

Meat Puppets, Electromud

Everybody's got some kind of
Belief about creator
Some say openly, "I don't know,"
Some build elevators
To take the chosen few
Who can afford the scenic view
To the top of some big tower
Looking out on fields of blue
Walking clouds on caves of emptiness
That fall around their minds
To flirt openly with vapor
And the trail it leaves behind
Fences fly and sidewalks cry
Concerning our creator
Turning loose the butterfly
That ate the alligator
Picking up its open-ended
Holographic roots
It moved out to the tower
To look down on me and you
Walking caves of empty water
In the boring morning rain
Making love to open windows
And the vapor trails' refrain
