

# 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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