



The Poetry Of Persuasion

Here we are in a cocoon
of misunderstanding.
I've exhausted all that I know.
Depleted my resources
of syllables and diplomatic phrases.
I've tried to listen, to care more
about you than myself. Even
now, I implore you to see me
as I am: a reluctant traveler
in clothes that don't quite fit.

I'm honestly not up for it:
the holometabolism it will take
to emerge from this chrysalis
with you, metamorphed into
something entirely new

Hear me. Not the flashing cursor
on the end of a text message,
a send button hit in haste,
and I will do the same.

TECHNOLOGY

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