

Never beginning, never ending days.
Days when the ceiling is so low I cannot stand
And the blunted knife presses into me.
Melting in the airless heat
The walls close in on me...
Nudging me this way and that
From one to another like nervous thunder
Thudding in my head a heart
Is beating out the boredom...
Nudging me this way and that
From one to another
Like nervous thunder,
Until I fall to claustrophobic sleep
And the ever watching walls lean over me

But when I wake I feel alone
There is nothing but a vast blank floor.
And although the walls are watching
I can never reach them.
No matter how far I walk.
I can never reach them.

Perhaps I'm hypnotised by the rhythm of walking
I don't know and I don't really care
All I want is clarity, a degree at least of clarity.
And gradually in the bright
Yellowing light there is detail,
I have to hold myself back
Because I am afraid of losing it
I cannot reach this by striking
Out wildly in the dark.

Slowly I'm aware of something
In my hand, it is another hand
And there are buildings, high-rise, tall,
Slender, monumental in the yellow light
I see the word 'firestone' and great movie
star faces.
Garage, barber shop, kiosk, multi-family dwellings,
Drugstore, sheet glass, casino, hotel bethlehem
And a wisp of my new loves thick brown hair
Brushes against my cheek
As the passing mouths of streets and
Arcades gulp in the new world rising,
This is the new world rising..