# Under and in Rocks

## Mimicking Birds

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

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