

TIME IN THE LIGHT

(some questions in letters by Steve Siekkinen)

i had a strange dream last night...

somewhere inbetween what i thought i knew + and all you say that you've seen, lives every dream + that falls between the cracks when it's cut off in mid-stream + it's becoming clear to me, it's not all that it's cracked up to be + despair used disparagingly + is it clear what that could mean to mean to me? + walking cloud nine feeling uncomfortably fine + then you realize - the cloud is just smoke + and thinking that it's something you can walk on is just a joke + in a daze under grey blanket skies + endlessly asking over and over "why?" + but don't be afraid of raining - everything could use a cleaning + don't let your fleas become flies + love your excess flattering dress + beauty is in the eye of the beholder like a stick + and to truly go out on a limb, you first need to climb the tree + it's hard to see the forest sometimes through the trees + and the irony in that is not lost on me + i want high schools named after me + i want to be the question to an answer on jeopardy + do questions in letters make you feel better? + or the same as people who guess? + it's a guess at best... + often proof is illusion at best + in fact, fact does not really exist + seldom seen or heard is this + pain or pleasure from intentional fist + depending on/if it's hit or miss + i mean, the short route through a long process + well, eventually will cause a mess + life is foreplay - the rest is sex + using spray paint to mark the decks + joni sings it's sex that kills + if it's not battle of the sexes, it's battle of the wills

i dreamt i went to bed and dreamt that i was dead...

faces dancing on the tips of flames + soaring across the sky in clouds + etched in frost gathered on the window + peeking through patterns on public walls + in hallowed halls our faith dissolves + wondering who will catch us if we stumble and fall + everytime an atheist dies somewhere on earth a natural disaster arises + the song postponed, dethroned, it's just a secret + but before i ignore it at all anymore + i'll have to confront it, dissect it, black pulpit, eject it then resurrect it + 'cause nothing ever is final + dismantled swing set finally could forget + and without regret, be hauled away + i spent my childhood staring at the sun + it's not that i was dumb, but just too young + sunspots are burned on the backs of wilted eyes + that are turned towards the sky wondering why + god doesn't apologize + we are assembled of others flesh + provided encouragement to transgress + and yet all others fail us + and i won't condemn what i can't understand + even accidents have their tragedies + cut it wide open until it bleeds + then wait and see where the trickle leads

now in my dream when i awoke, as if it were a joke, laughing, i tried to come to grips...

please tell me what you think of me + and go ahead and do it honestly + 'cause i've got a dozen friends i can count on + to lie to me + but i meant what i said, they're not lies + i would steal the stars from the skies + would unseal the scars over your eyes + re-writing pieces of me that still apply + not going under just to misguide + and on bad days i would

hold it close + the way some hold the holy ghost + the sound from three stories down was closer to the ground + than i was to the sky but without asking why + i felt the opposite to be true and i still do + i know it sounds absurd but i barely even heard the asphalt break + only one side is safe - only one side is safe + it could be your fall from, or your saving, grace + dodging in and out - undefined + like trying to trace a cloud with love + from an airplane above + flying almost never ends up landing where wheels set down + feeling empty is no strategy for those who build to tear down + imagine going back and living your life over again + knowing everything you know now but not being able to change anything + as though you were just watching your life story for the second time + only you were playing the leading role, with no control + and if time really could be kept in a bottle + what size jug would you be carrying around? + if left standing long enough, every room you've ever been in + will become a museum ... why wait?

but to my surprise, just then opened my eyes to find out that my dream had finally quit...

while i crossed at highland and main + my thoughts rolled down the sewer drain + i reached between the bars and strained + my thoughts were lost but not in vain + picture frames that trap insane for all to plainly view + crystallize form before our eyes and float across the room + blank eyes are boiled and cleaned to reach the upper shelves + where children are not to go + thin as a wire coiled inside of a bulb + don't believe everything you've ever been told + as soon as art leave home, it becomes a business loan + if the world was as wide as it is round, what kind of shape + would we be in, right now?... + there's victor-ies scored in pharmacies through friends with doctorate degrees + while simultaneously monkeys bleed in labs injected with disease + and the colors should run together but instead they separate + should i alleviate? + there's quite a word in "hate" + is it too strong? + ignorance as bliss is hit and miss... do you all know this?

and yet, still night continues and day awaits its chance... it's time in the light

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