Mar 19 43

Your burning step there
burns in our fire
to send a hasty wine
to warm springs in the mine
to escape the roads
break out the corn
The gate is waiting
Don't go corn

To the B Prom Association

ONLY

None other need
Affly
As we wish for sects vernal
warm (like hope) Springs eternal.
There we'd bask in liquid pleasure
while piling up a modest treasure.
The problem's simple; answer same—
Let's jump to Georgia once again.