

## Truth Hurts

### "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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