

Total Touch

"Master Of Diagrams"

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Plot it out, with pens in spiral notebooks.
Demon squads and foes with grappling hooks.
Write it down; only two dimensional.
Make the killer death rate intentional.

Master of diagrams you all must obey.
Got to be good enough to make it one day.
Develop wicked maps, trap doors- so cliché.
Light-gun blasts aliens and tanks all away.

Sometimes when the talk gets too lackluster-
LCD handheld: so I won't suffer.
Anne thinks my talent is all but precious.
When I make it big-league, she'll be jealous.

High-scores flicker, since dinner, without care or worry.
Cereal bits, underneath napkin sketch: red crayon- so blurry.
It's getting late, half-awake, ambition grown duller.
Soon fast asleep, tucked safe in bed, dreaming in 16 colors.

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