

Dear Former Self,

I suggest you go no
further,

Down the undiscovered
road

Where your mind becomes
a field of newspapers

And skin like a Toad

Stay at the edge forever,

If you'd like.

Go. Before Grandfather
says it's time.

But I warn you.

If you intend to wander the
abyss,

I suggest you never look
back.

It's Lit-erature!



Come to the coffee
house Friday, April 15 at
6:30 for a night of poetry
and refreshments!