When the Rain Came

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<u>Beast</u>

I fly high and dream of falling.

My wings beat like an army's marching feet.

I am the devil the mice whisper about.

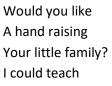
My nest is a mishmash of Stolen baby trees. The trees are mine now and I marvel at their bare bones. I sleep peacefully, far Above the hard ground.

When I wake the world is dark.

Crushed Air

I like a lot but
I do not know how to love;
I'm sorry,
Child that swims through
My sea.

Parenting



The boys

To fight

Bullies while

You teach

The girls

To never

Criticise

Curly hair.

One day they

Will be giants as

Calm as

Cows chewing grass.

They will never

Die

To us.

Teach Yourself

My head is full; Take your facts back to Your shit house where Your shit wife makes Shit sandwiches.

We Try

We try to fly.

We scream as we

Fall for centuries.

We try to write.

We break both our

Hands as badly as breakfast.

We try to die.

We get forced to

Live as dolls in

Doll houses with

A clumsy puppy as

A god.