

Bill Nelson, He And Sleep Were Brothers

He and sleep were brothers in a tomb of my design,
clinging to each other through each moment of their crime,
young boys, would-be-angels hanging naked from the sky,
time delays reaction, captured falling, do or die

In the realms of flesh and bone beyond the spiral city,
people dance on broken glass to rhythms of self-pity,
time reveals as shape on film each act of heroism,
death defies the camera eye and steals the gift of vision

He and sleep were brothers in a tomb of their invention
driving cars that shift no gears across the maps of heaven,
colours cut and clash and flare and come into collision,
certain forms of fear provide this cure for hypnotism