

there must be an island 07-25-03

child/woman in a tie-dye shirt
arresting all eyes - the anti-gravity show
social weapons testing begins so young
the pheromones dance and have no place to go

the heavy rap carries a long quarter mile
indifferent to hearing they laugh while inside
the vehicle's worth barely equals the cost
the subwoofer bellows - a new hunter's pride

the band puts on make-up intended to scare
their fans do the same and descend to short words
and hate becomes easy - entitlement flares
the concept of service abandoned, absurd

there must be an island of sanity somewhere
where nature's the teacher, and love runs too deep
if life's implications are just paths in the process
find me the end of the road and allow me to sleep

standing in line while 20 counters are closed
threading the paths of a touch tone maze
holding the phone for an underpaid cuber
losing ten thousand jobs for the new chairman's raise

leaving the message and never getting a call
at the convenience store man, I should be checking for pulse
another farmer goes under and the houses go in
nobody moves yet fingers point to the faults

the glimmer of light looming large in the darkness
ignoring all reason, and opportunities lost
she floats toward the heat of equatorial suns
her network of friends begins to be lost

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