

## Coalesce

### "In My Wake, For My Own"

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I am a slave to serve my seed, and balance it's sick  
needs.  
Nothing but pain.  
If it is tipped either way but straight down the middle of  
it's cold heart.  
I am a slave with no will or purpose.  
It keeps me all night head deep in endless talk.  
I do not identify with the secret and prudent whisperers  
who seek to lie,  
To hide their ignored sins.  
Instead I let myself be haunted by cruel decisions our  
youth lead us.  
Still let the guilt of used up girls punish my nights and  
guide my days.  
Under my roof is my challenge.  
I am a slave, and right now women are stepping out of  
little girls of mine.  
A motion in play for a decade so close it went unseen.  
Make my way for them in fear.  
In my wake, for my own.

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