

Flattering in disagreement

The bats are barking their angry ears
against skyscrapers and their sparkle,
smiles who were widowed by the bright of a wrong time.
Earthquakes, hissing silicon, surprising saw.

What a pleasure in my forbidden thoughts of freedom.
Don't lose your reputation, a dungeon says.
A final prayer, it is time to walk your lock,
Prudence in your dictionary?, stand on your knees
Just for being a boring man.
Ticket?,
Join the queue of fear,
embracing the air is a futile and rush thing.

Quiet and still rattles
Want to blackmail the kite's boys.
Sajonara, Harley-Davidson melody,
Ultralight Vespa lung, breath.

Crawling they are,
Because a shoehorn
under moving wheels,
is threatening the torn hands of dreaming

And I wish a radar to be switched on,
And sounds from out of the Earth,
but.... clouds are not another planet's clouds,

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But ... breathing here makes me dizzy.