

It's Ice

Phish

I press on the elastic sheet, I'm breathing through a slice
'Are they worms or are the serpents?' bubbles through the ice
The source was quite invisible, the ever-present voice
While skating, both legs tracing different shapes, I made my choice
Mimicking the image in whose radiance I bask
I'm tied to him, or him to me, depending who you ask
None the less reluctantly reflections tumble in
I slide with all the other on the wrong side of the skin
He's fallen on the ice, it cracks
Will he plunge in and join me here?
He meets my eyes, to my surprise
He laughs in full light of my frown
My double wants to pull me down
Slipping on the friction slide, my skin peels to the bone
The flesh I leave behind, is something that is not my own
I beg my mirror image for a moment with my soul
He's leaning back, time to attack, to see who's in control
And every move I make he's got a hand up just in time
He's throwing several punches, and he's blocking most of mine
Defeated now I sulk and squirm above the frozen heights
Waiting, calculating till he ventures onto the ice.