

Peter Hammill, Cretans Always Lie

It's impossible to trace
these words in carbon paper trail
for just as Zeno's arrow flies the snake is eating its tail.

And in contradictory style
the soldier and the steer attend
around the mark of the five hundred all in charge of a friend.

"The Cretans always lie"
claims the Cretan.
The Cretans always lie.

A kiss the gift from hell
light, the poison pillow, dear...
and as we gag on it translation smacks of something like

"Cretans always lie"
claims the Cretan;
"Of Cretan stock am I,
am I Cretan?"

Why don't we hook this old short circuit to the value of Pi?

"Cretans always lie"
claims the Cretan;
"Of Cretan stock am I,
(so) am I Cretan?"
And Zeno's arrow flies,
through the ether.

Come on...
let's see how the paradox flies.