

Harold Weathervein

Cursive

Harold walks down any street of this town
Both crier & witness the sun drops clouds shift
His legs twitchThe clocks chime on cafes, pharmacies, and dime stores, in bar rooms he stils all alone erupting.
Inhisbeaditsliketheweatherback&forthitsliketheweather
When it rains it pours downWeatherman, do you feel?
Is it stormy inside of your veins?

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