

To My Ruin

Coalesce

In my house, I find that those with hard hearts, they
burden me with their contempt.
I can not bring myself to love as I should.
No.
Stomachs turn.
Every kind word must be earned with an act.
I am not spoken to as a man and my heart, it plots.
I can feel the weight of a practiced prayer miles away.
The fear that I must have an enemy to motivate is all too
real.
But have I found my enemy in myself, or in others that
see their own weaknesses in my work?
They have no worth.
The door will strike on the way out if the right
questions are asked.
Somewhere there is a catalog of my failures.
It is held by men and I do not hold any sway.
Knowing this, it has sharpened my tongue to that of an
expert.
I serve better as a buffer than I did as a brother.
I allowed authority over myself that was meant to guard
my heart as a lion.
And in turn move not.
I chose to prepare for pain and follow it to its ruin.
To my ruin.
Promise to not let me get comfortable.