

able.

Chilly

Old street

rejection of dream

ravaged despondency,

count at twice divide

by two you feel you

own it, not only

a mythed up number

but lust to believe it

Old words ring

back to when somebody

said it, you'd feel it

but you were a kid

not trying to be real

Back doors up front

escaping hurts too,

walking shoes going

nowhere just

revealed them purple

rages romantic ain't

no fun being one

Not having an elder

brother phone number

a gnome leaps

fire blasted in hell

of crimson fears and

gets a new wart of disbelief