

Frank.2.

A lot of life has gone in different measures people taking strange roles, deaths and entrances you never coped very well, not with the illusions mother getting out of her coffin, being robbed of hundreds. Seeing the world in contorted images that fit the life you haven't had and the time in big hospitals. All that time. Robbed time. Stuck in madness an old schizophrenic who smokes oversize roll ups and complains bitterly about the price of tobacco. Too bad that time's passing, mother's never coming back and you'll be nobody's son but an unmarked coffin in a deserted graveyard somewhere in London. Talk softly now, softly, before your dying.

Barry Wynn