



Danny



Autumn Saturday afternoon,
Vignette scripted by the moon –
Splashing sunlight flickering shadows,
'Neath trees where the path narrows.

Wiggling there black yellow wings,
Trying to get your attention things –
Holding open a tiny door,
Into never been before.

Shimmering droplets delicate bolts,
Another dimension omega volts –
Astonishing the power of truth,
Money destroys the voting booth.

Air filled with a strange tension,
Apocalypse talk not to mention –
You honestly have to sort it out,
How the inequality came about.