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## A Mixture for Misery

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*NSU University School*

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## **A Mixture for Misery**

*Fara Young*

Your sacred secret is no longer secure,  
And you begin to panic as never before;  
What was once sweet has now gone sour,  
Your fear rises faster than dough every hour.

Your fragile, feeble, and fortuitous fate,  
Rests in someone else's hands and it is now  
too late;  
Because he has dirt on you and that has a cost,  
He is as hot as fire yet as cold as frost.

The photos, the letters, the love affair  
Could leak out like custard from an éclair;  
But what tops the icing on the cake?  
Your reputation and bank account are at  
stake.

Act sweet as sugar; be cautious of what you  
say,  
For he is your predator and you are his prey;  
He may ask for money and clean up like a  
mop,  
He will deplete your wealth until the last  
drop.

It is like taking candy from a baby when he  
uses you,  
His is so potent he can have his cake and eat  
it, too;  
Cooking up a recipe of schemes against  
victims who were caught in the light,

He watches his earnings grow greater with  
each little bite

His bittersweet pleasure to see your pain  
Makes him a criminal without a name;  
Like an owl on the lookout day and night,  
You pray and hope he does not get uptight.

He demands you give him everything on a  
silver platter,  
While you wish you could whip him up like  
cake batter;  
Yet his surreptitious subterfuge merits a prize,  
His egg timer ticks for each target, hastening  
your demise.

The moral of the story is do not commit sins,  
For the ramifications rise as do muffins in  
tins;  
Look out! Do not let him prevail,  
He has what his mixture needs – bedlam-  
bound blackmail.