**Good Deeds**

*May 8, 2013*

No good deed goes unpunished.

A Toll for Thy Soul for each Spirit one saves.

Thy Star may grant Thee some others wish.

For such gift Thy own Coffer of Being will pay.

On the Ledger of Life.

With Quill of Charity wrote.

In invisible ink of such selfless gesture and great sacrifice.

Yet alas the World may only take note.

To charge Thy account for the price.

For the Knave Thee may aid.

From Thy precious fountain and stores.

The Mouths Thy may feed.

Bite the Hand Thy extend

As Thy grant stuff of Thyself. Then.

Others begrudge and pay Thee in Spades.

Cry why for them. Not for Me.

Join with the Ones Thy have blessed.

Ask why your Tithe be so small.

With One voice raise a Call.

A Clamor and Hue.

Such Tidings from You.

But made it worse.

Such a curse.

Life be so unjust.

Now You must.

Give your Heart.

All You have.

Give it All.

Yet from Slings Arrows of such false judgement not Thee despair.

Nor Thy conscience to harsh Masters of regret remorse so shackel enslave.

For it so be those Deeds Gifts of Self for Fellow Beings Thy share.

Good Thy yield to others from Thy own wares stocks of Self to bear.

Are Sole Only Jewels of Wealth.

Though left behind.

Thy may still find.

May carry with Thee.

Beyond Couch of Deep Sleep Portal Mystic Veil and Grave.