

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.