

A shehive stare and chase wasted feature who tried and failed to reach her.
Embossed beneath a box in the closet that's lost.
The kind that you find when you mind your own mysteries.
Shiv sister to the quickness before it blisters into the

newmorning milk blanket.
Your ilk is funny to the turnstyle touch bunny who's bouquet set a course for bloom without decay.
Get you broom and sweep the echoes of yesternights fallen freckles... away...)

Acordes

