

Dominici, The Dream

I had the dream last evening
The Elders all were there
Cloaked in hooded garments
Electricity in their hair
They carried water candles
That flickered cobalt blue
And bedroom eyes could not disguise
The evil they would do
While looming in the distance
The silhouetted hills
Were hosting all the victims
And counting up the kills

The sunset streaked a vapor trail
Upon a water color sky
The night folded its wings around me
As I discovered I could fly
I soared above the houses
Through cotton candy skies
The frightened children watching
My image passed across their eyes
While screaming in their bedrooms
The women loved their pain
I lost my grip on heaven
And fell to earth again

The smell of fear engulfed me
It came down from on high
Although I tried to run away
My legs would not comply
I felt upon my shoulder
A bony lifeless hand
It churned a chill inside me
And made me understand
Ignorance hides in the darkest places
And feeds its poison to its young
You'll wipe them from existence
You are the chosen one

Somehow I escaped him
And headed for the sea
Across a field of broken mirrors
Reflecting everything but me
I walked across the water
And came upon a boat
Where Moses and Picasso
Were trying to stay afloat
One was painting flowers
The other skipping stones
When I asked them to explain
They cried, Leave us alone!

I hitchhiked back to Ixtlan
That painter stole my van
The locals in Atlantis
Were all working on their tan
And when I tried to warn them
My teeth fell from my mouth
A Snowstorm was approaching
So I headed south
The crowd had just descended
On the beach at Normandy
Where Hitler joined Queen Mary
To have a spot of tea

Now all of this confusion
Made perfect sense to me
It was a revelation
A truth I had to see
The Painter and the Prophet
Got married later on
And took their honeymoon
On the shores of Balaton
The water from the candles
Turned the Ocean cobalt blue
The burnt electric air
Gave my lungs a death tattoo