

# 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