

Deviant Key

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I was the key
That fit, turned, and didn't click
that gets stuck, you wiggle out, and huff lowly at yourself
for trying
that dangles in your pocket for years, denoted by its nicked
edges from
failed forced attempts,
until you sacrifice a thumb-nail, trick me through the loop-
de-loop, and set me aside
—not trash me—
set me aside in the whatever drawer incase you figure out
one day
where I go, and your deadbolt misses my efforts.