

I somehow lost a bit of the first craze  
I felt upon my arrival,  
this sort of blissful thrill.

*It's like the good  
OLD HABITS*

we vainly try to smother  
always seem to find their  
way back up.

*BUT WHY BE  
SURPRISED* ?

This is yet another Sunday,  
sure lagged by a few hours,  
on a riverside from  
which the other bank  
is merely a supposition,

*in a family that  
isn't mine.*







