

The Righter Writes the Words

By Mark Edgemon

What is wrong with being right?
Better days with Truth unfolded
Or darker resistance through pride
And endless nights of being deprived.
A circus of unappealing creatures,
Scratching to make the Truth void
And the speaker, ashamed of his acceptance.

There is no greater battle cry
Than to dare speak what is right;
That there are absolutes;
That there are indeed boundaries
And definitive purpose,
Even though it degrades the rest
By sinister comparison.

And when at the time, the soul is at rest
And peace is only the memory of obedience,
In the days when legs could walk
And hands could reach;
Then, those who chose to choose not,
Drifting through endless currents of time;
Oh, they must endure such torment!

The End