

## White Snow

Red Wanting Blue

At this moment, monks are in deep meditation somewhere  
Unaware that cellular phone conversations are interrupting their prayer

NASA is beaming coordinates to satellites around Mars  
From their radar, through my body, then out to yours, then out to the stars

Baton toss from them to me to you  
From them to me to you  
Baton toss from them to me to you  
From them to me to you

White Snow. We're static. We can't help but interfere with this  
It's automatic and tragic and scientifically so magic  
We can't see what's running through us  
We follow hearts where eyes won't let us go  
Let love exist between the lines just like white snow

Invisible to us, we must trust that they won't bring us harm  
While the ghosts who walk among us  
Are more than a little jealous  
They are sounding their dead alarm