

...july 5, 2014...

what are we going to do my dear
what are we going to do?
there's a bird that is no bird
singing a song that is no song
so what is it going to do?

a squirrel is leaping a treeless tree
hunting for nuts no one can see
and a bark-less dog that is no dog
is tied to a log that is no log
so what are they going to do?

the crows are searching for snack-less snacks
on sidewalks cracked in peopling –
while flowers are blooming in bloomless cars
and leaves are falling on leafless paths –
what are they going to do?

someone is drinking a beer-less beer
another is chatting in wordless words
while a sunless day meets a rainless sky
and seagull clouds toss oceans away –
what are they going to do?

what are they trying to say we ask
and what are they trying to say
there's distant cheers we almost catch
from balconies that do not match –
what are they trying to say?

what are we going to do my dear
and what are we going to say?
whispering words we cannot hear
to mirror reflections we cannot see –
oh what are we going to do?



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