

### Grand Theft Original

A brief campaign of sting and sweet  
In our deep, dear silence, let us stay  
Here and there, everywhere  
And they looked like poems  
It is that brief moment which unfolds  
before the soul  
The little graveyard where my people are  
But at my back from time to time I hear  
Lest sacred freedom come too late  
I remember a day when I was young  
To carry the word to the waiting pack  
There lives the dearest freshness deep  
down things  
And if you should not, I want to remind  
you of the moments of grace  
But softly as the tune comes from his  
throat  
The efflux of the soul is happiness, here is  
happiness  
And for a time it seems that small  
So thankful for illusion  
This small gray nameless mountain is  
honored by mist  
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires  
For it is a song we all sing  
It will not dissolve. It will not divide For I  
am nothing to you  
My search goes on.

### Grand Theft 1

I remember when I was young  
a time that seems so small  
a brief campaign of sting and sweet  
But it is brief moments that unfold the  
soul.  
There lives the dearest freshness—deep  
down things  
  
For youth is a song that we all have sung  
*a tune in a key easy to forget*  
For me it will not dissolve. I am nothing  
without it.  
  
At my back from time to time I hear  
shouts—pleas  
  
from the little graveyard where my  
memories are  
  
here and there, everywhere—carrying  
small, gray, nameless wisdom from  
long past.  
  
In my deep, dear silence I hear these songs  
and they almost looked like poems.  
*My life goes on, my youth is long past*  
But it will not divide. *Past and present are*  
*all me.*

### Grand Theft 2

My search goes on  
Here and there, everywhere  
Lest I miss out on being happy  
  
It rings as a word that seems so small  
But this brief word dictates the soul  
And sometimes is just an illusion  
  
From time to time I am it  
Brief campaigns and stings and sweet  
These are like poems—brief moments  
which kindle, inspire, but dissolve into  
fragmented memory.  
  
The aim of the soul is happiness. Here is  
happiness.  
In my deep, dear silence the mantra repeats  
this desire.  
I dwell in my little graveyard of happy  
memories—there lives the dearest parts of  
my soul.  
And I am thankful for the illusion.  
  
But softly it all fades back into the present.  
The small grey moments return to their  
graves.  
My search goes on.