Squirrels

Neva Dinova

1 lie 2 lies 3 lies 4 lies 5 lies
Flying in formation now the word is out
6 lies 7 lies 8 lies 9 lies 10 lies
Bouncing out of the sun two hands onSail on...When I see them my ears might start to bleedOne lie told the another yet other got shot down
In the confusion there was death there was doubt
And faces burning, fingers burning
Lies incoming the ground returning

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