

five

ive

written five

strive

ill

really strive

for another sixth.

1-28-79 WWS

how red the room of murder  
how white the one of life -  
the ways to add some color  
near always lead to strife -

1-28-79 WWS

the cunning reds of morning  
mix slowly with boldness blacks of night  
to overcome, a sunrise  
battles dark with white

1-28-79 WWS

bringing out the rainshine's  
like wringing out the dry  
~~you can't~~

1-28-79 WWS

friendly blues in love with friendless red —  
that's funny! — what's a neck without a head?

1-28-79 WWS

I saw a scripted eye  
hanging in the shade —  
this italic eye  
was crying in boldprint —  
my eyes saw it  
and cried —  
and only when they're red  
do they know why —

1-28-79 WWS

somebody's everybody  
died  
everybody's somebody  
cried

1-28-79 WWS