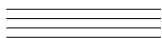


# N O T I M E T O L O S E



I A N G A N A S S I

Despite the robins in the snow at the beginning of spring,  
*The world is full of good people who do bad things.*

He lived up to his hems and haws, planning every trip and trap.  
A little of this, a little of that, and a whole bunch of crap.

The fire has already claimed more lives than can be digitized.  
It doesn't matter that you've already been cauterized.

Death is always sighing like the wind around the corners.  
Take the pattern of your conduct from the principal mourners.

Pain and rage, rain and page, worse and worse, better  
And better. The bigger the life the shorter the tether.

Which has the advantage of being able to afford  
Something away from which to run, and something toward.

It had something to do with drugs of some kind,  
Which wasn't a very surprising find.

The queen, whoever she was, spoke with forked tongue.  
When the king was a prince he had the wrong kind of fun.

He had a morbid fascination with the inherent doubling  
Of language. Therefore his propensity for manifestos was troubling.

Life is a vicious cycle: the spin cycle, the rinse cycle,  
Nyquil and Dayquil, a unitard on a unicycle.

Lots of coincidence and polysomethingorother foam.  
If you start out yesterday you might make it home.

Remember to get the horses into the ark;  
This is no time to be dancing in the dark.