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His ribcage rattled hollow A heartless jest which proved at best A liquor hard to swallow

The paper-hearted man returned No love that she imparted Although her love was never spurned A romance never started So she would see the tinder burned That left her broken hearted

And all the outrage she suppressed Rose now to confrontation Engulfed the man of tissue flesh In total condemnation Now facing death without parole His bride had lost all self-control An empty promise took its toll He knew this day was dawning She burned the poor boy's wicker soul Beneath the autumn awning

The Run

Josh Kunowski

I'm running in the rain The clouds of guilt pouring onto my withered mind With each rain drop I feel a needle go through my sanity The shadows of paranoia lurking behind me With each step the shadows grow darker and darker I reach a forest The branches of depression scratch away my skin I trip and fall Damp mud of agony splashes and burns my eyes I get up and run blindly through the forest The rain stops The mud dries and falls off The clouds and shadows disappear I make my way back home The rain dries And all that's left Is the sun shining down on me