

## 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