

Edison Glass, Dear Honesty

Divided devotion, controlled passion,
And theories of purity that remain hypotheses,
Plural allegiances, and dual monogamy,
These lies are the ghosts that haunt the
Graveyard of normality.

I'm cutting compromise from today's routine.
Hold fast to integrity, I won't let it go.

Keep me, honesty.

Honesty, these luxuries I have left behind
And I'm on my way