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Have I Seen The Last Giraffe

No More To Taste The Plum

My Time Amongst The Ether Past

The Distant Act Begun

Was It Real A Stroke Ago

Who Knows The Tick Or Tock

Of Dreams Or Schemes Of Light As Though

The Dark Might Grant

A Glimpse Into

The Faceless

Cosmic Clock

What States Back Beyond The Veil

Across The Looking Glass

Truth Or Perhaps The Wizard’s Tale

Why Cry Of Now Or Past

Is Dawn Or Set More Than The Same

To One Who Seeks To Peer

Into The Void

And Harkin To

The Lyrics Of The Years

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*O’Hare Airport.*

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