

The Sound and a Fury

Gee, Blake whose Sound shops
Let the beaker spill in drops!
All the black dreams and streams and hopes,
As they slowly melt at the beckoned globe,
On top of the slopes' race and face and grace.
Beware though as you cross the fields,
For trees might still hold wee mosquitoes
That might catch your glimpse as you hurry
To the Snow forest amidst all Fury

Sana from Morocco