The Middle Ground

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hang on man
i feel it coming,
yep, we’re riding,
high,
higher,
zowie———gone;
our minds
were goosed
so now
we’re moving;

swinging from cloud to cloud
we can grab
crazy crow feathers,
or bath in the sun’s rays,

don’t
try to dry yourself;
if you do
you can be saved,
withdraw,
recede,
back man, back

that’s it
hit that hole,
pull the long green over your head,
lie flat
we don’t see you;

(where’d he go?)

hey man
You withdrew too far
that hole,
that grass,
that hump———MAN?

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