

Passage through Moondog

I find the greatest freedom in the stricture of a form
that paradoxes abnormality within a norm.

The Sword of Damocles hanging over all of us.
In view of that what subject can we sensibly discuss.

My credo may be this, that ere my dirth of days is passed,
I'll strive to live each one as if it were my first and last.

You pity me in exile? Well, then pity if you must,
but live - before your dear identity is lost in dust.

Carnivores who lived on Herbivores who lived on plants,
were all consumed by Omnivores who walked around in pants.

He who didn't know who didn't know he didnt know,
became the he who didn't know who knew he didn't know,
and he became the he who knew who didn't know he knew,
who finally became the he who knew who knew he knew.

A glance, a smile, a chance hallo and then - a fond embrace.
The years roll back before my eyes to scenes I can't erase.

We grope with eyes wide open t'ward the darkness of futurity,
with faith in outermost instead of innermost security.

The trombone and the sackbut stare each other down in shame.
One sees what he had been, the other sees what he became.

The Whole declared, "You'll never know the sum of all My parts,
so stop your foolish figuring, and mend your broken hearts."