

The Plot Against My Love

Coalesce

I had to cut them off.
They had me bought and sold.
They plot against my love with my fears in their hands.
I climbed into bed with no will to refuse them.
If for just one night.
In my haste I had to cut them off my flesh.
I bought our lives in bulk.
Refused sacrifice.
I would not concede with this damn curse that hinds my blood.
I am lost when when my blood guides my hand and chooses to ignore.
When my personal passover is a failure to discern an obvious liar.
They write in anger that what they own is theirs,
and they replace charity with a hollow gesture.
They recruit angry fools to replace the old law
that was handed down to them and fulfilled with their own sick and twisted games.
They can be kept with little effort as no one checks but once a week.
And only but a few will make them turn their heads.
They tithe as a purchase of right.
As a pack of liars they set themselves as the standard,
and put you in your place where you always belonged,
but were too foolish to understand.
Sub to their culture of pretenders in their white sheets
that will sway easy to their will.
I had to cut them off of my flesh,
I had to separate the head from the body the way that I would any other serpent.
Grown men told me they loved me then disappeared.
Grown men demanded apologies of me.
None were given.
But I've bit my tongue and checked my heart.
I cut off my flesh and I conceded my fear to flee.
I was left behind while our business took its seat in its rightful place.
In the hearts of business men.
I am lost.
I was questioned and refused.
I was given something you could say was a gift.
But I do not.
Free is cheap and what's cheap is tossed.
It's what we are taught.
And in that we have always trusted firm.

I have faith that this promise will not be overturned.

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