

#XII#

Needless to say, the knots came undone  
To my tale incomplete and cynical—  
Waiting for acceptances alone, now, no fun  
My life lost the adjective *whimsical*  
Except in this yarn that for you I've spun  
Hope these verses don't leave you quizzical

Only one question left by my love unrequited—  
The *zeal* it incited  
To Madness from a siren—  
Next semester which will be my island:  
The out of state school  
Or the instate asylum?