

up there

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it is a wonder
to be up there
where the ceiling meets 4 corners
and the echoes roam bare

it radiates and shrieks
the most horrid of sounds
a screen with 4 measures
left by those making rounds

a tempo too irregular
beats quick and unsure
imagine a grand jury
timing the length of this purgatory

under the 4 corner sky
i await at my place
an unfamiliar bed threadbare
sinking to sleep down here

