

One At A Time

Coalesce

What makes you think you deserve the sediment
of my
truth? You should expect me to be so honest. I owe you
nothing, no blue
prints for growth. I can barely
begin to tackle myself. A friend is a foreign
term,
good, better, best, intangible. Please, one at a time.
It's all they
can handle. Please let me blend as
well. It's always too much. Cover at the
repercussions of honesty. It means nothing yet still
the world hanging on
every word. Violence is no
motive to communicate. Come unto me in all your
glory. All consuming in this childish pride. Your
blows so soothing. Is this
proof? This does not
cancel any options. Broken idols, so comical. I won't
accept anything less than absence of prostituted
smiles