For the Crown

Link 80

kissed inhibition goodbye. she blankly stared, understandably scared. in some cellar of celibacy she yielded to me. framed my poetry. but the well's drying up now. crapshoot for the crown. blood, a dry sponge morale. not one red page. dreams plead rage. she blew the conch of my consciousness. my futile distress call. up in the downfall. but the well's drying out now. crapshoot for the crown.

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