

Shallow Eyes

By Zachary King

Hate, anger, sorrow, and pain
yielded from innocence,
and tears like rain,
yet they stand by with shallow eyes.

The truth is fragile, weak like glass
bullets shatter and badges lie;
lives don't matter to those with a pass
please oh please, open your shallow eyes.

But massive revolt is also blind
they shout and devolve,
like animals with no mind
to truth and resolve

Those who fight and accuse,
the protectors they abuse,
but likewise they see
only with shallow eyes.