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To and Fro They Come and Go

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To and Fro They

Come and Go...

Black hearts stretched up to dry
Multi-colored skins fuse with
Haggard ideas and evolve a hope
To and fro they come and go

Between walls of brick the air
Spews of white hot possibility
And the skins perchance to blend
To and fro they come and go

While temptation rests for another surge
Floors are scrubbed with liquid torment
And shelves are full of golden leaves
Round and round some are found

Lead on you worthy rascal
That grey flecked temple is doing its job
Hurry for soon the hearts will dry
 Maybe maybe who's got the maybe

This lucid optimism tastes delightful
To us still wiping our ears
Here let me help you shed your skin
Young birch birch please don't lurch

Elusive grease washes easier
With able minded detergent pads
This is the place where men must always
To and fro come and go

...Deane McKercher