

Edan

"Murder Mystery"

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Pour the hourglass sand in the rusted tin can
the looking glass man dressed in robes from Japan
The chauffeur of the van with the globe in his hand,
The roller coaster lands in the ocean
Alas, the commotion is matched by the force of the splash,
The source of the blast was a poor silly guy
The orphan in rags,
a fraudulent match for the torturous wrath of the
horseman in black
The sorcerer laughs,
Foes in the bath with a cauldron of rats, gone in a flash
The forces of life,
Absorbed in a fight with the wrong and the right,
The author was typing, the water was icy, the slaughter
was pricey
the martyr was light-skinned with chartered
indictments that started in high school
His father was Michael, He shot him with a rifle,
A product of the cycle.

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