



BEAK

Beak is a part of many wholes,
A whole of many eternities.
Beak is a tear dripping from concrete visage,
the prime corrosive of simplest smiles.
Beak is a wild scream breaking the night,
a silent chant of unrelenting joy.
Vocal Sometimes,
Never really heard.
Beak is a question asked the storm,
the storm always answering, NO!
Beak is a holdout, a hide out.
Fossilized hippy of the stoned age.
Beak is a perfect prophet,
Forecasting his own doom only.
Beak is an unloved lover of love,
Emotions cloak cast off in gutter.
Running putrid puddle of lasting loneliness,
a maidens voice muddled within the mind.