

The Parallax of Presentation
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People expect you to present well;
Relationships are conditional to this.
Every judge puts on a crocodile smile,
Stretched over treacherous intentions.
Everyone expects unity to be tied to form.
Necrosis begins with compromise—
This, much different than accommodation,
Annihilates creative uniqueness—
Traveling from the extremities to the heart.
Isolation comes with being authentic.
Only the fake vie for popularity.
Nugatory naughtness shall be their only reward.

Halt! Silence!
Let the cold winds vocalize for all to hear what is now said.
truth talks.

caution is needed for discernment, full stop
one should never present anything fake or
inauthentic for others to observe or see
in order to gain popularity or status—hard pass
If one is not willing to accept you as you are
barring moral failings—they're not worth wasting time on
you aren't here to please, you are greater than that
your value is not in how you present—like cinema
your value is in who you are and not one bit
in how others choose to judge you like they're Kali
yet that goddess holds their heads, severed so
for truth always hits like a bludgeoner's baton

Poet's Note:

Written in my ▯ *Biaxial Parallax* form. For more information on this form and its rules, please visit: <https://tristanrobertlange.com/biaxial-parallax-form/>

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