

The Dead Man's Dream

The Church

Once I had a name, forgotten now
I breathe the air in a century of wonder
I can hear it now, in darkness, ivory birds
Gorgeous machines, the sound they made like thunder

The gardens drink, honey jewels and rapids
The pageants passed down avenues of splendor
On long afternoons, by enchanted ways
'pon elephants, so well I do remember

Lords and priests and talking beasts
Golden carts and tele-paths
Crystal skulls and screaming gulls
Women glow tattooed with woe

Colored mists of amethyst
Memories strong and days were long
Dragons glide on mountainside
Mandrake root, angel fruit

Sighing winds on silver skins
Asian transubstantiation
Unicorns, electric storms
Junes and moons and afternoons

Dream police determine the peace