

but then he says to me
 "what does lunchtime really mean?"
dreaming in a pipe is a mouse
 having a little pipedream
clouds and flowers on the dark side of the sun
and the faint humming of the neon sign
 with a couple letters burnt out

coffee and wine float thru the air
the dog across the street is barking
 he says "hey! who are you? whats that? theres a car!"

entranced by the soft glow of electric moonlight and cold nite air
the buildings throw silvery charcoal shadows

the spirit of the night is pulsating from the guitar at the coffeeshop
 and headlights float down the street
 outside the big picture window

06 march 2004