

Questions To Root Our Fools

Coalesce

My fear has a stronger resolve than my will.
Inconsistent.
And makes me out to be uneasy and erratic in fact.
But in the abstract, that is where the art is.
The milk I know that I should be trading in for meat.
The big picture accused of being conspired by men.
Where the word of god was a casting call for those of
like fears of change.
I trained with fools and watched simple questions root
out the foolishness in myself.
It leads to no acceptable end.
Only more lies.
My will has a stronger resolve than my fear.
It's been called a venom that's poisoned friendships that
should have shaped my new life.
In truth it discerns the bullies from the bullshit,
teachers from the tools.
Either way it is messy and destroys the will.
Do not tell me that you love me.
It's a lie that you do not have the stomach to see
through.
Just stop.