

The Generic Poem

by AJ Lowell

I'm just your ordinary poem, in my plain and simple way.
There's nothing special here, it's just your average day.
I sit here all alone, no one listens to me.
My font is rather bland, and this is everything I'll ever be.
Not sure how I feel, I don't really know myself.
I'm timeless with preservatives, collecting dust upon the shelf.
But, if you have just read, all the above,
I thank you very much,

I just needed generic love.

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