

Portal "Your Kettle"

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I can't believe this isn't yesterday, a child would suffice
in your stead

Such simple lines we draw for love and life, for most
sufficient left unsaid

The journey's long and hard, not without pain, we may
not always mark our ways

With deeds of pride and deeds of dignity, but learn
with every passing day

This not the first, and far from last I'm sure, that "unto
others" found neglect

Ten years too long for immaturity, too short for clever
to forget

Advising readings to accommodate the heightened
senses that you've made

In spite of reason and experience, the pot is blackened,
kettle fades

It'll dissipate, there isn't much time won't sedate

A moment's pause to ruminate, then forward worry
free

But I'll not forget, your ever lurking silhouette,

Bereft of any real regret, projecting faults on me

I should have read, I could have seen, it's all in line with
all I've known

Glass house fingers pointing outward, no reflection,
nothing owned

Catch phrase optics, aberrations, all seems fair in
greed and war

No more, I'm through - I'm not your kettle

I should have read, I could have seen, it's all in line with
all you've shown

A sheltered youth that's far from over, a sense of self
so privilege grown

Politics of avaritia, hoarding yours and seeking more

That's it, I'm through, I'm not your kettle

It's not you, it's always someone else who needs to
change

What about you, this narrow view has left you so
estranged

Do you see, a real man rights his wrongs, then walks
away
It's not you Â– you're not wrong Â– no way

Keep lies for yourself, but don't lie to me
You've she'd a new light that's helped me to see
The sheltered beliefs your berth has sustained
But ethics you're free to choose
The system has graced you since casting lots
It favors the 'haves' and cripples the 'nots'
Everything you are was given to you
You're nothing without your shoes
But that's not enough, oh no not for you
This construct, your place, what you fell into
You preach to protect at others' expense
In true forms of worth you lose

There's no ire, no I'm free
But the fire helped me see
What's been burning, and what's true
In the ashes, respect for you

That's it, I'm through, I'm not your kettle! (x4)

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