

## Between Time

I ate a pebble today and it was delicious!  
They say it keeps your skin glowing and clear;  
Or would it be a better thing, for the silver rain to fall on me?

Today, when the second sun rose above us,  
I squinted and strained to hear the giant snail;  
Instead, the rush of feathers following  
A flock of mail and postcards from that  
Space where he still waits between time.

I swing to catch the tea leaves every day  
'Cause the fickle clouds never bother to stay;  
... Sing a toast whenever I feel like it,  
Wherever, I may be drinking.

But today I set the cups for two.  
One was chipped, the other sparkling new,  
Shining melodies from the thunder world and  
trying to reach the place where he still  
Waits in that space between time

Between tides that grow with the moons of tomorrow,  
Catch his song come riding through:  
Ringing, Dai-da-dai da-da dai-da-da dah-da, Dai-da-da da-dah

Well, yesterday I pictured him alone,  
With no one to reassure him of my return!  
Then, a melon tree dropped one on me,  
As if a sore suggestion that

Tomorrow I should pack a sack and go;  
Cast a tawny sail and catch the flow;  
Toss my streamers to the butterfly and set forth because I know that  
He still waits in that space between time.

At night, when the two moons are close  
The sky glows green and gold!  
When blossoms share their secrets most,  
Those bright, stalactite eyes will see...  
See me!