

If Only to Add Waste

Jeffrey Trende

If only to add waste to those who do not know me best,
Behind my back the waste gains ground,
'These things kept in check by powers within my chest
And kept in whispers quelled below sound.

William, your words ring true,
For the world seems too much to us.
'Those risen immortal in black and blue,
Shall walk the damaging path of trust.

Will they fail the actual judge?
Will they falter along the way?
I hope they shall while holding the grudge
Of every man who means to stay.

Every man means nothing to those
Who mean to live within themselves,
Who dream and think of no one else.
Who hang their merits on boasted shelves.

But strong are those who keep blind
'The opposite hand which feeds the weak
Blest are those who speak the mind
Of those who cannot learn to speak.