Subtle, Take To Take

To somehow have it so that the long arm of all apathy might sit comfortably free beside the committed empty hopeful humaned world

Do you take to take... Or do you make...

What sort of armor can the average man arrange To disarm their inner additct entirely To protect them from death adder entirely

Must on half-protect their teeth at all times From both bludgeon comin and one's own ingenuity...

your gretest takes Are so the gross and gold flower of gone So is you so The man with two red hands and The world wrung between them Sing what you mean then Are the birds even Running from you And so what of you Found your capture is your laughter a smoke stack of all omen your voice like a forever of steps winding its words in will to a nothing but guess below you ringing redend hands of fake at a hero's skin's reins whipping at its hundred head horses of take to take