

Song About A Wedding

Fog

I will not hide inside
Bewilderment...

On a drizzling day
Monks and drums and cats
And our hats mussed our hair
And our shaking frames
Found their wedded way...

Different ways to learn
What you ought not not do-
Different paths to the same places...Edit as you go...
Life on the first take

Walking on guilelessness's sturdy stilts
Through guiltlessness's beaming streets

I'm a tiny Crab
In a tidal wave
I have no complaints
And I too have you
To complain about it to.

Walking on guilelessness's sturdy stilts
Through guiltlessness's beaming streets
To see you naked outdoors...
With Rousseau eyes