

Deep down in the wilderness

A winged creature sitting in gloom,
Deep down in the wilderness,
Stelling doesn't know if his life is in doom.

His face was pale,
Deep down in the wilderness,
His face was plaster.

As soundless as a mouse,
Deep down in the wilderness
A friendless fright out there not in a house

A garage-dweller, a creature of myth,
Deep down in the wilderness,
He is gloom! He is real!

27.53,
Deep down in the wilderness
Nectar of the gods

His suit was like a sack
Deep down in the wilderness
His head tilted back.

Loneliness
Darkness
Despair.

By Thomas Ware