

# Before Braille, Well As Well

how will i father a minion worth the bother of keeping my glut?  
or will i falter and never reach the alter where fate is unplugged?  
am i worth consideration or the plausible elation that comes biting tongues?  
or will it always be a secret? fine, go ahead and keep it, i've got some of my own.

look at that kid, no son of mine.  
he wreaks of pain and guilt soaked up and stained in his eyes  
that he cleans with 'serpentine'.

rays in his mouth, he'll sunburn. graze where it is hot.  
burns his throat, will he spit fire or will he learn to stop?  
i can't calm down or sit back and watch you struggle,  
but i can just give up on myself.  
i'll carry a heavy load (on my shoulders)  
for a pat on the back, or a star on your flag, or just be vocal.  
it's what it is when it's defined,  
and goes down smooth with a glass of grime.  
the conscience shifts to mark the times.  
nobody's to blame, if they cover their eyes and act surprised.

will i father a son? tell me how he will be.  
will he fall in traps that i have set & placed & scattered all around me?  
will he reach with his arms? will he pull up his sleeves?  
have i scared him from work & love & friendship & success that's always avoided me?  
is it my fault? am i sick, or sick in me? we've all got our own disease.  
i'm as well as well as i can be.