

Practice Forever

I hope you're nice enough
To be mean to me, and not seem
To be seamlessly merging your kindness
With your honesty. Friends
Don't let friends suck in public.
That's why you'll be perfect
From your porch to the moon.
Because I won't leave anything out.
You'll get it straight from me.
Consistently. Undiluted. No ice.
No knife with which to stab you.
Just two fist and all ten fingers
To keep it one-hundred. They say
A friend will be your palm-reader
When you're trying to save face.
They'll tell you
When the world is blunt.
If you're going to kill it
You'd better have a point.
Or be willing to justify at point
Blank range the quality of dope
That you're producing, and inducing,
And then do seem to know what it is
You're doing. Knowledge is control.
Keep only the company of generals
And heretics; expect nothing less
Than their steady expansion
In the likeness of sound waves.
The mechanics of your progress
Will never get a day off, they'll show
Up sick, or sick with it, or carrying
Your practice beaten body
To a puppet shop to be fitted
With brand new heart strings after
Having the originals torn out
During a lucid dream that had you
Practicing in your sleep – or until
Total body failure rendered you
Limp and incapable, but soon overridden
By your heart's choice to keep
Going. Keep
growing. Gird your loins
For an internal battle between
Strength and will, taking place
At a crossroad where death and failure
Are the only two options.
I'll meet you there
To die with you, to parish with purpose;
Because before we fail,
Before we allow fate to deem us unfit
To pilot the crafts we have chosen to
Sail to the shores of victory, we will die.
If only to get death out of the way,
So that we may practice, improve, refine,
Forever.