

Transporters

I wonder if she knows [that she's been chosen] when she's only singing in the shower?

Does he feel it in the pigments that he strokes upon the canvas?

As he pulls his bow across the strings and makes those quivering tones, does he step into the [sacred] flow that I do?

They carry me [and you] into the subway of the soul; underground below all this flimsy flesh; all this mess of skin and bones we're in.

They glide me through the stiles and I am counted as one [known] to The Creator.

[I'm in favor just to know it.]

Beside the transit tracks I stand hallowed in [the hush] just before they rush me to the glories.

Halfway here but on the brink, [already nearly gone].

I step into the beauty they create.

First a sip, and then I slip to gulping drink and [I am taken].