**Self-Denial**

*December 7, 1983*

Your steel will know its own rust

Let no passion imprison your brain,

Time's gentle touch brings all grudges to dirt

And the hate washes out with the rain.

Can you remember your last flash of hurt?

Could you go back and still feel the same?

Though the moment knew no through save must

The mind struggles now for the name.

While the pain may escape with the hurt

Tomorrow fear the fruit of today.

Peace knows no more certain a death

Than a past that has walked in greed's way.

The foolish god of Self spawns miseries moan.

Freedom lies to know and be your own.