

MALIGNED

We see, as through the world we go,
Enough of sadness and of woe,
Enough of wounds too deep to heal,
Of griefs that pierce the heart like steel;
Of drawn faces overcast,
Deep lined and seared by adverse blast.
Then why on bending shoulders bind
The added weight of being maligned?

An unjust word when passed around
Is like a bad seed sown in ground.
One fills the soil with noxious weeds,
One clothes the pure in wicked deeds.
Unless an evil can be cured,
It best in silence be endured.
Better to other's faults be blind
Than mar a life through being maligned.