

Fionn Regan, Be Good or Be Gone

If you happen to read this,
Rose was born.
Child actor-ess,
On the fifth day of the snow.

Be good or be gone,
Be good or be, be gone.

The range is stangering,
Movement and timing.
Frame by frame,
It did unfold.

Be good or be gone,
Be good or be, be gone.

I read to you on Saturdays,
Museum has closed down.
Sell all your things,
At the end of the drive.

Be good or be gone,
Be good or be, be gone.

I have become,
An ariel view.
Of a coastal town,
That you once knew.

Be good or be gone,
Be good or be, be gone