

Green ~ Nuclear Winter's Eve

Strange, how everything
filled with spring
~ on green ~
nuclear winter's eve,

-
-
-

So much more
. . . we wanted to see . . .

-
-
-

So much more
. . . we wanted to be . . .

-
-
-

and all we
really prayed to see
was another glimpse
. . . of the setting sea . . .

-
-
-

~ another day to breathe ~

-
-
-

Has it all become
a desolate dream,
for it's all become
too real to me,

and

I can feel
wayward fires
drawing near,

but

no one else
seems to hear

-
-

-- continued next page --

the restless,
racing streams
of
fire engines
screaming

-

d

o

w

n

-

these
arrogant
. . . streets . . .

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ they scream ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

~ they scream ~

-

-

-

.

.

.

d

o

w

n

-

-

-

these
arrogant
streets,

-- continued next page --

where huddled
in quiet cafe's
the thankless heirs
once spared,

-
-

continue to serve
stale, bumper-sticker
philosophies
over
. . . coffee . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

. . . tea . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

a
n
d

-
-
-

. . . nicotine . . .

-
-
-
.
.
.

*BUT IN
OUR OWN
BACK YARDS,
WE PLAYED
IN PLACES*

-
-

-- continued next page --

*WHERE
NUCLEAR
FALLOUT
SHELTERS
!!ONCE LAID!!*

-
-
-
·
·
·

~ Still, we live ~
. . . there anyway . . .

-
-
-
·
·
·

when each
and
every day,
-
careless eyes
fail to appreciate
-
the world in which
. . . we live today . . .

-
-
-
·
·
·

Strange, how everything
filled with spring
~ on green ~
nuclear winter's eve.