

Age Of Silence, The Green Office And The Dark I

I found it hidden in the very core of the city
The building didn't do it justice, but then again no building would
The office door ajar and the letters D.I. on everything

It was empty when I arrived but the thick, damp air told me
That someone had been there only minutes ago

The room was painted in different shades of green
All matching the colour of the flow
And the interior, Spartan as it was, seemed to
Underline the fact that this company was all about

Control, direction and blatant satisfaction

I saw invoices everywhere, and a thick mahogany table
Covered with yellowed pieces of paper - they were lists, and it finally occurred to me
- this was an administrative center for the P&S of our modern world
"Such a fetid web of pretence!"

It lay in the bottom of an old ashtray,
Yellow and worn as the others, but somehow different.
Two dates - one I knew and one I didn't.
Both were passed, the second one very recently.
I lifted the paper, folded it and slid it into my back pocket
Then I left.

Fundamental change - turn the direction of the breeze by force, crank it up to a storm
Of the breeze by force, crank it up to a storm