

# Rheostatics, A Midwinter Night's Dream

Martin Tielli

In the Winter. In the Winter's time.  
Sidewalk shrinking... and you?

TV's twinkling. The sky cushioned my ditch with a couch of snow.  
So soft. So deep and so cold. And you?

Sweet sweet silence. I'm already gone.  
Pleased to meet you. You speckled my throat like a junkie'd prick,  
So cold, so blue, and shallow.

It hiss like snow do  
As though fish's could know any better  
Underneath the ice in suspension.  
It feels like your mouth.  
A drip of spit on the end of your tongue  
Falls into the ice and cracks like thunder  
And a dream I had of girders  
And an abandoned truck in the underground parking lot  
With the keys in the ignition.

If I be the crane, if you be the site inspector  
Who had a scotch at lunch and a problem with his wife?  
You didn't notice

The truck, the wires,  
The white silence of the coming blue fires,  
The sabotage of a giant thing that would benefit the workers.  
It's all too much. A spirit can't sink any deeper  
In to dope, dope, dope, and submission.

It's a dream I have. Yeah, it's what I think I know.  
'Cause if all this pain and endless anger has somewhere to go...  
If I had the permit to, all hail Leo Copter!

And you would like my face.  
You would like my face.

Sweet, sweet silence. I'm already gone.