

They

They are counting on you...
To not care enough to endanger yourself
To only jeopardize yourself in the prescribed ways
To do what has been done before
To limit your involvement to what can be done in a day
To not bring it home with you
To no piss off your "loved ones"
To always have a way out...

They are counting on you
Because *they* are inside your head
They know you too well
They have sat with you at family gatherings
And tolerated your talk
Let you win
Or politely not touched the third rail
They are counting on you to not put up a fight

They are counting on you
To always fight fair
To have a conscience
To believe in justice for all...including for *them*
To leave a small opening
Through which *they* can always crawl

What are the ties that bind?
How willing are you to always leave parts of yourself behind?
Do you wonder how it might feel
To be all of you without compromise?

It feels desolate and desperate
It feels friendless and vulnerable
It questions life and trust
It ponders all
And suspects all

Yet above everything else
It tastes of truth
Pure, clean, unfettered, full and whole
Truth
It finds companions in honesty
And partners in the fullness of true hearts
It provides more safety than can be told
And there is no better flavor
And *they* know that...because *they* live *their* truth,
Unapologetically every day.
That's why *they* aren't counting on me.
Their truth is
A world where I end.

So, *they* are counting on you
To care more about them
Less about yourself
And not at all about me
They are counting on you to always leave part of yourself behind.