

NOT AS FOOLS WALK

Lee Evans

My God, whose fault was it:
The child's who ran in front of me
(My automobile his last thought),
Or mine, that I failed to see?

Oh, it was more my fault,
Though he didn't look both ways:
I sat behind the Juggernaut's
Grim wheel, in the parade

That tramples our Paradise—
For in its path are cast
The ignorant and helpless,
Who writhe on broken glass.

The weak are crushed and maimed—
The aged and infirm,
The homeless and insane,
The gasoline-soaked worms.

Struck blind by our headlights,
Bewildered deer are slain
While paralyzed with fright.
The sun and moon seem stained.

Not only mine this guilt,
Though I must voice its plea.
I hope one day to build
The courage to release

My fingers from the wheel,
And find somewhere to park
This sterile husk of steel,
And circumspectly walk—

Not as a heedless fool,
But as a man with eyes,
Who lives by Mercy's rule
And not the law of Sacrifice.

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