

A young actor shot himself in Munich
& the Wall was censored in Berlin.

Ah dreams, ah the daring young man on the flying trapeze.

WALK AWAY ON THE ROAD BENEATH THE TREES

Oh yes, walk away on the road beneath the trees
Like the final fade out in France after the war,
You're not leaving anything behind.
Oh yes, toss in the heated childhood sheets and shiver,
Your Mother will always come knocking at the door.
Turn your face to the wall. Her picture is there.
The Child may drop from the clouds in a godlike machine
But we are ordinary men.
We clutch in our dreams for the faceless one
Who rides in the night with an eye like anger
And call for a name. Call for a nameless name.
We stand on the edge of light as a moth circles the music
Trapped in the quivering walls. Lay your head down.
Whoever said that you could walk away?
Speak the name inside the circle
Turn your back to the ancient Child
Tap out your message on the silk and steel
Shriek into the storm between art and passion
And summon up a curse. Or a blessing.