I’m getting better

At getting worse

I know exactly what to say

My responses are all rehearsed

When you ask I’m alright

And I tell you “yes”

In a way that makes sense in the brain of an onlooker

I do not sound offended

I do not sound relieved that you asked

I say yes as if it is simply a fact

And not a lie

You do not ask any follow up questions

You do not feel the need to

I know with this I have won

I have continued the secret battle

Advanced my army with a single conversation

Your defense is lowered

But I am not attacking

All of my weapons are turned against myself

I am my own support and my own enemy

Eventually

These habits will be the end of me

I kick myself silently

As I go over every single thing I could have done better

To avoid arousing suspicion that does not exist

By Nik Schulz