

*"Cucumber Slumber"**

You dip a finger into a trickle of consciousness conscience
the knowing of it trace the zero's emptiness your
breath fills incognito in any crowd for one more day
favored by light you step out through the door arguing
with the indifferent air your adrenalin sanctioned your one
ticket validated by trail and terror out of the past
a vibraphone rainstorm the body's Euphrates of the mountains
residuum under a slurry of forgotten words and now you just
want to learn how to sleep standing up in the field
like a horse

* Title of a piece by Weather Report