

The Writer

Fischer-Z

The other side of the room
An empty bottle lies broken
Purple faces are sure
Of snow white sheets to soak in His clothes are spread around
They smell of perspiration
A half eaten meal
Attracts the flies attention Do I, do I, do I, do I hear the man's cries?
Do I, do I, do I, do I look in his eyes?
Do I, do I, do I, do I care if he dies?
Do I, do I, do I, do I? Take a paper towel
And place it over his head
Phone up reception
And report him as dead Open up the window
And expose him to light
Push it all away from me
No, that can't be right A continental breeze
Has set the blinds in motion
Brings just a hint of change
From the Atlantic Ocean The ancient church bell rings
Defies the march of progress
The señoritas said you were
Too young to notice Do I, do I, do I, do I hear the man's cries?
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