

## Shannon Wright "The Path Of Least Persistence"

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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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