

# Folly, All The King's Horses

Excellency, by the time you read this I'll be gone.

Long gone.

Gone long.

No longer adorned in robes, nor the finest of armor.

Wayward grows a light exponentially beseeching me.

Divergent boundaries suck the ocean in.

Spit it out!

Spit it back at my face!

Testify / aliby.

Mother nature versus father nurture.

Oh monarch, throw your towel in!

These minstrels must play their flutes at will.

Hurry up, protect your people, incompetent fool!

So overwhelmed with publicity, lacked patriotic integrity.

But what's more ridiculous?

Talking eggs breaking or the horses that are trying to fix them?

Dug as ditches and trenches, book-ends on benches,

the life of the party, hog-tie park ave, monopoly.

He claimed he knew cindarella.

'She was a whore let me tell ya!'

A whore?

Insider trading with the earth.

Chitter and chatter and haggle and hustle for all it's worth.

It's either human flesh or soil, replenished from each other.

I can't stop recycling self.

Come on!

Dissemble the conscience.

Long gone.

Gone long.