

# The Church, An Interlude

"They're going to send you away" she said  
Psychic angels spread on the top of her head  
And in the compartments of my dread  
The rush hour crush travels home to bed  
"You never seem to hear" she smiled  
Statues tiptoe for a glimpse of the child  
The lawns are always lush and wild  
Spacious floors bejeweled and tiled  
"How are you getting home" she laughed  
Mermaids drowned but I clung to the raft  
It's just the water in the bath  
An interlude for the busy staff