



POEM OF THE WEEK

You cry wolf, you cry wolf
The old man knows
Who can hear you
You lie, you lie, why
Don't you ever know
The best is the heart beat
The chaos of the night
You lie, you lie, why
The dawn light sets you free
If a wolf goes in a house
Tell Goldie locks its 3 bears
Freedom is freedom to think
I can not say what has been
Time is an isolation passing bye
Watching rivers flow quickly
With only the piece of mind left

By Sam Green