

Alpha, Back

Opening poem by Sylvia Plath :

But toward the region where
Our thick atmosphere diminishes
And God knows what is there
A point of exclamation marks that sky
In ringing orange
Like a stellar carrot
Its round period displaced in greens
Suspends beside it a first point
The starting point of evil
Against the new moon's curve

Martin Barnard :

So that I see
And know I gave reason
The time to believe
It's all in my head
The sun that I see
Is just an illusion
And I live close to the edge

This time taking time
This sun, sun is high
Sang a tune, sang a tune, sang a tune
Everybody talks to you
Everybody talks to you
Turning like it ought to
Turning like a wise will
Saying like it hasn't
Soul see, soul set
Soul see, soul set

Calling her name
Called in nirvana
Time and again
Alone that I work
Take this and more
And time in together
And why are you close to the edge

They say just to add
The wilder world is a trap
I see just to add you to that
For he was the sun
The comet rushing along
And she, new to that
Turned her back

Does everybody talk to you
Everybody talks to you
Turning like it ought to
Taking it away
(Sample)
Soul see, soul set
Soul see, soul set
Soul see, soul set
Soul see, soul set
(Sample)