Operation: Work; Lift-face

Hand-fed triumph, spoils. Battles which you cant recall fighting in. This fancies your fit. You've settled down for a long winter's nap; Simply grown tired of cheap thrills, but it's been years upon y ears of craving simplicities. Oh, the knavery / depravity! Sentences become paragraphs become novels on cold fronts, warm backs. And this town needs an enema. I'll pass the time with a rhythm and a rhyme. That rhyme needs a good once over, but I'm no joker. I've seen people explode. Pieces! You can't kill what's already dead. Subconscious white noise mauls prose. Odd, superflous sounds. This is a physical challenge, well-beyond a double dare. Commit to a legacy. On with all the fireworks and the parades. God-willing a momentum of silence. Silence! It's what we'll all eventually have in common

Folly