Mirror, Mirror

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Abstract

is this the place to be... time marches by in small staccato steps...
Mirror, Mirror...

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is this the place to be . . . . .

time marches by in small staccato steps
   lifts its feet just off the floor
   forces through with the heel
   points with the toes
i follow in clumsy imitation
and i don’t know where i’m going
   and the mirror catches it

the tinny cackle of an old happy motor
rattles out of sight and they are in it
   but i don’t know where it’s going
   and i don’t know where i’m going
   and the mirror catches it
i hear sly laughter and i turn away to look

time slides past in three-four time
   pulls its shoulders down with the beat
   forward . . . kick . . . stomp
   leap over and cross over
spend the last few days at home
it’s worse this way

today it looks this way
and tomorrow it will sound that way
i punch the keys and it comes out black on white
   but i see it white on black
   and the black crowds over laughing
today is sunny and tomorrow it will rain
somewhere i pulled a lever wrong
   it comes out four o’clock
—sorry—I’m sorry—sorry—