

Dream a Million Stars

Count Zero

The crayons are being repo'd from cocoons.
The clouds learn to suckle from lead straws.
The crowd gives applause-sign applause.

Signs say "last chance for gas next 50 miles."
Done waiting for Brothers Someday and Somehow?
I'm ready, and I hope you're willing, the time is now!
So, come out! Let's
Dream a million
Stars in color!

Who's that at the Horizon Exchange?
It's Dunce, on his daddy's high horse,
To help steer a rainbow off course.

Signs say "last gasp for change next 50 miles."
Done waiting for Brothers Someday and Somehow?
I'm ready, and I hope you're willing, the time is now!
Well, come on, and
Dream a million
Stars in color!