

## Phillip Larue

### "Collections"

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"All the World's a stage,"  
A friend of mine, he sometimes said,  
And though he tried to show the way,  
They only care about his name.  
"Love is for the Fool,"  
A blind old man, he always said.  
But of its' joys, he sometimes spoke  
And then it seemed, he could see.  
"Life is for the Strong,"  
A travelling monk, he told me once  
But of the weak, he never spoke  
though their cries beat on his ears.  
I stood my gun in hand  
The Swallow flew to meet his love  
And as they touched, I shot him down  
But now it's me that can't fly.

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