

Words turn into flowers into paper into plastic cups  
that tie around a figure that was planted in the snow.

And often is the case that you have set yourself  
specific goals you spaz out in mid sentence and you  
mind is gripped in fear.

Fear

I know you're board,  
Lets take a walk.  
We'll bring the dog,  
Dear

Be resolute, be forthright, be indicative of all that's  
black and futuristic sea creatures that  
nibble at your toe.

A patch of blue, a patch of dirt, a patch of prime, a  
patch of white, a path through time  
that's held like that because you're bored  
Bored

We're better off,  
Well shake that cough,  
It's not so bad,  
OK, it's worse.

So keep your bread and mandolins, your fiddles and  
kept up with those you love because the benefits are  
great.

The rinse you find the path you grind distorted like a  
condiment or feisty cast of characters, de facto , sans  
secure.

If god begat the Mormon into laymen into brethren  
into birthdays into cardinals, and liars.

Don't take it off  
Pleases leave it on  
There is a place  
I have a twitch  
There is a mustache  
There is a cap  
There is a wreck  
There is a house, What's wrong with that