Letters From Rimbaud

Marnie Stern

In Greece as I've said
Verse and Lyre set the rhythms of action
And afterwards music and rhyme are games, pastimeEverything grows
Cause anything goes
We cannot know
Because we are inside it
Everything grows
Cause anything goesI'm almost the island
I'm almost the islandIn greece as I've said
Verse and Lyre set the rhythms of action
And afterwards music and rhyme are games, pastime
Keeping only quietnessWe gather, we gather, we gather we gatherWe gather up the fruit of the mind
Pen pushers and authors always full of numbers that crumble
The poet is truly the fire stealer
The poet is truly the fire stealer
The stealers, the stealers, the stealers, the stealers, the stealers,Everything grows
Cause anything goesWhat do we remind you of? And when you come around the show
You'll never make it up that fast
When no one else considers more
And I can tell you one more thing
You'll never come back here for more.
There's nothing but a broken stand
And lovers crouching on the floor (repeat 1)Everything grows
Cause anything goes
We cannot know because we are inside itI'm almost an island
But not quite yet
I'm almost an island
But not quite yet

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