

The Host

Sparta

The host of the show came down
Collapsed to the ground
And the crime scene revisits me
This body shutdown in boredom
And the gofer put home
On the balcony I sit and sleep
The future has fallen short
When the sun sets North
And the clouds fall from mirrored walls
Words speak and choose
Make sense and knows
Capsized in tongue or tail but always frail
You set it down (7x)