

Forgive Durden

"Harry Frazee And No, No, Nannette"

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I followed every single step
Listen in didactic manuals.
I sat up straight.
I prayed to God.
I dress my shutters in matching paint.
I pressed my nose to the grindstone.
I did everything I was told.
I rubbed elbows with the elite
But I still feel so empty.

His parents divorced over
Mother's paturient belly,
Who, in keeping with martyrdom,
Died upon boy's delivery.
His father always blamed him
For her early departure.
He was born alone.
He lived alone.
He'll rot alone.
And die alone.

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He sits alone and sobs
Immersed in his trappings of luxury.
He's never been a big drinker
But tonight his liver would not know it.
The burdens have become a crushing load.
The wrenching twist will soon cause a shift.
The pressure, fleeting and pounding.
I feel the trigger give.

