

#VI#

The words of my ally
Were on my mind, can't deny
But back then I paid no heed
Like the King unwilling see
Whose *enigma* stood heavy and stated
His life-sentences *enumerated*

My *ephemeral* infatuation
Equivocated manifold sensation
While my forehead chanted "Cuckoo!"
And my overthinking turned *erratic*
By appealing the dramatic—
Not the most *erudite* thing to do

I went to see a psychic
By the name of Dr. Bard—
Really don't get the *esoteric*
Can't cast no tarot card
But this wizard seemed *estimable*
From his TV ad so credible

Past bead-curtain doors
And thick incense scent
Dr. Bard, sucking on a mint,
Shook my hand feebly
And uttered a long compliment
That came off creepy as a *eulogy*

Then there were *euphemisms*
Riddles and strange words
Which only made matters worse
So I told him I felt guilty
That my emotions were all mixed—
"How can this be fixed?"

"To feel *exculpated*," he murmured,
Pulling a bottle out from his man-purse,
"...it is *exigent* she drink this potion."
He winked and then continued:
"It won't *exonerate* your lover-crimes...
...but it will quench your lover's thirst."