

## Wide Space

Paul

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Elephants are big and bulky.  
They choose to muse.  
But the foxes, they're standing there,  
Next to the long sunset highways of my mind.  
Howling, calling.  
Out there where you don't go,  
It's long and windy and desperate.  
Out there do wide spaces conspire.

For to empty my electric circle  
And feel thick red flowing auburn, going grey,  
I'll be OK.  
To put my power globe aside  
For the sun and the smoke.  
The clamour and the sensibility.  
To stop shifting this way and that.  
It's wide space.

