

THOUGH I MAY RUE THE DAY I TOLD THE TRUTH

Though I may rue the day I told the truth
As it completely took away my life
I'm certain no lie could have passed my tooth
Though Honesty'd slice through me like a knife
To build my hopes and dreams upon a lie
To become the mealy-mouth that I hate
Never to get to me before I die
I envisioned these dourly as my fate
To great men and minds I wished to aspire
Loathing to become like my nemesis
Though consequences have gone beyond dire
Of clarity it's been my genesis
 Real world considerations I ignored
 And found Virtue to be its own reward.

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