

Picture window and I would tell him to  
His face. I tell you what, better  
Yet you and me, shall make up  
Our own rules. Won't that be fun?

As you grow old, or wise enough, or  
Sober enough, and find the right books that  
Can give you a real soul, the  
Reason poems get lost becomes  
Readily apparent. They say the  
Strongest mind in any group,  
If not properly stimulated, will have  
A telepathic control over other  
Sensitive individuals, Once you have  
Won your soul this becomes  
Imminently unimportant. Poems inevitably  
Will be lost to a lack of media.  
You may control your poems for some  
Time by recording all your thoughts  
You can gather, of no significance,  
Or of earth shaking worth, and after  
A time think only mundane souless  
Thoughts. The first line you loose  
After this training will prove it.  
This is gospel, self-explanatory  
And for your own good.