

More Than A Thousand, Jumping Gardens And P

SCOUTS SEARCH TOO FAR, FALL, WAIT, BRIGHT MARKS FORMING INTO "E"s. WATCHING ICEBERGS MELT OUTSIDE AND I AM THINKING ABOUT GOING OUT. BLACK AND BI-COLORED STREETS. WONDERING WHERE THIS TOWN ENDS AND THE NEXT ONE BEGINS. THE ROADS WE FOLLOW NEVER END. I WONDER WHEN YOU'RE ALONE IF YOU'RE REALLY AS A CLOUD OR YOUR HEART COMES UNDONE WITHOUT MEND.