

Bad News

Dear and the Headlights

On some mentioning of thoughts and of mid-
twenties tangent plots
Those sad feathery talks that float on all that
Tattered teenage applause clapped out further with no pause
On collegiate palms of course their hands so soft

Ancient postures of awe for low level modern shocks
Now happening a lot like like any synaptic
Cavalry's typical barrage on your tired soul
You cannot shrug it off, just start your inconsequential white
withdrawal it's

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Cautious sticks stuck in fictitious craws capsized on your chat
ty shores
Half dead, half seem worse yet you still keep talking
In between coughing fits and soon to be Heimlich bits
Of ideas which you could not yet digest

Put that rag to your face, lay down that's a better pace
go back to cliches like "I should kill myself" or "I should lose
some weight"
I'm sure either way you'd feel just the very same
Quiet now someone's coming

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