

The Villain We Won't Deny

Coalesce

If something could be done about the pain my words bring,
it certainly would not be by my own will.

You have seen my wickedness.

Soothing it with smoke neither calmed it nor distracted
it from its target.

It threatened the very days I had left with no
consolation.

It only left a bad taste in my mouth, yet to be outgrown
in time.

My questions go unanswered like many have complained
before, but I never want to admit how weak and foolish
the heart is in secret.

It's dormant on the best of days.