Trust.

Just what is it?

Mankind always makes a fuss

Says that it’s a must

But

In the huts we call our homes

It’s well known that not everyone in there we trust.

It’s like the crust of a pie

Plain and dry

But it holds together everything that’s inside

Everything that we hide

Inside our eyes

And goodbyes

But let’s not lie

Trust is nothing more than complementary

Never once will it be primary

And it will always be forgotten

Often left to rust away

Over the many decades

With the once friendly faces

But in rare cases

Trust is more than the crust

It’s every part of us

And Every muscle and tissue

Aches with the issue

That everyone we know treats it as if it’s one time use

Something to use and abuse

Then to dispose of

Never letting it expose us

Never letting the truth pass those eyes

Letting the mistrust to thrust it’s way past the truth

By Ayesha Khan