

Not Many

There are not many of them
Not many who have not been blinded
by the acrid taste of the world
Not many who gave that piece of flesh in their chest a voice
Not many who would listen
and not have their thoughts turned into bitter peel

But there are some, some that will be by your side
They cover the world with a mist of understanding
And coat the soul with tranquility
Protective layers of love

Brightening the way
Pruning overgrown thoughts
So that calmness blooms
Hope is reborn

And these scarce kind will be with you
They will stay
Stay with you because their conscience can be so saccharine
A lingering uplifting sweetness
That lifts and lifts and carries and holds
Helps you keep it together
Those precious few