

Synchronicity II

Another suburban morning
Grandmother screaming at the wall

We have to shout above the din of our Rice Crispies
We can't hear anything at all
Mother chants her litany of boredom and frustrations
But we know all her suicides are fake

Daddy only stares into the distance
There's only so much more that he can take
Many miles away something crawls from the slime at the
Bottom of a dark Scottish lake