

## Storm Center

Tilt

You've captured my imagination, charasmatic mess, in the wake o  
f your =  
devestation, I'm your best work yet. Fascinating back drop of r  
omantic =  
poverty, obsessed with herbs and healing cures, obsessed with h  
ealing =  
me! But you're the one that's dying, a sudden downpour fading f  
ast, =  
rapidly unwinding to a bitter draft. Around your high poetic br  
ow, =  
around your pleasant neck, a veil of grandiosity competes with  
epithets. =  
You're better off relying on meteorology than to keep on justif  
ying why =  
you impose on me. Your path of mass destruction will blow right  
by me =  
now, you dissipate your energy you cannot knock me down.