

This is a "Group Poem" with each member contributing one line at a time.

Genius mounts to
heights unknown by those who will not fly,
____>---->zzoooOOOOMMMM/---->
And depths unseen by those who cannot swim,
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>----~ #BELLYflop! yet floating still...

Our intellect drifts somber
autumn sneaks a brown look from behind a tree
With
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Wisdom walks gingerly through the fallen leaves,
Remembering why each fell.

Slowly, yet swiftly, Time passes by,
white landscapes erase Fall's fields
while white snow lands and scrapes
And dissolves.
SSSSsssss s s s

Curiosity rises to
Check if the drains
are gunkily built up with hair and black goo and with pale sticky stuff you
don't even
 want anyone thinking about, much less seeing
and find a morass of epic proportions
Conundrums of slippery distortions
that left me to ponder where this poem is going (and why it is swirling)

So I rang the shire plumber in panic
my heart was a' racing, my feet were a' pacing
We must call in David's genius to
Flush so we can start anew.