

Gavin Friday

"Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves"

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Each man kills the thing he loves, by each let this be heard. Some do it with a bitter look, some with a flattering word. The coward does it with a kiss, the brave man with a sword. Some kill their love when they are young, some when they are old. Some strangle with the hands of lust, some with the hands of gold. The kindest use a knife because, the dead so soon grow cold. Some love too little, some too long, some buy and other sell. Some do the deed with so many tears, and some without a sigh. For each man kills the thing he loves, yet each man does not die.

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