

world's  
dwarves

At the Mad-hatters opium tea party  
All the ~~world's~~ a stage (or would like to be)  
Sprites, pixies, gnomes, elves, ~~dwarfs~~ go on a parade

Reach up a hand slowly, climb a rope to the valley of dolls  
prancing and dancing, and jumping and pounding and tearing  
your heart from its body, your mind from its whirlwind of thought

Spin around, touch the ground, reach the sky 'fore your carried away  
to the sea, to the vortex's abyss

He might drown in the ocean, we might never much notice the difference  
Unless we vrrinkled our suits made of fine, tailor-fit, scottish tvTead  
With blood on our coats, we can't find a cleaners to listen

We're on the Mad-hatter's cotton-gin, opium tea party st-age

~~So, you!~~ <sup>al.</sup> <sup>f!</sup> **Sonnet to A**

T.hansight of your mind there's no greater parallax  
Covered by a plaster cast facade  
I pull the nerves from your spine to spin as if flax  
Shown by this clothe, like Christ b~ The Shroud

~~f~~On a potter's wheel I can create your image  
Always I try to make, not to find  
Clay is ne.ver inside, and can't understand rage  
Through sooty smoke, I won't hear screamed signs

A nightingale song jolts us to night  
I touch you, but find splinters deep in my veins  
Always it's clay inside, out of sight  
From this side you're different, from that side the same

To break the mirror that seperates me from you  
To find a vision which is long overdue