Operation: Work: Lift-Face

Folly

Hand-fed triumph, spoils.
Battles which you cant recall fighting in.
This fancies your fit.
You've settled down for a long winter's nap;
Simply grown tired of cheap thrills, but it's been years upon years of craving simplicities.
Oh, the knavery / depravity!
Sentences become paragraphs become novels on cold fronts, warm backs.
And this town needs an enema.
I'll pass the time with a rhythm and a rhyme.
That rhyme needs a good once over, but I'm no joker.
I've seen people explode.
Pieces!
You can't kill what's already dead.
Subconscious white noise mauls prose.
Odd, superflous sounds.
This is a physical challenge, well-beyond a double dare.
Commit to a legacy.
On with all the fireworks and the parades.
God-willing a momentum of silence.
Silence!
It's what we'll all eventually have in common

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