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I say, this is a brainwashing in large score.

Under cover of night arrived two heavenly planes with three lamps facing forward.

Passing above One green, red, and big radar white brilliant's in the middles.

One after another at a distance at the convenient altitudinal fly

For flight swarmed as little discernible noise

We'll have a good intention flying over the house where I upload my poet style

A strange restlessness rips me as I usually create nightmarish thoughts followed.

Uncle did not so understand when I stepped in the exile!

The Country is destined fate and the fate of the new citizens to be assimilated by the right state.

Convention

Basically nothing happens but it is unpleasant to live with the fear in your bones such that you're visiting the star at sunrise when I imagined and really know what it is your crown North Star in the night.

Now the moon is new with the silhouette of joyful virgin's hungry fangs as big as a breeding bull

She is lost in the distance below the horizon falling all over Bromma airport.

Planes in the distant heavens hum sounded coming and going for my ear this is pretty irascible to me the poet late at night.

Youth in Boston brother buried his terrorist, accomplice's is worshiped and forgiven after and judged by appearance cues.

On the internet

DzjocharTsarnajev, 19, is too good looking to be guilty of the bombings in Boston.

It says thousands of young girls who now struggle to the suspected terrorist should be released.

I say, this is a brainwashing in large score.

They call him "Jahar." And to run their campaign, they have created a hash tag on Twitter: "# FreeJahar".

I'll fill the new moon water bottles for peace prosperity and harmony among the peoples.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Jeflea Norma, Diana. med Poeter.se id #40227 innehar upphovsrätten