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.

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