

Suspension

Words and Music Copyright 2001 Robert Edgar

Outside's a storm blocked by several glass panes

Reflecting signals announcing next trains

Enter with me between streetlamps and thunder

Pausing between apparition and wonder

Experience slows, revelation sustains.

Time stalls as the light falls dim,

Programs hover in position.

An actor's positioned, his thumb's in wet ink.

On a counter advances a slowly spilled drink

Collapsed on the floor, his script torn and crumbled

His ears ring like gamelan, his lines barely mumbled.

Ice, cracked like tombstone, drips into a sink.

Time stalls as the light falls dim,

Programs hover in position.

A CD of fingerstyle spins unattended.

An hourglass counting wet sand grains upended

Curds clog the flow as it chokes on the cream

A postcard Madonna christens the scene.

Wire frame catacomb, with bitmaps appended.

Time stalls as the light falls dim,

Programs hover in position.

Brushing the dust a hinged door is skimming

A TV is blinking with roulette wheels spinning

This strobe lights a moth between cocoon and flame

Slicing its arc between dreaming and pain

Listen a second to guitar string and rain,

The actor's light breathing, the drip of a drain,

Now seal off this room while tagging the door

And some other morning, roll the rock off once more.

Time stalls as the light falls dim,

Programs hover in position.