Imagine: Reaching Back

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The constant evolution that we sing
As art will always seem to grow
Outside the bounds we'd like to keep it in;
But we can never
Try to sever
The song. Its morbid suffering
Will push us to unveil our faces. No
Primordial theories can explain
The song, but link by link by link the chain
Has moved from notes, to paint, to tin,
And probably will go back again
To things we'll wish it'd never been.
The iron forge will paint a portrait,
A peasant mining tin will stamp a quilt
With dances. You will sing a trumpet
With a coin.
And after tomorrow's tomorrow
We'll all look with relish and join
Our brushes in chorus and sew
Our joy for the gifts from the chain,
But only the links that are well down the line,
The notes that are wet from primordial slime.