

THE ADULTERER

Allen Lee Ireland

You guessed it was the lie
That forced the falling tear,
And so you lied again
To make your conscience clear;
But like the promise of a day
Of sun without a single cloud
That's broken by a shower
And afterwards restored,
It's not the lies I mind
As much as truth that lies behind—
The fact that for a time you shone
For bliss and for yourself alone.

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