

Who's the puppeteer you ask:

It is the people who read  
Your forlorn poems  
And cause you to  
Write forlorn poems;  
But even worse,  
To accept your curse.

It is every love poem  
That was written about  
Something else  
And then was  
Labeled love...  
Every lying word  
That says:  
Beautiful outside  
Is beautiful inside;  
Not even the sun is!  
And carcasses rot from  
Within, and some,  
With a smile...

It is every one who  
Says being different  
Makes you different.  
We all are different!  
We are all the same...  
Different!

Every promised never kept  
Every jerk for who you wept  
Every sinful seducing song  
Every right within the wrong;

That's the puppeteer!  
In the mirror at you he stares.