

Truthbeknown "Fed Deception"

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Mouths stained with fear
Fed mistrust, fed deception
What hand lifts the spoon
They ask for drink
And you draw from a well of hatred
They ask for nourishment
And are left to starve in a famine of ignorance
Blood of your blood
Reaching out with tiny hands
A life you created
An angel's breath in a child's eyes
Hands raised to what
Strike the mouth, or catch the falling
What fist dries the tears
They search for rest
But your mouth is a bed of vipers
They reach for love
And find words that sink like fangs
Falling down, falling down
Onto your wheel, shaped by your touch
Under your fingers, under your fingers
Innocence
Untouched for you to shape
Tread gently upon this
Each fingerprint, a world of scars

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