

Stephen Song

The Fall

It was a thing with a head like a spud ball
It was a song, the song we were looking for

I always have to state to myself
It has nothing to do with me
He has nothing
He is not me
(His vendetta parchment)

Floating grey abundance
Against my palace of conscience
(Our hero deeply loved
Moonlit walked past privet and wide-leaved foliage)

I'll tell you of the rats in this world
Fawning in place with The Face
Men coming between each other
For the sake of a two-minute urge
(It is headless)
Worth \$5 in London
And cursed anon.
Our hero, still deeply loved
Moonlit walks past privet and wide leaved
It was no more a net of mesh
It was class
He did not blink a lid
He braced his self-imposed gorgeous adult net
And breeze
And it was class
And no no-man's land
Ever had this?

Their follies are strong liberation