Collections

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"All the world's a stage,"
A friend of mine, he sometimes said,
And though he tried to show the way,
They only care about his name.

"Love is for the fool,"
A blind old man, he always said,
But of it's joys he sometimes spoke
And then it seemed, he could see.

"Life is for the strong,"
A travelling monk, he told me once
But of the weak, he never spoke
Though their cries beat on his ears.

I stood my gun in hand
The swallow flew to meet his love
And as they touched, I shot him down
But now it's me that can't fly.

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