

Follow Through

Freelance Whales

I will learn to console
The dying cylon
Whose hope
Has binary slow turned
Into grief into
Hearts we hid up our sleeves
I didn't have to leave
I can see
I was hopeless and naive
Now I see now I see

Making good on our plan
As I stuck to my presets
No offense
It's just I never made amends
With myself
I'll always see through this lens
The wires bind the stems
I will not
Shoot my valence through the air
I am not
One of them

Two words
I never thought they'd be the ones I'd choose
And I'll always follow through
Few turns
I never thought they'd be the ones of news
It's closer than I ever knew