

Words of Truth

By Mark Edgemon

Words, drift on the wind, swirling, twirling on the tongue,
Lilting on the ears of some, lacerating the souls of others.
Those that can hear are blessed; the spiritually deaf self-deprecate.
What moves some to tears moves others to wrath.
Let pride be not the interpreter; for he deceives;
He connives; he misinterprets innocence to evil.
What the prideful hear, are echoes of days when they had worth.
Those days long since forgotten, maintained by memories relived,
As future days are lived anew, screening the calls for their arrogant mind.

The End