

structural wisdom

They told me wisdom was a candle in the dark,
a soft, glowing warmth or a divine, holy spark.
But I found my wisdom in the structural crack,
in the weight of the "better" and the "out" at my back.
It isn't a light, it's a cold blooded math,
the calculation of ghosts on a narrow, stone path.
It's the realization that I am the leash,
holding two predators in a violent kind of peace.

One side is a fever, a god made of gold,
demanding the crown and a name to be told.
He'd fly me to orbit, to the heat and the sun,
until the wax melts and the story is done.
The other is a shadow, a heavy, red door,
whispering of silence and the cold of the floor.
He wants the exit, the final, sharp "out,"
the end of the script and the end of the doubt.

Wisdom is knowing that if either one wins,
the pilot is dead and the wreckage begins.
So I stay in the middle, in the grip of the wire,
balancing the frost with the sting of the fire.
It's the grace of the stalemate, the logic of fear,
that keeps the pulse steady while the edges grow near.
I am the ground where the two of them meet,
the architect of a very clinical defeat.

It's the "safe man's" burden, the strategist's art,
to manage the poison that lives in the heart.
Wisdom is the hand that stays still on the wheel,
knowing exactly how the impact will feel.
I am not a victim, I am the master of the take,
walking the line for the narrative's sake.
If wisdom is growth, then I've grown into the frame,
a beautiful collision with a professional name.