

Speculating Impossibilities

Novice and knowledge
From some previous past November,
That preceded one September in between was some October.

And a knowledge of a city has been forming
Shaping some incongruent brains
For the minds were blown away

There were pigeons one November that were waiting to be fed
They were waiting by the square
Whose shape is personified
Dignified
But most of all terrified.

Can you guess then of a square
The dynamics that were hidden
If we're talking of a square
With a shape
Then one ghostly
Speculates
Of the past hiding
From beneath and from above
Can you guess the square?

Summer and winter in September
Yet the square
With some terrifying persona
Smells and noises
Everywhere

And the story comes to end
One such very hot November
It was maybe on September
It was finished in October
Are the speculations sober?
From the shocking story of the square,
Where a pigeon was lynched
Within imagination
Can you guess of speculation?

Feeding findings to the pigeon's of the square
Becoming witnesses in despair
Yet where is this square?

Somewhere hidden in the city, soon forgotten sooner yet once more discovered
Once again to be explored.