

Diane Cluck, Telepathic Desert

Did you receive my love across the telepathic desert
Switchboards are corroding in the micro-ranging waves
Did you receive my love across the telepathic desert
A million signals singe for every syllable that's saved

Today I sent you love
I wonder if you will receive it
They shoot it down so often
I have watched it and believe
That if it never reached your mind
And it fell short your heart
It's fallen to the desert floor where
Scorpions and sun torched and stung it all apart

Do not misunderstand me
I see the desert beauty
The cactus flower blooming
From the bleaching of the bones
But this used to be a river
Till misappropriated
By electrical confusion
And the frying of the phones

Frequencies ranging through arcs of extra signal
Yardage and miles of interfering stuff
Invisible scribbles override the tired air
With an ever-present static so the traveling is rough
It stumbles over distances but I have sent enough
The atmosphere unravelling till you receive my love