

Heaven's Balloon

Count Zero

God imagine me upon your dream
Not prohibited a love supreme
Thrilled to be transmuted by pure steam
Filled until I can't command a seam

But when it's the same
And I can't tell the moon
"come bear the blame"
And no other kind cocoon
Can share the shame
Of a wasted afternoon,
Who'll carry me the way that you call home?

God imagine me released from this
Substance there replaces artifice
Buried in the bosom of pure bliss
Married to the wisdom of your kiss

But when melting waves
Turn shoreline frost to froth
And no eighth heart saves
The mother of the moth
And no ghost engraves
The cross upon the cloth
Who'll carry me the way that you call home?