

Buddy Lackey, Just Like A Timepiece

the ghost of my own song
have named themselves no one
strings of their shadows have led through the world
the hands of the dream wind
that blows from beneath them
bring thin sheets of paper, they ask me for more
they offer a ride in their submarine dragonfly
brought me inside to a chair in her head
the blind jester pilot
he smiles and he says that she knows where to go as he lies down instead
I couldn't help noticing the pilot began to dream
started me wondering time of the day
the carousel seahorses picturesque circus dress
flowing behind them began their display
the pantomime symphony slowly pretends to me
I stopped for directions back to my dream
the one broke his silence and pointed to me
and said just like a timepiece keep circling, circling

blue for the sky
the world only turns from far away
only blue from this high
it feels like flying
it feels like dying

sun is sinking planet shrinking
looking through the windows thinking
floating high above the weather
life and daydream come together
fly, fly

the harlequin juggler in porcelain masquerade
bicycle playing card joker in green
the jack-rabbit rocking-horse
pendulate back and forth
tick-tocking apparatus carnival stream
there came a time in which I began wondering
the distance behind us inside of this dream
the blind jester pilot, he woke and he said to me
just like the world we keep circling, circling
the ghost of my own song
have named themselves no one
strings of their shadows have led through the world

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that blows from beneath them
bring thin sheets of paper, they ask me for more

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