

Fall Of The Leaf "Stumbling Stone"

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Some feel like leafing through the days.
Floating on a leaking rubber mattress.
Floating wall-to-wall in sugarlike, sweet venom.
Sunshades raised skyward like weapons of some sort.

Those exact same "SOME" who are at loss looking at
this design that serves itself cold, distant.
A cocktail that shakes and stirs the one who pays with
no money.
Like a new age of misery, when brooks of distress
cannot be dammed and when rivers of anguish run
untamed.
An age where cheese comes in through the doors and
the windows.
This fine example in your hand.

Another fine issue is the change of viewpoint.
However, there are no treasures here - please the a
hike instead.

In brief: cheer for every new paradox at a new corner
and drink for a new high...
Oh, excuse us, for we aren't very many.
But please, allow us an energetic night.

"y'all: hectic ceremony over here this way come on!!"
Blurred ideas like: "check out the ugly rodent from my
daily nightmares... driving cluelessly about, glaring at
the appletrees, relishing the visions of orange berries
and... oops.
I did it again."

Floating in mid-air...
Ballistic hell and a mouthful of glass
Allow a percentage of I to drown in that river right down
there.

These days... rough landings are to be avoided at all
cost.
Stumbling stone

