

Under and in Rocks

Mimicking Birds

This afternoon thunderheads loom
let go of your weather balloon Certain doom of one more mission
Out and over to the moon - overflow that way soon If all we fought for was senseless laws,
We gave up like weaklings who long ago lost their god Impossible odds, but comparatively they are really not,
There will always be parts and pieces of us under and in rocks We are often childish in many ways
And just like children purposelessly behaved But somewhere else this will all be erased
And then nowhere taking on a somewhere shape

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