

# D Evil in the D

*by* Shawn Misener

beware the bare behind of his folly  
laugh not at his shadow

women plan his downfall  
dwarf his cloud hubris with disaster

"freefall foxy folly to the earth  
blood the soil purple plain"  
they sing from solitude spaces

when he whistles wasted in the rain  
finally the fall we've waited for  
and when the devil dies he divides  
enough evil for everybody

