

Event Horizon

Peter Hammill

Flat on my back, I can feel myself falling into a singular state of mind; as if through a fog, I can hear someone calling. I know I'm cutting it fine, thinking that maybe it's time to cross the line.

The last thing I need's any outside assistance; whatever I do will be what has been done and if force is applied, let it be from a distance. Right now I'm biding my time; hold on, I'm biting my tongue, hoping I'm timing my run across the line.

It's all gone so quiet and scary, I can feel the bloodrush in my ears. If only I could keep my head, if only I could keep my head from spinning, if only I could keep my head I'd cross the line.

Is that the finish in sight or a mist that's descending? The geometry's blurred at the edge of the scene. At the vanishing point there'll be no perfect ending, no final dotting of "i"s, no chance of crossing the "t"s - at last, unpicked at the seams, I'll cross the line.