

The Yellow Tererazzopaving Road

Rid of restraints to a wizard like mind, I gaze through mirages trying to find, a beam of light shinning on through the night.

My alacrity so intense, my aura so immense, I walk the yellow terrazzopaving road while I sword fight with the cold.

I go on being strong sure that my actions can't be wrong, I feel like a breathing purpose, but time it feels like a tortoise.

I met a girl whose outward shape voluptuously caught my attention, but I also search the mind, not just configuration.

And so I followed, terrazzopaving road.

Later I dabbled in another's fragile soul and discovered her somnific qualities, but I seek the livid, not the cold.

"Hockey Nite at North River Rink"

"Clarke watch it out there they're after your head."
This is the voice of my team mates. The game is hockey. The opposing team is my target. I hit them and knock them down. I swung my stick hard, like a golf club connecting with the big guy's ankle. He curses at me and says "I'm gonna slash your face."

"Relax. I wasn't going for your ankle. I was after the puck." Then he skates away. After the game my friends are saying "Jeez you stared right at him? Some of my team mates want me to cool it and not get so crazy so I told them "we lost to that team because

And so I followed terrazzopaving road.

Now I sit on a wooden rock, trying to collect my thoughts, I turn left, see my right side and look at the found trying to hide.

Now I shake confusions away from my head, this in turn awakes me, it rattles my bed, i think my road is clear, I've no longer any fear.

A foolish wiseman called society blatantly told me: I'm right and you're wrong.....Shawn.

And so I followed terrazzopaving road.

.....until at last I found her,

her name is Exotic-Summer-Music-Of-A-Dark-Haired-Goddess.

Shawn

we weren't aggressive enough." I must play the way I play. I am not afraid if someone punches me or cuts me. Who cares I know I can take it. Our team is having a rematch against those bastards who beat us. In two days we play them again and I can't wait.

Bobby Clarke

Let us
"PUCK"
smooch!

