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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