

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