

Uniform Motion

"Fools, Don't Listen To A Word I Say"

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Salutary tongues that speak in turn. Waiting for their
chance to make us
Yearn.
The sounds and emotions spreading thin, we'll sink the
float that would not
Let us win.
A solitary cheer that does not work. We cottoned on to
all their taints and
Quirks.
And fled to the mountains on a whim, watching all the
mess behind us sink.
And that's no way to listen to our sonnet.
They're buzzing like a bee inside my bonnet.
But the fools never listen to what I say.
They've copied all their lines into a prayer.

Fools, don't listen to a word I say. Just look the other
way.
I'm not saying I've got much to say. Just look the other
way.

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