

Gateway Island (for Juliana)

I know an island far, far away
close to the very end of the day,
where the souls come onto our earth,
on a sunrise beach far from their birth.

I know an island far, far away
close to the very end of the day,
with our planet's wettest spot,
others dry and some quite hot.

I know an island far, far away
close to the very end of the day,
Where you can shed your horny skins,
and slowly grow invisible fins.

I know an island far, far away
close to the very end of the day,
with a beautiful witch and her seven dogs,
some had been knights – but others just frogs,
and with a new princess from a fairy-tale land,
who is a child still, but already a friend.

I know an island far, far away
close to the very end of the day,
with a man who lives his teenage dreams
where guitars cry, while the audience screams;
who hears stars fall and others rise,
but himself still returns to paradise.

I know an island far, far away
close to the very end of the day,
where the souls come onto our earth
on a sunrise beach far from their birth,
where a life later some leave white and wise
to their final destination high in the skies,
while others have to return once or twice,
to our small dirtball – felt paradise.

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