

No Answers

Space and stars, planets and comets, dreams gone awry;
Cold kisses, imagined wrongs, and long, lonely nights.
Careless words, idle thoughts, and absent friends,
When did they leave, and why all the fights?

Too many weekdays and too few weekends;
Too much to do for too many and for too little pay
And so we rush back and forth, hither and yon.
What are we doing, for whom, and who can say?

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