

The zenith of a failed system

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The zenith of a failed system

Flash across my mind.

The density

Of a civilized wasteland

As yet

On the verge of peril.

A poet's alliteration

Be not a knot.

Even it is no respecter of persons.

What to worry for,

If theism be in a gala mood.

Please don't make it amiss.

Force itself be in a break-neck speed.

-in a fume.

-in its paw.

Set them free.

Make me a go...