

Stars shine bright

deep in back of that

of simple invisible fact:

squeaks on a vacant rack:

produce a sweet substance.

The. That's all there is.

old kid, old stick in

Give my

on shatter light

is star nothing in back

One star flat on its back

i was a be that lived to

Thee. The. The. The.

There isn't any more.

the mud, old glory.

regards

to life,

folks.