

## **Karate "Corduroy"**

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The fire is already ut when the raine comes. The nucleus of stress chooses dust in the end. Like aerosol evils in a rush towards the sun, it's an oasis inside out, and fire is the trend. Do you see what's on on your plate, as you sterilize the tine? Have lessons on earth left you the will of a boy? Are you just getting by, or do you taste the wine? What's left for us this spring besides grass-stained corduroy? What's left for us this spring besides stretched-out corduroy? Well, like it or not, the locusts come from spring. All your plans are shot, and that stock's not worth a thing. Like it or not, the neighbors yell when we sing together. Sure, I like pissing you off. To get some kind of rise, I don't mind to suffer the sting of the cold from your eye. But suddenly I see that I can see when you're blind to the weather, the spring, and the simplest things that bring us together.

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