

Architecture In Helsinki, Tiny Paintings

Tonight the neon answers flare,
Occasionally we stop and stare past tiny paintings,
Painted where all the clouds were wrong,
With killer stares and sideways frowns,
In keeping with, the universe all upside down. Twice, twice, twice.
And broken legs and arms in slings,
You cry secretly. You won't wear my diamond rings. Why? Why? Why?

A billion cares, a thousand stings we lie frequently,
Choose the chapter where they start fights, fights, fights.
And millionaires have bought this town and changed everything.
I found you in the lost and found,
White, white, white!