

## Cadet

### "At Wit's End"

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"At Wits End"

Your photogenic face, must have missed the train. i'd advise checking the baggage claim. those new eyes disturb me, they lost that youthful glow hearing spoken evils from your throat. days used to be so innocent, decisions came easy now indecisive common sense makes your life crazy. faster paced and complicated space, strung along for weeks. three years ago you held control. a turn for the worst. wanna make a bet? the friends that you make, just want to drop you and then break you. that might be the case. i'm at my wit's end. thank you for the stab. thanks for the stab in the back, my dear friend. your starry, starry eyes slipped into a decline it's not hard to grab that noose and climb one damn check it didn't cash, two too many mishaps, if you slip and fall your neck might snap.

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