

Dennis Crommett**"Grotesque"**

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In days in the sand and great space
The mask of the sea on my face

They bleed when they call and have a fit
I could drop off the earth and just quit

I find it all
So weak, grotesque,
A seasick fly can't make it in cheap wine.

In bed by the sea, we lift
The fog of the earth no reason to quit

I find it all
So weak, grotesque,
A seasick fly can't make it in cheap wine.

I find it all
A dream, you'll find
A seaward fly, diving in at high tide

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