

Emil?ana Torrini

"Manipulation"

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The time for your escape has come and gone
What kept you here save your own curious mind?
You say you've seen too much, and yet look on
Where chaster souls would run, you glance behind
Have you no ministering angels to consult?
I have no power to decide your fate
The choice was yours, but therein lies the fault:
What good is choice when choice is made too late?
What good is virtue but a thing to lose?
What good are all the saintly attributes?
We wear them on and off whene'er we choose
To correspond with fashion, end disputes.
If you should think to speak, say but a word
And weigh it well. No explanation give
To those who haven't asked. What has occurred
Is nothing more than reciprocative
Events without a price nor penalty
You've nothing lost that I can say I've gained
You've acted out your part adorably
And for my part, I hope I've entertained.

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