

To sit, but unable to stand.

To lie, and have no truth.

To feel forever like the fraud

I've made myself

out to be.

To need help, and to want it.

But my only glimmer of guidance

is unreachable, held back

by the ropes I am bound with-

and never a response to the signals I send.

To fly so low under every radar that,

even the divinity

I believe in can't help me.

To be a true,

undeniable, hopeless liar.

It's so simple

to never have to stop spinning each strand that belongs

to the yarn of my falsehoods

Yet it is unbearable-

when the threads weave too thick

Wound around my throat

and I just seem to choke.

It's become my livelihood

The lifestyle I've chosen for myself.

The consequences,

I bleed into others.

An addiction, is what this is

once it starts

once everything begins to change,

It'll never seem possible to go back

Because there's no part of me that will ever want it to,

or need it to.

A bitter pill,

the illusions of deception and selection.

But I can't explain the reason why

I still, will always choose

to reach for the glass of water

that I take it with.