

# Palm Poems

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## Artificial Madness

Artificial Madness is pretending to be sane, when all of your thoughts are driving down crazy, crazy lane.

The stop sign says "Go," the green light says "No," the streets slur together one name. No wonder you're insane!

"Makearightaleftgostraightforamile," turn down "Feelingcomfortable," can I stay here for a while?

That's the street that you can never seem to find, 'cause Artificial Madness is messin' with your mind!