The Wake

Folly

In hind sight for sore eyes on the prize fighter.
Pilot, gunner, navigator, the sky.
The mountains luke-warm, metaphorically speaking.
Speaking of metaphors?
The simile is a front-runner.
The simile lacks a blue-print.
With an enchanting proposal, one foot led the other, congruent.
To think your only god would flaunt you.
To think your only god would fight you!
Raise a frail fist at the creator.
Scream "I want to meet my maker!" persistently the ground tends to make way for you.
Exchange all those hats for a hairline.
Define the cycles of existence to think and act just as we do.
We're blasphemous separatists de-railing the trains of thought.
Reparations for misopportunities.
Pay some respect: the transitional currency.
Reimbursed.
Sleeping soundly.
Should have soaked it all in, absorbed the pouring rains past.
Let sheets blanket the suits so the dust can settle in sorrow.
Last showing?

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