

Tranquility

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Trite visions
encumber a dresser
as muses double
to pluck weed
paraphernalia

Suits storm the place
Tuesdays later
reek of
quiet happiness
A short drink
of good whisky
Few complaints

Grave foes, both
But they want peace

Sign to agree:

Attend their fêtes
attach their fees
Later, alone with their
visions, scream
and a hollow of sleep