

Between Needles and Hay

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By : **Juli Monat**

Walking over guilt.



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I have no clue, on what to write or-

Say to my folks

In heaven, of course, nothing sad,

Perhaps, a joke,

From Sir Galahad,

I won't bring tears; for their free-spirits,

Transmit and permit,

Whisppering-me; soft and clear,

No burden upon us,

Gracious bless, love one, no more-

Iron spears,

You, pickthe pieces, left behind,

I; the undersigned, I was so unkind,

So, what to write to you,

My dear folks

I've been a hoax, a dope,

Damn, putrefact yolk,

Still, no clue; what to say...Yay! Nay!

I'm lost in the middle,

Between, needles and hay.

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