

from the foot of Mt. St. Helens

she's rolling tubes of paper on record covers and we're all eager,
sleep deprived, and ulterior motives hanging from the words of either New Orleans or Brooklyn's great
emcee -
if only Dave knew what 'Knights' meant to me
and all and every one of us,
the ones who ever was,
acting our age and living up to unprecedented throws of judgment.
but I think we're all laureates and broken, like our promises,
scoundrels, trying to deal with the awards bestowed on us
for soliloquies and sonnets and everything else that was never meant for the general public but made
the paper in my room.

the shutter of the camera lens falls on deaf ears and documents moments where we won't ever be the
same again,
and exhaled breaths of dust in after hours rusts the night and dulls the sounds of my life spinning in the
background and falling on deaf ears.

we are now convened here to discuss the nonsense that we have rolled up,
so pardon me if I am being blunt with my metaphor and prose but I've never been one for eloquence, or
elegance of tongue, but I've delivered many a librettos that have fallen deaf to ears and
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out now that the public's eye is shut, our laughs can fall deaf upon their ears, deaf upon their ears.