

In the glittering gold hallucinigen of sun-
On the broiler - pushing the
Perspiration into your hair to
Spread the cooling moisture;
At last a breeze and a cloud
And a drop of sweat travels
The length of you back
Sickening you as the shudder
Racks the shoulders in an
Instant bursitis attack in too late breeze.
Stomachs due turn upside down
With heat stroke or flitiation,
You grin a sweat grin standing
In the sun again pressing a
Headache up you shoulder
Through your neck out through
The forehead and smile the second
Wind, you won't die you're
Just exceedingly miserable, your
Only comfort 'Til dreams of
Rustling trees in the black night.

I've spoken to many people,
And it seems many feel like
You and me,

That is someone has been

Stealing thier dneams
And visions too.