

## **Cutesy and Psycho** by Clare Lauren Kelly

Forces of habit are hard to resist, loyalty can be  
Engrained in one from an early age, yet  
A flair for the dramatic can rest in any soul

So it matters little what their calling in life may be  
Since the heart wants what it wants and all,  
To each their own, talents and abilities make one unique.

Being born a monster is not normal,  
Monsters and men are both made, both are  
The creations of others, of hard times and evil deeds.

One could have been chosen to be a hero  
Yet they felt crushed by the pressure of high expectations  
And down they fell, the villain they may become.

A puppets dance on broken strings,  
Charming fools with honeyed lies  
Just a little devil in disguise.

Why linger in shadows, why settle for less?  
Polite in the light of day, while shadows reveal the monster  
That is hidden in the reflection of the broken mirror.

Without evil there can be no good,  
Without shadows how can there be light?  
Without good, none would care about evil deeds.

A little cutesy, a little psycho,  
The world is strange and nonsensical  
In ways that no mind can fully grasp

Yet there is no need to understand what can't be fathomed  
As there is still fun to be had in a chaotic circus  
Where logic went last long and isn't always needed

Because there is fun to be had in turning off ones brain,  
There is good to come from taking the world in as is  
And not trying to fit the world into neat little boxes.

There isn't always rhythm or reason.