

Spread The Rumors

Socratic

Spread the rumors Julia.
He's going out of his mind.
Grandmas going blind.
It hurts them both to see.
Tears are cures for sore eyes that stare at clouds all their li
ves.
I traded rainchecks to see a sunny day.
Leave me and mother alone.
Our half family in our two family home.
Not much is all we've known.
A little less is all we own.
We are just little thread.
Space, the room.
Earth, the bed.
A woman's sewing us for the infant universe.
She wants no more thoughts and no more drugs.
Money or religion.
Shes tired of friends and their coincidences.
This happens when the kinds doesn't get enough sleep.
He knows what wrong but can't help what is happening.