

Excuses



By Eliza Jordan | gargoyle@flagler.edu

If eyes could lie,
And hair confess,
What would the secrets hold?

One by one,
The secrets would fumble,
Until cruel intentions unfold.
A witness of truth,
One does not fear,
To spill the tale truly told.
Fantastically possessed by a lie,
Your heart and soul are sold.
And though the warmth of truth can heal you,
A lie's breath can shiver one cold.
And face to face,
Unhappiness stares,
Intimidation grows like mold.
While much unlike the joker,
The Queen of Hearts has love presented bold.
Though digging deep,
Within my depths,
I believe you are worth more worth more than gold.

November, 2010

<http://gargoyle.flagler.edu/2010/11/excuses/>