

Anhoi Polloi

The Most Serene Republic

I hope, I plead, this reaches someone soon
Before this head becomes nobody much later I see real as an aging face with lines of time put right in place We
fuck like tides
While Father City smokes up Mother Countryside's
Leaves her giggling leaves I see real as an aging face, with lines of time put right in place
I see real as an aging face, with lines of time put right in place
I see real as an aging face, with lines of time put right in place

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