

Publicerad 2018-08-03 16:59 av the apache kid

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May your enemies turn and run

May your enemies
turn and run and hide
their heads in shame
may they lose their beauty
and may they forget their inner names
may they run scattered towards
the four winds and find that
they are without place
at no table are
they bound
without honour
without grace
without joy or a kindly face
may all these things come to pass
unless forgiveness joins your heart
and hard times dissolve
and
no needs
are taken to task...

the apache kid

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