

The Fall, Wings

Day by day.
The moon gains on me.
Day by day.
The moon gains on me.

Purchased pair of flabby wings.
I took to doing some HOVERING.
Here is a list of incorrect things.

HOVERED mid-air outside a study.
An academic needed his chin,
sent in the dust of some cheap magazines.
His academic rust, could not burn them up.

Recruited some gremlins.
To get me clear of the airline routes.
I paid them off with stuffing from my wings.
They had some fun with those cheapo airline snobs.

The stuffing loss made me hit a timelock.
I ended up in the eighteen sixties.
I've been there for one hundred and twenty five years.
A small alteration of the past. Can turn time into space.

Ended up under Ardwick Bridge.
With some veterans from the U.S. Civil War.
They were under Irish patronage.
We shot dead a stupid sergeant,
but I got hit in the crossfire.
The lucky hit made me hit a time lock.

But, when I got back.
The place I made the purchase, no longer exists
I'd erased it under the bridge.

Day by day.
The moon came towards me
By such things.
The moon came towards me.

So now I sleep in ditches.
And hide away from nosey kids.
The wings rot and feather under me.
The wings rot and curl right under me.
A small alteration of the past.
Can turn time into space.
Small touches can alter more than a mere decade.

Wings X 17.