

It pulls off  
the powerband and  
I strip her  
eye's mind  
of mine, we see  
each other back  
there in an old reality  
babies in sandbox.  
hitting truck with  
tin shovels and trying  
to hide them under plastic pails

Mother's screaming  
sand, sheets and  
feets full of the  
granlar substance  
nightmare sand in  
baby's minding the  
lord elemental  
silical shades of  
sinister daydream  
on paper fulfilling  
time again in cyclical  
chanted space out  
of eternal reality is  
all you can feel  
all you can see  
all you can hope,  
to be is a live until  
you cease is not