

Compassion Is My Own Dissent

Inked In Blood

In this world where darkness reigns over all our lives - where
my desire for vengeance nearly overtakes me.
The lies poisoning our hearts and veins, bones and marrow.
Hope seems a dream, and love is a curse now aborted.
Yet we would die just for something real.
Our facade burns and crumbles away.
We cannot live without someone else who shares our pain and bears
our sorrows.
This is a battle for your souls, to fight is not a choice.
The arrows of the enemy pierce to freeze your heart; and to numb
you with pain of loss - rendering you helpless.
Will your response be bent toward hate, helping the plague to spread?
Numb with pain - still enduring.
What will your decision be, when the time comes to draw the lines.
Will you love, and have mercy, in spite of your doom?
Compassion is my only dissent.
I am resolved only to this.