

Fires on
sky is high
over the shingles
like a soft piece of pie
all the weeks entangled
~~the grey through~~
The water laid back a few

Ocean was out
Rocks were in
Lay on the deck with my friends
Soft sun in the afternoon
The days laid back a few
back in low

~~no ambition desire~~
Delightful moments
we can't choose or mind
The H's hold the Tuli fog
we feel like 1960's
happy Today

Friends came by
we sat in store of
Entertain with some tea
and a drink
Thought one by one fast
and the other layed back
are few