

Circulation

Blaine L. Reininger

Bad circulation,
become impatient
Too long, we've waited
for an end, for meShame on your doctors
 Oh, how they fooled us
 Oh, how they lured us
into their trucks, ohCold cave in winter
 Ice swings would splinter
 Ashes and cinder
Caressed and (?)Done with the highlights
 Mirror wives and low lives
 And reach for my light
 when it gets dark

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