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 wrinkle our suits made of fine, tailor-fit, scottish tweed
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-stage

Sonnet to A

Through sight 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

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 separates me from you
To find a vision which is long overdue