

coming it out of
your mind whirling
pictures in mirrored
bars plays on preying
kalliedoscope
vision in spinning
dreams of dreamers
see you are real
and say to you
you are here
and will not
run like christianized
centurions of old
law centuries past
away old newspapers
you are no psuedo
so get out there and
show them you're
confidence you stand
there alive you
scream in silence you
are there you are real

The dance was ace. They had a polka band playing those old tunes and dancing was indeed what the doctor ordered.

Feb 9 - I'm sitting at the astern extremity of the ward waiting for the sun to come up, the horizon is purple with expectation of the chariot.