

Virtuality

Anne Clark

Time is beating harder
Time's running after me
Time's running faster inside
Running out of me

Every movement...
Every moment...
Harder, faster into me
Every movement's...
Every moment's...
Harder, faster into me

Like you and your love
Like you and your love
Like you and your love
Like you
And your love
Like you
And your love
Keeping time with me
Like you and your love
And your leaving
Tearing into me
Crashing into me
Tearing me apart

Pumping
Beating
A cold cold heart
Pumping
Bleeding
Re-set
Re-time
Re-live
Start

Oh right now we're lost. We're big clocks of brass glass wood with hands swimming big blue waves crashing through seconds hours minutes spinning out of control dimly lit digits of time in space ringing out yet muted the endless blackness of now of night of love sex dizzying into distant spiral of light lit solely licked slowly by thick splashes of white love liquid life liquid a flickering screen to see you with pheromone to sense you with pheromone to name you with blinding burst head-splitting scream of no longer being matter all colours merging no matter take me to the edge of time of breath of life creating life playing with death dissolve me there at the edge

Getting harder
Getting easier
Getting harder
Getting easier
The getting harder
Makes it easier
The getting harder
Makes it easier
To keep you close to me
The getting harder
Makes it easier

To keep you deep in me...