Odds.> Evens

Folly

I am as old as my tongue.
I am much older than my teeth.
Been neighbors for years but nevertheless not a word was shared
.
Just eyes through the blinds.
Venetian.
Odds.
Evens.
The flop read
'Good thing you bet the farm.
Good thing you bet it all!
Those bastards are always bluffing blind no matter what's dealt
, drawn, or thrown down.'

Where do all thoughts go to lay themselves down for good?
Perhaps they will rot with the body or float up to the sky by t
he tail of the soul.
Auto pilot, take 'em there by surprise!
Go out in a blaze, a blaze of glory.
Leave without a trace.
Leave without a flaw.
We'll catch up with those thoughts when we catch up with oursel
ves,
As we catch up with yourselves catching up with each other.
Well blow me down, blow me back down to earth.
As fast as half-way between go and stop!
Throw your mama from the train or my mom will shoot

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