

TIME, DREAMS, GOLD

1-17-16
(#6)

1. Time, like a bag of priceless jewels
flung against the wall of life, by fools,
'cross the universe fly all its tools,
hurled through the world of eternity.
2. Dreams, shattered like a trashed, crashed race car,
marbles bashed from a smashed old vase-jar,
colors for the blind man with the gashed-in face scar,
while none can quite reach the sun.
3. Oh, but in our vain, insane quest
fancying we strive for the ever-elusive best —
traded your strait jacket for a pearl-studded vest,
but then never got to put it on.
4. Gold, the "ticket in" — great deceiver.
Gold, the "ticket out" — don't believe her.
Like a dope grip — hooked — you can never leave her —
once you made her your holy grail
— couldn't get her even by the tail . . . *
. . . and now the whole world's in her jail.

BRIDGE: Life, oh, life ! how the ages melt you,
wear you, tear you, throwing out the hand it dealt you,
prize fighter shadow-boxing all alone —
the whole world went home . . .
— No one (including you) is left in the ring * *
Ding, ding, ding. †

[END]

Written: January 17, 2016 [G, M]

* Spoken (whole line); and next line spoken
in a whisper; and both lines, extreme ritardando

* * This line: Extreme ritardando; ends on cliffhanger

† Sound of a boxing-ring bell, overdubbed with
voice of these 3 words, also