

Words turn into flowers into paper into plastic cups
that tie around a figure that was planted in the snow.

And often is the case that you have set yourself
specific goals you spaz out in mid sentence and you
mind is gripped in fear.

Fear

I know you're board,
Lets take a walk.
We'll bring the dog,
Dear

Be resolute, be forthright, be indicative of all that's
black and futuristic sea creatures that
nibble at your toe.

A patch of blue, a patch of dirt, a patch of prime, a
patch of white, a path through time
that's held like that because you're bored
Bored

We're better off,
Well shake that cough,
It's not so bad,
OK, it's worse.

So keep your bread and mandolins, your fiddles and
kept up with those you love because the benefits are
great.

The rinse you find the path you grind distorted like a
condiment or feisty cast of characters, de facto , sans
secure.

If god begat the Mormon into laymen into brethren
into birthdays into cardinals, and liars.

Don't take it off
Pleases leave it on
There is a place
I have a twitch
There is a mustache
There is a cap
There is a wreck
There is a house, What's wrong with that