

Classic Case, Modus Operandi

The first stroke of genius was the start of fixing up -
a premature masterpiece seen only in the mind's eye.
Judging between us who's the fairest of them all?
distorted and compromised, facing the walls.

It's been so long since I could say that I have a place that I call home.
Suddenly the seasons change. My final destination is unknown.
No method can apply to me.
No system can decide the ending without me.

And there goes another, watch them as they come and go -
self-centered and making sure that they always fall in.
When will I recover? Good poison is not the cure although, love is its synonym.
Ready to go?

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