Rate of Exchange

I’ve only just begun to talk about the frequency with which I’ve traded sleep for soul.

And how that road has often in and of itself paved the way for forming these habits I have for covering tracks and taking pride and wrestling control.

Life’s not fair, and someone sometime said that something is lost in each transaction, which means the only fair trade is a mutual loss.

Anyway, my point is changing sides has its detriments. Half-stepping actually get’s you nowhere, go figure.

It’d all be easier if everything wasn’t full of false equivalencies and we could find the time to talk about each and every one of our crumbling prides.

How can I not be angry, I ask myself, even though I should be asking someone else. How can I not be angry at everything but myself.

Grace and a careful editor are for the invisibly padded pocketed—who don’t even dawdle in their commerce long enough for me to reach their ear—or reaching their ear, they wouldn’t be able to understand the dearness of the words or how crucially purchased they were. And why would they fear the unfairness of their easy strides and feints at pride. And how could they know the cost of their sleepy lives.