

## PHOTOGRAPH REFLECTIONS

2-25-14

(#8)

- 1. Black & white reflections  
in some other strange dimension  
where I lost my sole directions  
once I tossed my whole intention  
in a realm of overwhelm  
while at the helm  
of a dream where it would seem  
I could — scream !  
But no one was there to hear !  
(Yet it all seemed so paradoxically clear)  
\* [then I exited the photograph] . . . and . . .**
- 2. Once back on track it was all  
about reminiscing —  
Silhouettes, white on black  
behind their back we were quickly kissing,  
frantically alone no interruption from a phone  
no one barging in on our sin — we'd gone missing !  
  
— We were lost in a dream  
on the other side of somewhere  
We had drifted into nowhere  
And we weren't anywhere . . . to be found . . .  
there was no sound . . . \* [in limbo, as the]:**
- 3. Projector wheels kept turning  
hearts kept burning in their yearning  
colors all erased — reality defaced  
but we kept on learning.  
Why the amber sky, so ashen ?  
Was there fire — more than passion —  
that kept churning ?  
Did any of it mean a thing ?  
— Even in a dream ?**

### [INSTRUMENTAL]

- 4. Reflections into stained and faded images  
of days wildly spent  
from photographs to epitaphs  
that 'gainst resistance came and went  
like windows climbing down our souls  
into holes that take us back  
to those days tainted with haze  
— of sweet memory magic !**

**Oh, how they color,  
how they ravage !**

### [INSTRUMENTAL AND FADEOUT]

**[END]**

Written: February 24-25, 2014

\* Bracketed text are spoken words, not exactly sung