

Shannon Wright

"The Path Of Least Persistence (Figure II)"

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There goes your mother and her plague
What a terrible display
Of a charcoaled tongue
That wouldn't lend a hand
Though this dead was a thoughtless act
With alcohol intact
Quietly she seeks the day to pass
With those stitches that you clean
You hold your flag of your doleful plea
Now there's nothing left to recall
A fruitless title bestowed
Amongst someone you could never know
In this plight of this dismay
This thickness of your plague
She's a realm that's lost her way

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