

Poetry Series

Steven Eveinhert

- poems -



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Justice what may come to the art for once is second with me, one? Know, today I swear the gardens to hang on me a nail! Stake chicken scream cow, it's knaught knights tight about a penny soul I pinch a pickle and pop a pepper. Insane never sores a sour melon! Now cue and cumber they new loaf! Bread so broken my bones went to ache and so now! I dye, for death and out walks the rest. Peace what price may it you well, know now the eves ever... every yes fond to a spot, no speck and know that's flat a clear ledge U Sea eye now!



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