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Untitled

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Insert Confused Name Here by Nicole Wiesenthal

In the dark dim corner
Of the insane room Lived a man and his dog And his old wooden broom And the
man liked to bark And the dog talked a lot And the broom could be flown Through
the wind.

And the people veered left,
And the traffic went right, And they sat through the storm And the gloom.
Then the fixer came and fixed And he tinkered and he fought
Till the dog could talk no more
And the man would only speak And the broom would only zoom If it were thrown.

And the people would go, And they felt unafraid,
For things were back,
As they should,
But the dog fell to sadness And the man chose no words And the broom was
thrown out With the trash.

And they went into the traffic And they lost themselves
In madness
For their rightness
Had been taken with the norm.
So while the fixers may fix
The most imperfect things Those things are the best things
Of all

For what do you get in a non-magical World
Just sadness, and garbage,
And unwanted brooms.