

**Roc  
ococo  
oler**

Sitting, laughing at the  
mindless humanoids  
croaking in their  
swarm.

While recalling Omar  
Khayyam

How we changed there in  
the holy sun high on  
holding hands

The pilot crashed with Rupert  
Brooke they blew  
together fast on other levels  
He spoke, softly, opened by the  
wine

A father pushing fear and looking for  
redemption.

Someone hurry he thought as the waves  
rolled

their way through concentration

It's all too much he seemed to want to say but  
could not make the necessary juncture

How he loved lady by my side

Rococo lady, daughter of the African the westernised

He is searching for whole to be in to make himself

How we changed there in the holy sun high on  
holding on

You, you might be different I can see it in your eyes

You, you might be something I can read it in  
your sign