

## 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