

In My Wake, For My Own

Coalesce

I am a slave to serve my seed, and balance its sick
needs.
Nothing but pain.
If it is tipped either way but straight down the middle
of its cold heart.
I am a slave with no will or purpose.
It keeps me all night head deep in endless talk.
I do not identify with the secret and prudent whisperers
who seek to lie, to hide their ignored sins.
Instead I let myself be haunted by cruel decisions our
youth lead us.
Still let the guilt of used up girls punish my nights and
guide my days.
Under my roof is my challenge.
I am a slave, and right now women are stepping out of
little girls of mine.
A motion in play for a decade so close it went unseen.
Make my way for them in fear.
In my wake, for my own.