

Publicerad 2018-01-13 17:32 av the apache kid

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### **Aloft in this world**

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Senses please and disturb

looking for redemption from a harold

smoking the sacred desert herb

Going to extremes to find the balance

between laughs and screams

taking it to the top with my armour

of Prince Valiant's gleam

Bangs and whimpers

along the road

our hero limping to

find a field oversown

will love prevail despite this heavy load

Refining my lusty temper

Style versus substance

Living on a string instead of abundance

as the wise sage said

"We are the kind of people

our parents warned us against"

But perhaps there lies a life of cheer

found in the bosom of leisure

comradery among the Three Musketeers

and a sweet girl with whom I can share

the coming winter years

the apache kid

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