

## *The River of Thoughts, Dreams and Memories*

By Morpheus Shield

"The words are never broken  
Because the stream is never damned."

### *The Order*

Number one is the smartest  
Fire and control  
Thinking of all the curiosities  
And knowing all the right things

Number two is the forgotten  
Leader of the masses  
Perhaps the bearer of the torch  
But not appreciated so

Number three is close to four  
But not in mind  
The only thing they share  
Is the age that binds.  
Number three is wild  
Crazy  
Spectacular  
And inseparably mine

Number four knows no loyalty  
And speaks freely with no lack of knowledge  
It wished to be alone but finds  
A place in the very populus

Numbers five and six  
Created at once from frayed fabric  
Share in their oddities  
But nonetheless act as the regular  
The average

Number seven waits.

A clearing image  
Clear, but  
Not yet full.

*Screamer*

A friend calls me  
Its her, shes having a baby.  
At least, she would be.  
She asks me what to do  
"Not ready..."  
"Not now..."  
"Do what you think is best."  
Now I hear it  
Calling for me  
Like a train roaring down a tunnel  
From the other room.  
Crying  
Crying  
Crying  
Lamenting doom.

*The Madness*

Where is she?  
Where is  
She?  
Hes knocking at my door  
Knock, knock, nok  
It clicks open and wet shoes meet  
Hard wood floors

Where is she  
When I take to the shower  
Washing anxieties from my skin  
Scum  
I am scum  
Scrubbing scrubbing scrubbing

Ate a whole thing of acid

100, maybe 1000  
Why'd he do that?  
Why

Why?

Why,  
Because.

Freak out in every timeline

Why is he here?  
Whats he done to her?

His skin looks loose on his body  
You could pull it if you wanted  
Unravel him, he's doing it to you  
Afterall

Where is she?  
Where have I gone?

### *Fingernails*

All these people in my living room  
Dressed in black  
Top

Bottom

Look to me with glassy eyes and  
Pasted smiles  
White teeth chewing on ice

Im chewing on fingernails off my fingers  
Never on  
What is it they want me to say?  
I can't speak round a mouthful

Spit them out in the sink and theyll wait  
Everyone is kind

Everyone is patient  
Try not to choke as they scratch your throat  
Floss your teeth  
And prick your gums like needles

Its time to drive again,  
Leave them all behind  
Nice folks better spent wasting someone else's time.

Those fingernails keep spewing from my bloody lips

This suit will need dry cleaning

Now shes in my head again  
Perfect, beautiful  
Tempting as we take a wild curve around

Nothing but a stop sign

Will I spin out? Go wild  
Like we were all doing back then?  
Will the black suits come back  
And it's my turn for them?

What will the men think of me  
With their flashing read lights  
When they find a corpse filled with fingernails  
Rotting in the night.

*The Bridge Above Heaven*

Turn around  
Around  
Around around round  
And you spin in your daydreams

The faceless man will wait for me  
At the bridge above heaven  
He pumps his body sweating

Dragging fingers down sensuality

Points you in the right direction  
To do all the wrong things  
That bridge is never meant to be crossed  
But you cross it anyway

The otherside is all the things lost  
And the bridge gives away  
No turning back now among the Knicks  
Knacks bobbles and blobules  
Dont they remind you of something?  
Maybe someone

The boy paints with fingers and never  
Knows we're there  
You cant take eyes of his fiery red hair  
What happened to his skin  
Spiderwebbed with scars?

Do the align with yours?  
Do they align with ours?

You wonder what the boy knows  
Boy  
Maybe girl  
Hed love to dress in those fancy clothes  
She'd love to be known

Theres a closet you find  
On the other side of the bridge  
Where the boy is a girl and everything  
Is as its supposed to be  
But thats another life  
Only lived beyond heaven  
and now you go down  
Wait your turn  
Dont look back

Become  
Number seven.