

Slipstream

The Circular Ruins

Well, the lush separation enfolds you
And the products of wealth
Push you along on the bow wave
Of the spiritless, undying selves And you press on god's waiter your last dime
As he hands you the bill
And you spin in the slipstream, timeless, unreasoning
Paddle right out of the mess and you paddle right out of the mess

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