level  
Legally enforced by corporate mandate  
Cheered on by celebrity glam and lies  
You will be happy if you give in  
You will be accepted by your pocket book's devotion  
You will be contributing to the greater good by...  
By adhering to your higher fashion sense  
By accepting your desicision to buy more than your share  
To see the neccesity in funding the beast

silver darting salmon jumping into air  
the winding vines of ivy  
the gravel where weeds grow through  
dirty fingers once sifted through  
mansion house with dream rooms and windows  
looking outward and in  
flying kites with dogs and soda pop  
ice cream dripping on our hands  
now I listen to myself think while the radio blares  
closed eye dreams don't have advertisement jingles  
just abstraction of flashes of light through the blinds  
the windows now are closed to those dreams  
they can only come again once new dreams are born  
by children who find new paths  
though the forest to grandma's house  
cupboards filled with candy and postcards

The dusty crusty world of the past  
Memories stuck in letters in the drawer  
Totem pole eagle points to the West  
where the sun forever sets  
records and tapes holding ancient song  
the childhood I can't believe is gone  
am I an empty shell delayed in growth  
spiraling back into rewinded movie scenes  
fumbling for the remote  
just to remember  
Will wires that rust hold their charge?  
long enough for languished drama  
to play on the flickering television dreamland  
where decay and dust find their home  
withered popcorn kernels stuck under the couch  
old newspaper that turns to mush in the rain  
may the trees that made you remember  
the wind that marked the days of storm  
all I am in the mirror  
was a perception of a reflection  
somedays we all have to get old enough to feel

when you have a thought stuck in the back dark space of your head  
and, you don't know how it got there  
don't worry, it's just a freyed piece of an inconsequential puzzle  
that's being put together by the hands of time  
things from our bag, that we think is zipped up and closed,  
when we don't use the eyes in the back of our head,  
dreams fall out like breadcrumbs  
some get eaten ny mysterious birds with colorful illuminated plumeages  
as they plummet down from the sky  
they too leave colored feathers  
ones that stumbling dreamers pick up  
and stick in their worn out old hats  
while they hum their fairy tale tunes  
along the paths through the neighborhood

think I've bitten off more than I can chew  
think I've tried to recall more than I knew  
the destination is way farther than I planned  
even though the road I know like the back of my hand  
I've been driving down it for so long  
and I keep playing the same old song  
singing the same old words  
like endlessly feeding the same old birds  
they fly in, and winter on the edge of the lake  
I throw them pieces of uneaten cake  
fattening them up below the layers of down  
they've forgotten why they flew into this town  
maybe the lead bird was given a tip from his brother  
that there would be food, he learned it from his mother  
told him to fly on towards the sun  
Eastward and South, where the lakes aren't frozen  
this time of year, there's warmth on its edge  
protection from the wind, a nest along the hedge  
fishermen meet up to talk on the shore  
schoolkids walk by on their way to the store  
candy and dreams of computerized lands  
flashing lights and sounds all controlled by hand  
the future was already here to show them the world  
they put in their pockets, as their dreams unfurled  
but yesterday has a way of becoming tomorrow  
and its satisfactions sometimes turn into sorrow