

## Lemonade and Big Brass Bands

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over the lip  
of a slice of life  
you spot your sister Tangerine  
up waving, flying kites

the drimdrom sings  
in a whisper in a wind  
and you too have the urge to sing

with friends on the pipe and flute  
you orchestrate a rectangulum  
flizzing fingers flashing by

melodies construct  
the next colony you'll plot

messages conveyed in bubbles  
come upon you suddenly  
and pop  
you've got to go