These past years

I’ve met difficulty

When it comes to honesty

And since:

I’ve unlocked my ears

Shook hands with my fears

And plead a promise to the years yet to come

Typically my lies are part of a sum:

That I place most modestly

On the end of my thumb

And smear on my craft

Just to call it dumb

I’m a hypocrite

Of course I’ve written a sonnet

And upon it

I sit

Slightly desperate

But I challenge my talent

And preform my pageant

I can take a hit

In an ex agent

Of a narrow creed

And foolish needs