

# Folly, Operation: Work; Lift-Face

Hand-fed triumph, spoils.  
Battles which you cant recall fighting in.  
This fancies your fit.  
You've settled down for a long winter's nap;  
Simply grown tired of cheap thrills, but it's been years upon years of craving simplicities.  
Oh, the knavery / depravity!  
Sentences become paragraphs become novels on cold fronts, warm backs.  
And this town needs an enema.  
I'll pass the time with a rhythm and a rhyme.  
That rhyme needs a good once over, but I'm no joker.  
I've seen people explode.  
Pieces!  
You can't kill what's already dead.  
Subconscious white noise mauls prose.  
Odd, superflous sounds.  
This is a physical challenge, well-beyond a double dare.  
Commit to a legacy.  
On with all the fireworks and the parades.  
God-willing a momentum of silence.  
Silence!  
It's what we'll all eventually have in common