

The sky's the limit

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Damaged version published in
Twilight Ending 6:2, May 2001
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It rains.
It snows.
It's sunny.
But the timing is invariably off.
At first we talk back reasonably,
spit here and there
to demonstrate how it should go,
bang on a few drums
to give it a feel for the rhythm.
It doesn't listen.
So we look around
for something a bit more dramatic,
pile up a few stacks of quiet rock,
dress up a daughter or two
in the latest herbs and spices,
cook the result up top.
It still doesn't listen.