

# The Rent

## The Trophy Fire

we live under stars and blurry stripes  
in some strange discolored lights  
a flask of gin at noon or the most finely furnished room  
a dream, down and out of time  
looks back upon its prime  
lost in a lonely city street  
we wish we were stronger but were weak  
we pay the rent  
even when we dont pay one cent  
we pay the rent

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