

Was he robbed of the asphalt that cushioned his face

A room colored charlatan

Just as he hit

Fill in the gaps

Hid in a safe

Always the coldest to go

The ground	Stalk the ground
They (1) a tow that	Stalk the ground
Stuck in his neck to the gills	You should have seen
Fragments of sobriquets	The (3) that (4) right by you
riddle me this	Page of concrete
three half eaten corneas	Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
who hit the aureole	Auto-da-fé
Stalk the ground	A capillary hint of red
Stalk the ground	Only this manupod
You (2) have seen	Crescent in shape has escaped
The curse that flew right by you	Pull the pins
Page of concrete	Save (5) grace
Stained walks crutch in hobbled sway	Mark these words
Auto-da-fé	On his grave
A capillary hint of red	[x3]
Only this manupod	You should have seen
Crescent in shape has escaped	The curse (6) flew right by you
The house half the way	Page of concrete
Fell empty with teeth	Stain walks crutch in hobbled sway
That split both his lips	Auto-da-fé
Mark these words	A capillary hint of red
One day this chalk outline will circle this city	Everyone knows the last (7) are



1. lowered

- 2. should
- 3. curse
- 4. flew
- 5. your
- 6. that
- 7. toes

Fill in the gaps