

5-1-2002

A Mixture for Misery

Fara Young
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Young, Fara (2002) "A Mixture for Misery," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 9 , Article 7.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol9/iss1/7

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

A Mixture for Misery

Fara Young

Your sacred secret is no longer secure,
And you begin to panic as never before;
What was once sweet has now gone sour,
Your fear rises faster than dough every hour.

Your fragile, feeble, and fortuitous fate,
Rests in someone else's hands and it is now
too late;
Because he has dirt on you and that has a cost,
He is as hot as fire yet as cold as frost.

The photos, the letters, the love affair
Could leak out like custard from an éclair;
But what tops the icing on the cake?
Your reputation and bank account are at
stake.

Act sweet as sugar; be cautious of what you
say,
For he is your predator and you are his prey;
He may ask for money and clean up like a
mop,
He will deplete your wealth until the last
drop.

It is like taking candy from a baby when he
uses you,
His is so potent he can have his cake and eat
it, too;
Cooking up a recipe of schemes against
victims who were caught in the light,

He watches his earnings grow greater with
each little bite

His bittersweet pleasure to see your pain
Makes him a criminal without a name;
Like an owl on the lookout day and night,
You pray and hope he does not get uptight.

He demands you give him everything on a
silver platter,
While you wish you could whip him up like
cake batter;
Yet his surreptitious subterfuge merits a prize,
His egg timer ticks for each target, hastening
your demise.

The moral of the story is do not commit sins,
For the ramifications rise as do muffins in
tins;
Look out! Do not let him prevail,
He has what his mixture needs – bedlam-
bound blackmail.