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Go, get gone

There is a space inside my mind reserved for you.

It's not huge and there is little in the way of a view.

But it's yours, even those little corruptions will always be yours.

A smile is lodged in the back of my closed imagination,

but it is not for you.

You cannot have it.

It's mine.

Everyone need a way out, an exit strategy.

If you want, you can take my apathy.

I don't really care what happens to it.

It's yours to do whatever you want with.

Be careful though, it might be slightly contagious.

... not that you'd give a damn after a while.

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