

## 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