

Cha Cha Cha

The Little Ones

The crisp sheet bedding pulled down to the floor,
my raised, tired brows have witnessed its lore
and I won't have much to say, if I don't return.
Easy risers don't give into pleas,
they don't take mess from the sleepy streets
and the abacus says, 'keep on counting...'

The law of the waking people greets with such heavy cymbals
and the morn' catches fire
you're the king who's crowned as they lay down!

A big day is brewing