

The Purveyor Of Novelty And Nonsense

Coalesce

I am a merchant who fills this land with the novelty and
nonsense that withers wills.
My struggle is to keep with what country demands, and
family deserves.
I put the bread in the mouths of my best and last hope
that this name earns honor.
It will be the first.
I am a purveyor of bullshit and landfill, and broken
dreams.
Oh look how I've made an inheritance of others' ideas.
Most of which should not have left their lips.
I fear that my usefulness has expired.
Yet you won't let me go.
I am in a race to produce things to buy to eat things to
make more things.
I don't have the tools to withdraw myself.
We are not hearty, we are usually fallen ill.
Is it the tough conversations that warrant our stay?
See I am powerless and take no pleasure in hard battles
of words won.
But is this my story?
I struggle to love right here, the shadows that pass me
by.
Why should I leave my land?
I question the motives of those I should prop up on my
shoulders and carry; but not my own at my time.
I will not leave my land.