

# Olivia Chrestomanci, Encounters At The End Of T

Truth will find its peace of mind  
in narrative told many times,  
like men that dive below the ice  
in suits that lend them skin like whales.  
The funny thing is people take  
great passion in for passion's sake,  
visualize the present  
as the past within our future tales.

So we live in three dimensions  
and we talk of other people  
Only if we speak of others  
can we speak about ourselves.  
I think I think the world will sink  
Will [we'll] drown in glaciers melted down.  
Will [we'll] fade beneath the limning tide  
Re-emerge when we have died  
But I believe in home.  
I believe in comin' home  
I believe in home.

Susan does her research  
in her lab down by the field.  
She tests the swimming particles  
in hopes that they will yield.  
Like farmers raising up their eyes  
and praying for the rain,  
Susan trusts her particles  
to break down and explain.

Charlie tells his children  
that their names will someday fade  
And his eldest son has nightmares  
He will take unto the grave.  
And the favored younger son  
becomes obsessed with procreation,  
fathers 700 children  
singing his name in adulation.

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