**PURPLE HEART**

Today you took my arm away.

It is a minor thing.

Tonight you offer hand and smile.

They have a hollow ring.

Torn flesh and broken limbs

I pay as colors toll.

Yet pain is just another laugh

With freedom in my soul.

My curse on you, and on your life

I spit on who you are,

On what you’ve done,

And what you’ve said,

And those who share your scar

Of lust for power,

Of lust for wealth,

Of lust for lust alone,

Who eat to sate yet cannot taste,

Who see too late yet live in haste,

Who rape but cannot love.

How sad the man whose heart is sour,

With mind a mirror of health.

Revulsion at his secret self,

Though never named plants seeds that flower

To violence as the pain he knows

Becomes a victim’s moan.

My curse for you? Eternal life

With death a seconds pause.

May memory serve you well

And mind escape

Old ages senile claws.

Moneys rush will too soon fade

Once all your soul is sold.

Power will shake his ugly head

And snap your feeble hold.

Truth cares not the moon has passed.

She laughs at the setting sun.

Once time dims your lust

And your mask slips away,

You will live with what you’ve done.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 1973.*

*Juneau*

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