

NOBODY'S CHILD

Young and artistic and indestructible.

Put that in the end of life obituary.

The law couldn't touch us at all.
And we were perfect orphans,
nobody's children.

Came to the city to cause mayhem,
bringing the curtain down on the past.

Nothing was real until we felt it for ourselves.

Recreated art
in the image of our living,
casting indescribable shadows.

It's time to sweep up
the remains of the party.

Time to vanish into history.