

Still Try To Write A Book

Kayak

Microscope dreams flow colourful rain
Waits in the mess of lights
Suddenly starve in terrible pain
And stays to scare the nights

Engine noise, bad forest roads
Traffic lights and sad
Neon master, sunny lass
Waits for him in bed

Winding steel though rabbit is dead
Stiletto doves in flames
Drown they skill still skeleton which
Eat germs die all the same

Mother food sits head on knees
When nibbling know a crook
Party fuzz, breath, ashe and sand
Still try to write a book